

---

---

RASHTRAPATI BHAVAN  
LIBRARY



*Reg. No* 739  
*Clas. No.* VIII - T



Viceregal Library.

*Date* October 1932





# England's French Dominion?

---

A young and enthusiastic Conservative, Mr. Teeling contested the 1929 General Election for a London Dock seat. Beginning to feel qualms about his lack of personal knowledge of any part of the Empire, and also about actively encouraging migration to Canada, he, in 1930, gave up nursing a constituency and set out to spend a year crossing and re-crossing Canada; studying her problems first hand.

In this book he shows the growing influence of the French-Canadian and the French Catholic, and what it means; the dangers to the Prairie Provinces of Central European immigrants; the life in British Settlements in the West; the unhappy lot of the unemployed and the deportees; the advance of co-operation in Alberta; the life on the ranches and in the lumber camps in mid-winter, and, in short, all the varied sides of life that make up the Canadian picture.

Mr. Teeling writes frankly of the problems the Empire must face and his frequent interviews with the Prime Ministers of the different provinces, with Lord Willingdon, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mackenzie King are of extreme interest at the present time. It is a challenging, provocative book, certain to arouse interest and comment.

---





*[Lenare]*

WILLIAM TEELING

*Frontispiece*

---

---

# ENGLAND'S FRENCH DOMINION?

*by*  
*William Teeling*

*London:*  
HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers) LTD.

---

---

971  
Tee - E

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN  
AT GAINSBOROUGH PRESS, ST. ALBANS  
BY FISHER, KNIGHT AND CO., LTD

To  
MY FATHER



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. CANADA FROM LONDON . . . . .	13
II. THE INFLUENCE OF QUEBEC . . . . .	23
III. RULERS OF QUEBEC . . . . .	30
IV. MONTREAL THE COSMOPOLITAN . . . . .	38
V. A WINTER PORT . . . . .	45
VI. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT OTTAWA . . . . .	53
VII. THE PREMIER OF CANADA . . . . .	59
VIII. THE ASQUITH OF CANADA . . . . .	67
IX. "TO BE ENGLISH—WILLING TO CEASE TO BE BRITISH" . . . . .	73
X. 32° BELOW ZERO . . . . .	82
XI. THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST . . . . .	95
XII. BRITISH COLONIES IN THE WEST . . . . .	106
XIII. THE MENNONITES AND THE HUDERITES . . . . .	120
XIV. MORMON OUTPOSTS . . . . .	130
XV. 30,000 SPIRIT-WRESTLERS . . . . .	142
XVI. BRITISH IMMIGRATION TO CANADA . . . . .	163
XVII. RANCHING AND OIL . . . . .	183
XVIII. A NEW ERA RISING FROM THE WEST? . . . . .	193
XIX. FACING THE PACIFIC . . . . .	200
XX. PARLIAMENTS AND POLITICS . . . . .	211
XXI. THE NATIVE SONS OF CANADA . . . . .	222
XXII. CANADIAN LIVING AND EDUCATION . . . . .	228
XXIII. AMERICA IN CANADA . . . . .	241
XXIV. STRAWS IN THE WIND . . . . .	257
XXV. CONCLUSION . . . . .	278



# ENGLAND'S FRENCH DOMINION?

## CHAPTER I

### CANADA FROM LONDON

THE Town Hall of East Ham stands scarcely two miles from the River Thames and the London Docks. A mile the other side stand two Conservative constituencies, Epping Forest, the seat of Mr. Winston Churchill, and Ilford. They are all in Essex, but to the stranger, they still seem London. Through the district stretches the powerful arm of the London Co-operative Society, and on the evening of May 14th, 1930, Socialism reigned supreme in East Ham. The Mayor was Socialist, the Socialist parliamentary representative was Miss Susan Lawrence, and I, in a blundering way, was the Conservative candidate. But that night the Town Hall was covered in Union Jacks, the Hall, although it was summer time, was full to overflowing; 1,500 people sat in the seats, and five hundred more made a solid human background. Lord Beaverbrook was coming to speak on my invitation. Lord Beaverbrook, formerly of Calgary, Alberta, and St. John, New Brunswick, was coming



to tell the people of East Ham and some Members of Parliament how we could unite the Empire, make it one fiscal whole, and place one solid impenetrable wall around our Dominions and our Colonies, that would stand unbroken against the outside world. It sounded inspiring, and certainly well worth hearing ; but were we certain of the Empire's co-operation ? Perhaps that night Lord Beaverbrook would say something to make us sure.

Inside, in the Mayor's Parlour, waited candidates and M.P.s, and finally Lord Beaverbrook himself arrived. Earlier in the day, Lord Beaverbrook's office had requested my secretary to arrange for music on entrance to the Hall, and it was further requested that as the speakers moved to the platform, the organ should boom forth "Here the Conquering Hero Comes". All this sounded appropriate enough, and we had a meeting to do justice to the cause.

Lord Beaverbrook spoke in an accent I later was to know as Canadian, but which until then sounded to me as strange as it did to the general audience. Here 2,000 people were told of the possibilities in Canada, the wonderful future, the possible developments ; the wide open spaces ; the agriculture, and the meat, only waiting to take the place of the Argentine and Russia, and of any other country that to-day got in their produce first or cheapest.

In return for this—what ? We would obtain from these grateful Canadians large orders for our machinery, our motors, and for almost every production of our country. Their added wealth, through our purchases from them, would make

these orders even bigger, and in return our added numbers at work, and the bigger orders for our factories would counterbalance any preliminary increase in cost of foodstuffs they imported. And again, after a short time, such cost would cease when they in turn knew the certainty of our market, and quickly perfected the means for getting the food over to this country. Lastly, that surplus population in Great Britain to-day, that, too, would be eliminated, partly through increased factory work, and partly through Canada taking to its arms added numbers of our unemployed as immigrants. Lord Beaverbrook spoke only then of Canada, but it was understood that similar arguments applied to Australia, South Africa, the West Indies and other parts of the Dominions and Colonies. It was a courageous speech, and a fighting speech, and it thrilled an audience of people who those days were thinking just enough to realize how bad the position in England was, and how easily it might get worse and how, if only what Lord Beaverbrook said was true, how then we might look with renewed hope to a future the brilliance of which in many ways seemed beyond the bounds of belief. If only it were true!

Why not? What reasons had I to doubt its truth? I could only argue that our own Conservative leaders did not seem to agree so enthusiastically, but then they were far from inspiring at the moment in any case. And yet, if it were not true, we would be cutting off markets, like the Argentine, built up with English brains, money, and perseverance

for nearly one hundred years ; we would be opening to these Dominions huge markets without having any bargaining weapon left with which to force down other tariff walls raised against ourselves ; we would be asking the English housewife, already with difficulty making both ends meet, to pay still more for her foodstuffs ; we would have less markets the world over, and more factories closed down, and we would have made the Empire unpopular throughout the country. This last, to my mind, was the worst calamity of all. And yet, if I were to criticize Lord Beaverbrook, he would rightly retort, "Why, man, if you can, go out and see for yourself," and as I could, that night I decided I would go out and see at least Canada thoroughly, and then coming back, at any rate feel I knew what I was talking about.

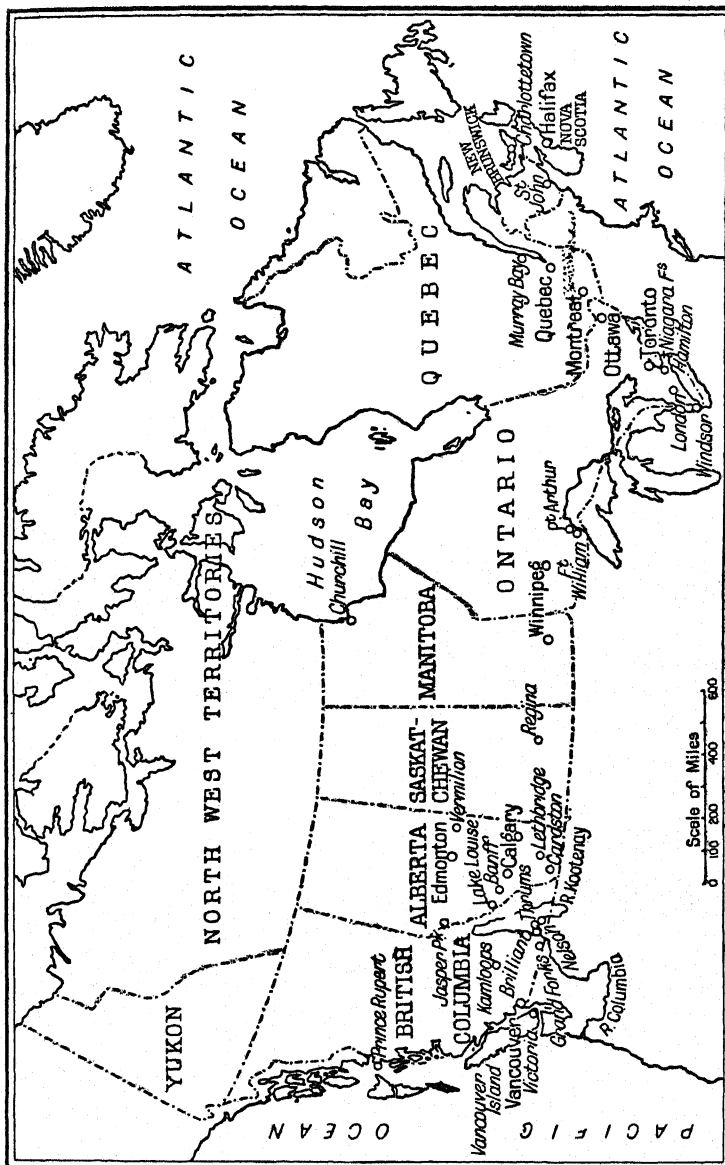
The chance had only recently been offered me. Under the Empire Settlement Act, societies interested in migration matters, and not themselves railway or shipping companies, could receive up to 50 per cent. of their expenses in helping migration from the Overseas Settlement Board. Amongst such societies were many religious ones, such as the Salvation Army and a Church of England organization. It was felt that the Roman Catholics with so many of their members migrating yearly from the North of Ireland, from Scotland, and from Liverpool and other parts of England, to countries like Australia and Canada, themselves so largely populated by Catholics, should have a society of their own.

When I saw the need, while still a Candidate for the 1929 election in the London Docks, to try and place some of the local youth in surroundings with better prospects, I had joined the board of the new Catholic Society and later had taken over the Chairmanship. As is inevitable in any such movements, there had been much criticism from both sides, and it was becoming daily more difficult to get anybody out at all to Australia. New Zealand for some time had completely closed her doors, and South Africa would only admit a migrant with several hundreds of pounds of capital. Canada's rulers, too, were becoming stricter, and the numbers being deported were equally increasing as were also the complaints of injustice from these deportees. At election time in the Constituencies you received much heckling from people with lurid tales of what they went through in the Dominions and the frequent cry arose: "Go out yourself and see." As soon as I had talked about such a visit with the Canadian Pacific Railway to see conditions for myself, I was offered by them facilities to travel across the Continent, backwards and forwards as often as I liked until the end of 1930. When this was offered me, the Canadian National Railway offered me a similar pass, and I was still meditating accepting their offers when Lord Beaverbrook's speech decided me to go.

Soon letters of introduction were pouring in. I had in all nearly fifty when I started out, and I decided to concentrate my visit on trying to find out four things. First, what Canada really stands

for, what, if any, is the Canadian spirit, in what way does Canadian mentality differ from that of Britain. Second, how far would Canada co-operate with Britain in any mutual tariff measures, and what benefit would accrue to England. Third, what is likely to be the future trend of Canadian politics, and Fourth, what outlet does Canada offer the surplus population of Britain. Under these four headings, I hoped to be able to cover every phase of Canadian life, to visit Canadian homes, to get to know the different nationalities in the Country, to study its politics and politicians, its religions, its industries, its rulers, its working people and, when possible, to find out what those who had recently migrated from England felt about their future and the future of those wanting to follow them.

I left late in July on a Cunard boat from Southampton. The passengers were typical. A lady from Ireland visiting her nephew and niece who having had their home burnt down in Ireland had settled in Ontario. She was outspoken and her remarks about the Irish Free State, penetrating one evening to the steerage, where we had many Free State immigrants picked up at Queenstown to the tune of an Irish piper in a small boat, nearly caused a riot. There was a breezy Archdeacon from Hamilton, Ontario, who took the chair at the concert, and told amusing stories about funerals and cemeteries ; an elderly lady paying her annual visit to her son ; a girl going back to Winnipeg alone after a tour of England ; a whole family who



"GEOGRAPHIA" LTD 55 FLEET STR., LONDON, E.C.4.

COPYRIGHT



had been doing the same thing; a youth who had toured Europe (England, France, and Belgium), before settling down to work in Montreal; a self-made Canadian returning to find his real estate much more valuable, due to the Canadian election; and a quiet English couple going to the United States and Toronto for yacht racing.

One old gentleman sat in his corner near the Bar not drinking for fear he would not be accustomed to water when he entered the "dry" United States and a whole bevy of girls flirted outrageously with any single men, and the Purser beat us all at chess. It was a distinctly British and British-Canadian crowd, and the joy was unbounded when the news came through that Mr. Bennett had defeated the Liberals and Mr. Mackenzie King.

At Quebec only the immigrants got off. The rest of the passengers preferred to stay on board the extra day and sail up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. There is no more beautiful sight, both banks being well cultivated and with a seemingly endless supply of Catholic churches along the river. At night we reached Montreal, the sky was overclouded by a thunderstorm, and through the flashes of lightning the electric cross on the top of Mount Real shone impressively. We docked late at night, and next morning landed in Montreal, Province of Quebec, and still principal city of Canada. A nine days' journey, it was August 5th, 1930.

From there I crossed the Continent to Vancouver; later, in the autumn came back to Montreal and



New York ; and then in winter crossed again to Vancouver and down the coast to Hollywood, Los Angeles, and Reno, and lastly came back again through British Columbia and the United States, to return to Europe in early 1932, eighteen months of travel, of which nine at least were spent in Canada.

•

## CHAPTER II

### THE INFLUENCE OF QUEBEC

THE Heights of Abraham! There is no more romantic spot in Canada. You should choose for preference a winter's day, the ground covered in snow. Go first to early Mass in the small dark Jesuit Chapel just inside the City gates. Look near the altar, and you will see the relics, the skull, the bones of Brebeuf and Lallement. Think back to the seventeenth century when in frail canoes they went out along the St. Lawrence and the Gatineau with portable altars and a great faith to convert the Red Indians, and how like so many others they were tortured and then put to death. Think of the prayers they offered, the lands they held, how they were suppressed, and how finally in 1814 they came back to a Québec now British. This little chapel was their stronghold. Walk out on to the narrow French street. The names are in French, everyone is talking French. Walk past the Parliament Building with statues in niches, amongst others to Wolfe, Montcalm, the impecunious Lord Elgin, the handsome Intendant Talon, and Frontenac and Salaberry, and then on until you come to the Plain, and there in the snow stands one tall pillar, where Wolfe fell.

Perhaps the turning point in the history of North

America was on this spot, and the unknown influence that this New World has still to wield may all centre as much from this Plain as from any little trouble about tea that took place at Boston.

For, when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham it became practical politics for the American Colonies to break free from Great Britain. And probably when French-Canadians believe in the future that Canada can stand independent of the United States, and the French-Canadian influence will predominate, then, and only then, will Canada leave the Empire.

Quebec City, now covering the Heights, holds half the history and tradition of old Canada. You have the numerous traditions of the French occupation. You have the story of Rathier, condemned to death in 1680 for murder and pardoned because there was no hangman, and on condition he himself act as hangman for the future. One of the first of his victims was his own wife sentenced to a whipping for theft. He administered the punishment, but, rumour has it, she readministered it with interest later on in the privacy of their little home beneath the walls. There is the early home of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, the home where Montcalm died, the Laval University filled with paintings sent from France by frightened nobles before the French Revolution, the old Ursuline Convent, and the many old gates and buildings. You have the story of Abraham Martin, whose father, a supporter from Scotland of Mary Queen of Scots, went to France for safety. Abraham, with

Champlain, came to Quebec and became King's Pilot on the St. Lawrence. His first investment was in cattle, and they roamed the heights above Quebec—hence the name of Heights of Abraham.

In the middle of the City stands the Cathedral, built by command of George the Third to be as near a replica as possible of his beloved St. Martin-in-the-Fields in London. The replica is recognizable, though its colour is yellow-brown. Inside is the tomb of the only Governor-General of Canada who so far has died or been buried in Canada. He was the Duke of Richmond, whose wife gave the famous Ball in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Poor Duke, his death was sad if original: he died of rabies. One day while hunting near a river he was bitten by his dog. Nothing seemed to happen, until a day or so later when rowing up the river he seemed agitated, had the boat stopped, jumped out and rushed into the woods. His companions left him a decent interval, and then followed to find the Duke foaming on the ground. He died next day. Yet this catastrophe does not seem to have alienated the affection of his eight children for dogs, for no less than three towns in Canada are called after the names of the lapdogs of his daughter Lady Sarah Maitland.

A little way from Quebec lies St. Anne de Beaupré, and it is well worth visiting. Here the relics of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, were landed by French pioneers, and miracles in increasing numbers are reported to happen at her shrine. St. Anne has become the Patron Saint of Canada, and

Beaupré is without doubt the Lourdes of North America. Thousands flock on pilgrimages, hundreds more are just tourists in charabancs, and it is unpleasant to religious feeling in such a holy place to find people climbing on their knees *a Scala Sancta*, while unbelieving tourists from both Canada and the United States pass audible comments, and car drivers describe the scene.

To the majority of Western Canadians I found these spots were unknown or unvisited, even to many people in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. They wonder, without other tradition behind them than European or early colonial, why the French-Canadian throughout Canada looks with such pride on Quebec and its traditions. They do not realize the French-Canadian does not call the Westerner or the man from Ontario just Canadian, he calls him the English-Canadian, and sees no reason why he should forget his own traditions, his own ideals. If no one should enter British politics without studying part of the Empire, similarly no Canadian should enter Canadian politics without seeing and understanding something of Quebec.

In the days of the eighteenth century the American Colonies might have wanted to get away from Great Britain and be independent, but they knew well enough they could not hold their own against the French, and the French were dangerously near in Canada. As soon as the French were defeated and Canada belonged to Britain, then there seemed no serious outside danger, and there was the chance, if independent, to keep clear of European entangle-

ments, as Washington later put it, and concentrate on themselves and their developments.

To-day the French-Canadian is in turn frightened of the United States, and he fears should Canada break away from the Empire, be it into complete independence, or to become part of the United States, he would lose all the rights, religious and parliamentary, he holds securely under the British North America Act.

The French-Canadian is doing all in his power, and with plenty of success, to spread across Canada, and to gain the major influence in the politics of the country. One day he will feel he is strong enough, and then he will press for independence, but that is fifty to a hundred years off. Any earlier attempt made by Canadian business men or foreign born settlers in the West, will find strenuous opposition from a remarkably united French-Canada, and out of ten million inhabitants of the Dominion there are nearly four million French and the percentage is growing. To understand the French-Canadian is, I think, the most vital thing in all Canadian politics.

He is deeply religious and usually closely in contact with his priest. The men are hard workers and frugal. They are extremely like their brothers in France; they all speak French, and only occasionally English. They have large, very large families, and the wives are accustomed to hard work. They do not demand high wages, and they live so carefully they do not need them. Closely in touch with the Catholic Church, the French-Canadian usually belongs

to his own Quebec Trade Union, which is definitely a Catholic Union. These Unions have not spread to the West, even amongst Catholics, because the heads of business know well that a Catholic Union is unlikely to force a strike, and the Western working man feels he is therefore unlikely in such a Union to get much concession from the employer.

Be that as it may, there are certainly few strikes in Quebec, and yet the working men are seemingly contented. They are fond of the land, and unlike the rest of Canadians perfectly willing to spend long winters of hardship on their farms, and the sons are not much keener than their fathers to enter city life. They are, however, keen to possess land of their own, and to do this are perfectly willing to undergo hardships the British will not suffer, and to pioneer across Canada. Certain parts of the prairies not even they can inhabit, and these are left to Balkan races, but Northern Ontario and parts of the Maritimes are quickly becoming populated by French-Canadians who do not mind hardship and loneliness, and who through careful living are also able to live on land on which the Britishers would starve. Their farms throughout Quebec are typical of old France, with the Calvary at the cross-roads, and on Sundays after Mass they all congregate round the Chapel and sit, and later dance, in the Chapel hall. It is their one meeting for gossip a week, and it is an opportunity for the priest to get to know their wants and worries without lengthy journeys to their homes, in the winter perhaps through almost impassable snow.

Is it to be wondered that these people, thrifty and level-headed, loving the soil and their traditions and their home, should gradually be developing into the backbone of Canada? Opposing them for influence they have only now groups of races, English-speaking, it is true, but many anxious only for their own independence. Against them is only one danger—an excessive inflow of Central European and other immigrants.

Which is preferable from the point of view of what will benefit the British Empire most, and what will benefit the world most—a Canada, so like the United States that it becomes impossible to prevent the major ultimately absorbing the minor, at least economically, or a Canada frugally and steadily developing its assets, with a culture from Old France, and religious traditions and beliefs such as almost no white country has left to-day. The more you study the country the more you think of its future possibilities, the more must you look to French Canada to save Canada from itself. To make Canada for still many years loyal to the British link, and then to hand over to Canada independent, or leader in the Empire, a country steeped in its own traditions, and entirely free from the preponderating influence of the South—that is an ideal worth working for, and it is an ideal that may one day be accepted by the thinking Canadians of all races.



## CHAPTER III

### RULERS OF QUEBEC

MY first interview was with the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Monsieur Carroll. The interview took place in the Parliament Buildings, and was a bit alarming.

Accompanied by the Cardinal's assistant, the Abbé Casgrain, I motored from the Archbishop's Palace to the side door of the building. The Governor had previously motored in from his official residence, Spencer Wood, a colonial style house, overlooking the St. Lawrence, and before me received the captain of a foreign battleship in the harbour. An A.D.C., round, plump, and French-looking in a tight-fitting uniform, only moderately cool on a boiling August morning, ushered us into a large, rather dark, library, where Monsieur Carroll, tall, foreign-looking, and apparently any age from 60 to 70, sat at a well-covered mahogany desk.

He was extremely pleasant, talking most of the time in French. I believe the French of Quebec is very like the purer French spoken in Normandy some centuries ago, at any rate it is extremely difficult at times to understand for anyone who has only known the French of Paris or Touraine. I had understood that my interviews throughout Canada would be almost entirely on political matters, as after

all that was the first object of my visit, and so in almost all cases it was, but this first interview was damping if others were to be like it. As soon as the Governor saw me, he remarked how strange that one so young should be interested in politics, and almost immediately started to discuss the English Reformation and whether Queen Elizabeth had at heart been a Catholic or not. I longed to ask him which is best, that one go into politics early in life, give one's younger years to working for the Empire and then the latter years to making some money in the city for your family, or, as in the United States, and most other countries, first go into business and then with a fixed mentality, and probably certain business interests from which you cannot well disassociate yourself, enter the political life of the country. I did not, however, ask such a question, so after a very pleasant half-hour devoted to history, and an invitation to dinner the next night, I was again free to wander.

From Quebec I took a train, for several hours' journey, along the St. Lawrence to Murray Bay to spend two days with Sir Charles and Lady Fitz-Patrick. Sir Charles is typical of another type in Canada, one that is fast dying out. Legal, and Irish, he has mixed with it the courtliness of a pre-War generation, and his loyalty to Great Britain is as infectious as his religious zeal.

Nearly 80 years of age, he is the only survivor of Sir Wilfred Laurier's first Cabinet of 1896. From then until 1902, he was Solicitor-General of Canada, and from 1902 until 1906 he was Minister of Justice.

In that year he became Chief Justice of Canada and Deputy Governor-General until 1918, when he became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec until 1923. Since then he has lived in semi-retirement, but closely watches the march of events, and the drift of influence into American, rather than British, business hands.

Like many another he greatly regrets this, and sees clearly to what it may lead; he emphasized many times how important it is, not that Englishmen should put their capital into Canadian developments, but that they should send out capable, educated young Englishmen to follow that capital, and look after it, as do the Americans.

His faith in the value of the Privy Council as an ultimate appeal for the Empire is not shared by many young Canadians, but as a member of its Judicial Committee, he should know its value, and his interesting tales of the times not so long ago, when to conduct cases in Western Canada he had to travel through the United States to get there, brought home the newness of the trans-Canada link and the total uncertainty as to how it will develop the country.

Sir Charles took me to see Monsieur Taschereau, the Premier of Quebec, and his wife's nephew. We visited him one Sunday morning at his house on the Grand Allée. The Premier is small, dark and thin, but extremely athletic looking. He wore a particularly high collar, which seemed so completely to disassociate his large head from a smaller body that one was forced to realize the fine shape of the head, and the set, determined appearance of the

face. His mind is legal, and very matter-of-fact. From our conversation I would gather Quebec comes before everything else, and only a mild interest on the part of the French in the West of Canada implies that Quebec, and I believe Ontario also, will not always be willing to help the other Provinces out of their difficulties when they seem to be of their own making. The attitude of Quebec, and its Premier, is very much that of France in Europe. Quebec is outnumbered, but it has certain weapons of power, and with them it means to hold its own. We discussed the new Welland Canal, and the Beauharnois developments on the St. Lawrence, and he pointed out how to-day more earth has already been taken out of that Canal than was taken out in the making of the Suez Canal or the Panama Canal. In the old days, they would have employed 60,000 men, and there would now be but little unemployment; to-day, with modern machinery, they only employ a few hundred living in bunk houses nearby.

The house was fairly small. A dining-room to hold eight people, a winter garden which in England would be a covered-in verandah, a small dark hall, a hostess, French to her finger-tips, one or two maids, and a dog, made up the home of the Taschereaux. They are typical of French Canada. Presumably well off they live quietly. Son of a former Supreme Court Judge, his mother, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor and sister of Lady FitzPatrick, his uncle the former Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, Monsieur Taschereau has himself

been Prime Minister of Quebec since 1920, and leads the Liberal Party in a Conservative manner. The French-Canadian gentry are almost all *noblesse de robe*, they concentrate on law, and the Church, and the Army, and only now a few are going actively into business. Sir Wilfred Laurier is so far the only Prime Minister they have given to Canada, but their political influence, they are determined, is not to be allowed to decrease, it must increase. To that end they are to-day helping finance those French-Canadians living in the United States who apply to have their fares paid to bring them back to settle in Quebec, or even to go to Western Canada.

After these interviews I had one or two with leading business men. They in turn were of British stock and Presbyterian or Church of Canada by religion. They impressed me with their discontent with English marketing methods. In their businesses they do not want the goods that will last for ever, they want constant change and therefore cheaper material. They resent the attitude of British politicians who treat them as Colonials when they come to England, and they find that when they bring over for their works English, Scotch and Irish workers, the English are discontented, the Irish soon disappear, presumably to the States, and only the Scotch remain. For generations the Scotch have come to Quebec, and intermarried with the French, so much so that in many places you will find Murrays, Gordons, McDonalds, and others who cannot speak a word of English, and look entirely French.

While visiting a prominent business man, a member of the Canadian Cabinet was announced, and asked to wait. A quarter of an hour afterwards, thinking the business man had forgotten who he was keeping outside, I moved to go, reminding him of his other visitor. He replied: "that's all right, sit down a minute, I'm doing it intentionally, it will do him good to wait." Another time while visiting a well-known elderly politician in Quebec, my host wished to ask his wife something and sent for her to the next room. I thought this showed lack of manners, but no, it was only the French ideal that the master is the head, and the question he wished to ask her was her permission to take me upstairs to show me the bedrooms—this is her preserve. On the stairs he apologized to me for the liberty he was taking with a stranger in showing him over the private rooms of his house. Instances of the politeness of the older Canada and of the feeling of superiority felt by the modern Canadian business man for the mere politician.

Having met business leaders, politicians and lawyers, I now looked to the Catholic Church—perhaps the biggest influence in all French Canada, and I went to Montreal in order to visit the Archbishop, who has been there either as Suffragen Bishop or Archbishop ever since 1914.

He received me in the young priest's Seminary. A middle-aged man of medium height, he seemed always in a hurry. His greatest worries covered the seeming Balkanization of Western Canada and the growth of American influence. His loyalty to the

British connection is unquestioned, but for him as a Canadian, Canada comes first, and any movement that tends to swamp the traditions of his Church and his race with some other undefined loyalty meets with his strenuous opposition.

The French-Canadian has certain rights under the North America Act, rights which they are determined to protect especially under the new Statute of Westminster, rights of Parliamentary representation and rights of Religion. The Archbishop feels that to uphold these rights it is essential the growing families of French-Canadians be encouraged to leave Quebec and spread out to Western Canada, there to add to the voting strength of their compatriots and to help influence the new immigrants from Central European countries. He would even go further, he would discourage the French-Canadian learning English. "When they learn English they do not learn English culture, English traditions, they have no English background to fight against the growing American influence, and they cannot distinguish what is American, what English—they become Americanized quickly." If they keep to French and their own traditions they will be less easily absorbed, and in fifty years, time they will, according to the Archbishop, be perhaps the only people in Canada not imbued with the modern American ideals of life.

I left the Archbishop realizing I had met a man, representative of an organization that knows what it wants, and by sticking unflinchingly to its guns will get or keep what it wants. One could not help

remembering, however, that there are those who say there is no such thing as Americanization. It is only the new spirit of Democracy sweeping over the world, which happens to have swallowed the United States first. The French Catholic clergy are uncompromising against Socialism, and being more Gallic than Roman in their outlook are none too friendly to this new Democracy. After all, it had yet to prove itself, and they wisely say let us at any rate hold on to what we know about and to what we have already got.



## CHAPTER IV

### MONTREAL THE COSMOPOLITAN

**S**Ocially, across Canada, Montreal is looked on as the most amusing, the most cosmopolitan, city in the Dominion. Socially, that is true. There are theatres, a first-class European type of hotel in the Ritz-Carlton, good clubs, good shops and good wines. The St. James district is the conservative financial centre of Canada; Westmount, Montreal's English-speaking living centre; round Bleury, the French centre. Socially, however, these two nationalities meet but little, and the Mount Royal Club—perhaps the Carlton of Montreal—admits scarce more than a dozen French-Canadian members. The St. James is the French club, and even the type of house in the two separate areas is different. Add to this a much poorer Polish quarter, a Jewish quarter—there are over one hundred thousand Jews in a population of about one million—an Irish quarter, a Chinatown, and finally an Italian quarter, and you realize this is a cosmopolitan city, and in addition the second largest French-speaking city in the world, only beaten by Paris. Crime has every opportunity here, and so you would have thought had beauty. Yet in mid-August it seemed to me just dusty and hot, and badly planned. In

mid-November, it seemed cold, forbidding, grim and a little grubby.

To Montreal from October on come all the workmen from the rivers, the lakes, the farms, the lumber camps. By November, the St. Lawrence is no longer navigable, and you have a mixture of thousands of seafaring unemployed, and men from the land and men from the closed-down factories. They are of every nationality, some Canadians all their lives, some only a few years in the country, some arrived only that summer, dumped by ships from every port in the world, without work, without funds, with no prospect of anything, and without clothes warm enough for the snow and the bitter cold that is only beginning. The streets covered in snow, the droshkies driving up and down the slippery hills, the motors clanking their chains, and the police, French or Irish, in heavy grey-black coats with sealskin caps to keep their heads warm, on horseback or on foot; it makes you feel you are in the heart of Russia. You hear the bells of the innumerable churches, you leave the overheated hotels, and in the streets you can barely keep your ears from getting numb. There should be beauty in all this, but there is nothing that is not sombre, dreary and forbidding.

And the people at the back of all this? I had known many of the emigrants before they left England, they came to see me and their tales were pretty grim; they told of back-street murders, of kidnapping, of thefts; the papers continued their tales, and I spent a little time seeing where they go at night.

The city provides a hostel. I drove there at the moment those seeking lodging are to be admitted. The night was pitch dark, and bitterly cold, snow on the ground ankle deep, and a biting wind blowing down the street. Nearly three thousand men, of all ages, stood in line along the wall, trying to shelter from the cold ; some had been there for hours. One dim lamp half-way down the street lit up their faces. They were admitted, first four hundred old men, then four hundred young, and so on until the two thousand odd beds had been filled. Then the others went away, there was one other shelter for them, and failing that the police station, where as many as possible would be allowed to lie on the floor, without mattress, pillow or blanket.

Inside they entered in single file, passed a window where if they had been before they were given a numbered disc, and where they deposited any belongings they wanted held. Then to the next window where the new-comers gave their names, ages, nationality, etc. If they have not been a year or two in Canada, by coming here for a night's lodging they become charges on the city, and will probably be deported to the country they have come from, even if for four years they have worked hard, and if they are British they may be deported any time up to five years, and under certain circumstances even after that. Having filled in the form, they are then searched by an attendant to see they have not more than 25 cents on them, else they are ineligible.

From there the two thousand move into a fairly small room, where they undress. All their clothes

with a duplicate disc are put on trolleys, and shot through a hole in the wall, eventually to be disinfected on the other side. They then, naked, march forward in single file to another door, pass through, bend their heads, and an attendant slaps a piece of half-melted soap on the top of their heads, and balancing this little crown of cleanliness, they proceed to the showers where they make a sometimes unwilling attempt to spread the soap from the head to other parts of the body. They then proceed, after drying, through another small room, where a youthful doctor goes through the heroic effort of medically examining two thousand men in about an hour. Many regulars get through unlooked at, but a few are chosen, and if they have not been vaccinated, that is immediately done, and some are sent back, to their disgust, to have a second crowning of soap, and a better diffusion of its matter under a second shower. I have even seen them sent back a third time, just to learn the art of washing. After the examination, they proceed to yet another room where they are given white cotton night-shirts, and robed in these they proceed to a kitchen where they get soup and bread. Finally they proceed upstairs to one of the two dormitories, where they sleep for the night on steel frame beds, built one on top of the other. The old men get in below. The young climb above, and if they are negroes, no difference of any sort is made. Early next morning they are turned adrift for the day, and during the day will be seen in long queues waiting for food outside churches, and outside a big school building,

temporarily adapted to feed them, and to give shelter of a sort at night to those that cannot fit into the city refuge.

Private charity runs a better place, but there is only room for about 200 people. They call it the Old Brewery Mission, and here I spent many a night talking with the inmates. The better class type of person, who gets a letter from a society, or a friend, comes here at a few cents a night, but even if he cannot pay, he will not be turned away. The first night they come in, even if they have only been away from the Mission three or four days, they are forced to have all their clothes fumigated, have a good bath, and an examination from the doctor. This examination is much more thorough than the city one. The doctor has naturally more time, and sitting with him, I often questioned the men. Some were oilmen from Alberta, who had jumped freight trains across the country. Some were strong, middle-aged seamen, who, now the lakes were frozen, had come too late to Montreal to get a ship away ; some were youths only recently left farm jobs ; some, in fact a great many, and these the saddest, young English clerks, who had come out to Canada for a bigger future ; and for the office job in Canada, there is to-day practically no opening—even Canadians look to the United States as their happy hunting ground for that kind of position. Nothing like this had ever happened to them before, and they looked sheepish and humiliated as they stood in line just to get a bed, and then to be medically examined. One had been in politics in England, and told me

how with a well-known girl who I knew quite well works there a lot, he had run Junior Imperial League meetings in the East End of London, and how, now hoping to be a journalist, he had fallen down to being a pauper.

Not far from this building is the Emigration Hall, where are kept those people about to be deported. The Government is extremely unwilling that Press reporters should visit it, and, indeed, it is a pathetic sight. Deportees are gathered together from all parts of Canada and brought across by train to Montreal. There, prisoners, they have to wait until a boat is ready to take them back to Europe. The boat may leave Montreal, or St. John, or Halifax, but here they will have to wait anything up to a week. Originally, this building was built to hold about fifty or sixty prisoners, to-day it holds well over one hundred at a time. I went in to visit two men from Winnipeg, one was being deported because, hungry for two days, he stole some food from a Chinese restaurant, another because after three years in Canada, he developed a minor complaint that would mean visiting the city hospital for quick treatment once a fortnight, at the city's expense. It reminded me a little of what the old debtor's prisons must have been like. These two boys, and many others who had never been convicted of crime, were in a room with sixty others, some hardened criminals, some Norwegians, some Italians, some from the Balkans, some from Germany. There were four lunatics, and a man was playing a harmonium in one corner. Only a small

archway separated them from where a blind Norwegian lay ill and semi-conscious.

I had travelled on the train with many of these people from Winnipeg to Montreal. The blind man had then been sitting up but eating nothing. The authorities said he was only starving because of despair at going back from Canadian friends blind, to Norway, where he had no relatives left. Whether it was despair or not, he was near unconsciousness, and could not speak as he lay there, white as a sheet listening to this Bedlam next door. In a room above were families, and in the next room some beds. Outside was a small caged-in verandah, on which some exercise might be taken. The barred doors clanked behind me. I went straight to the station, and took the train to St. John, New Brunswick. I was glad to be away from this depressing city, where unemployment means such undiluted misery. For the unemployed few towns in Canada are different, but the largest number suffer in Montreal.

Charitable organizations abound, many of the rich are doing all in their power to help, but a few cannot possibly cope with the overwhelming numbers. The city each year is not prepared in time. Somebody wrote in November, 1930, to suggest they sell apples as in New York. The city answered, it was quite a good idea, but too late, perhaps next year. The dole in England may have its abuses, but sometimes one is proud we have it.

## CHAPTER V

### A WINTER PORT

THE real Tory spirit, as we know it in England—the old Tory, old English—is found alone in the Maritime Provinces, and in a few Ontario homes, and the atmosphere, say, of St. John, visited as I visited it, after months in more Americanized Canadian cities, is an unbelievable relief. There is character here, no ostentation, no excitement, perhaps not any very great progress, yet the town and other parts of the Maritimes like it, Frederictown, Halifax, Charlottetown, they can all claim that they have sent to Ottawa, to the West, and in trading, all over the world, some of the best of Canada's sons.

Nearly everyone admits that the Maritimes are the cultural centre of English Canada—and for many years they were Canada, or at least English-speaking Canada. The finest of the gentry of the New England States refused to recognize the Independence of the United States, and were lost to the new nation by moving, many, it is true to Ontario, but by far the largest number to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

They brought with them a great deal of culture, and a colonial tradition that while conservative, was also the Conservative tradition, not so much of the



business man as of the country squire. They built for themselves many lovely manor houses in the Georgian or colonial style, and have cultivated the Provinces so carefully, that one often gets the impression of looking at an English landscape, while the ports St. John and Halifax are the only all-year-round ports on the east coast of Canada, not only open in the winter, as the advertising for such summer ports as Montreal would imply, but all the year round.

It took me sixteen hours to get from Montreal to St. John. Part of the journey was through the United States, but it was by night, and if I was not sleeping at least I was settled in my lower berth.

Nobody can call night travelling in eastern Canada, especially in winter, a joy, but this night was for me the worst of many nights. Above me, in an "upper", lay a lady who in every way reminded me of a picture called "Reducing", in which Miss Marie Dressler has much difficulty in settling to sleep in an upper berth. The ascent of my fellow traveller, who weighed but little short I am sure of 300 lbs., while the train jolted from side to side, was thrilling. The solemn thud, and the creaking of the iron chains, all that protected me from the sudden descent of the "upper" on my body, as the lady with the aid of a ladder reached the top, was alarming. I gathered from the creaking of the joints, of the woodwork, and the groaning, as she tossed from side to side throughout the night, that she was feeling as everyone in an upper feels, the full rolling of the train, and all the possibilities of falling out.

Underneath, I could not help realizing that if those chains gave way, both the lady and the wooden bed would quickly land on me. The hardness of my own bed told me only too plainly that it was unlikely to give way at such an impact, and that I would end my days as probably a "Hamburger". This is a favourite Canadian and American dish consisting of two pieces of loaf covering a piece of meat like a "hot dog". This latter name may give a clue to the serious doubt, engendered by the taste, as to the original animal from which the meat is usually carved. I may have been wide awake or this may have been a nightmare while I was half-asleep, but the whistle, the clanking of the bell on the engine when leaving a station, the frequent jerky application of brakes, all prevented actual sleep. While the most exhausting experience of all was the suffocating heat. Canadians do not take things in moderation, especially heat and air. They will bravely face 30 and 40 degrees below zero in the open, but when indoors in the winter any suggestion of fresh air or of anything but the central heating full on, is unpardonable. The trains have double windows with nails hammered in from the outside so that you shall never open the windows, and the heating may be kept on in the sleeping cars all the night, even if there are a dozen people sleeping there to add to the atmosphere.

I was weak and depressed next morning when I stepped out at St. John. It was only their third day of snow, and the roads were dangerously slippery. The town reminded me of a big fishing centre in England, of Lowestoft or Plymouth, Fishguard or

Holyhead. No skyscrapers here, just ordinary shops and plenty of small houses. A few disused cannons near the harbour, and a number of statues. One or two small parks, and a reasonable-sized hotel.

The streets running down to the harbour were perilously steep, and after the preliminary snow and the frost at night were like glass. Fishing boats and one or two larger vessels, a C.P.R. liner on the other side of the harbour, and some ferry-boats comprised the view.

I called on both the President of the Council and also the Prime Minister, Mr. Baxter. Fredericton is the capital, and is much smaller, but while their Parliament is not sitting, the Ministers are to be found at work in their own business offices in St. John. They are mostly lawyers, and to be in office does not mean that they must give up their practice. I had long talks with the President of the Council, whose father had been one of the original Fathers of Confederation. From his office he took me over to that of another Minister across the way, and the going was very difficult. It amused me to see a Minister of such importance in a bowler hat and a grey tweed suit, a gentleman of about 65, I should say, accompanied by myself trying to cross the steep street leading to the harbour, without falling down. It was impossible to go straight across, you could have got no foothold, and so we gingerly went down a little way until we were half-across, and then turned up again until we reached the pavement, then gingerly across to the wall, and finally in single file, losing one's foothold just every now and

then, and clinging on to the wall, we reached our destination.

Later I lunched at the Union Club, and was more and more reminded of the county clubs at home. Here lunched the politicians, the country squires in town for the day, the local doctor, the local lawyers, and the local representatives of the railway companies. The building was a Georgian substantial house with a few sporting prints, a good cheese, a brown subdued atmosphere—and most of the day it was empty.

To visit the Premier I went down to the Harbour, and into a five-storey building. His law offices were a few floors up, and I was soon ushered in. The Premier had had a good lunch, and was comfortably seated surrounded by law books in a corner. Tall and heavily built, he looked about 60, and has since retired to take up a judgeship. Both here, and in other interviews in the Maritimes, I sensed the growing discontent with the Dominion. A feeling that the Maritimes are not receiving fair treatment. The railway companies use the influence of their power to populate and develop the areas farthest afield—the prairie provinces and British Columbia. They want the freight, they want the passenger traffic. The Maritimes are left out, and do not get their fair share of immigrants. Further, the business influences in Montreal so advertise their port and that of Quebec, that the world is left with the impression that Canada has no eastern all-year ports. All this business influence is successfully brought to bear at Ottawa, to divert all through the spring,

fall and summer seasons, traffic to Montreal ; and St. John and Halifax are half-forgotten. Lastly, there is a grievance against the Canadian National Railway that it now allows its ships making their winter cruises to the West Indies, to stop at Boston, so preventing the American and other tourists from coming to St. John.

It would seem in this way that the Maritimes are likely to get cut out all round. But they are determined not to. Their resentment is deep. They see the future possibilities of the South American markets, and they are talking of Secession. Mr. Baxter has been doing his utmost to bring the other two Premiers of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island together, so that on these and other matters they may show a united front at Ottawa, and not act separately as in the past. Undoubtedly the cry of Secession has been raised before for similar purposes, and usually has a salutary effect. It alarms Ottawa sufficiently to make them pay attention to the threatening province. If so, and many people believe it will happen, we may see soon an awakening and a development of the Maritime Provinces. Agriculturally, they are not wealthy, but they have many possibilities, and are to-day in comparison far behind the rest of the Dominion in developing their resources. Perhaps they will lose a lot of their old-world atmosphere, but the best of it will remain. They are not new like the west, their culture and traditions of loyalty, quiet living, and level-headed business, are too ingrained to be shaken.

St. John, until the recent fire, had some fine

and elaborate immigration buildings. Here you could see the migrant coming off the ship, moving into a hall from which some were re-examined physically, and others let through to desks where they all went through a cursory vocal examination, and those not detained were free to buy their tickets and board the train. Every religion is represented in the shed distributing leaflets, Bibles and periodicals, and one notice I read was printed in the following languages—Polish, Italian, Lithuanian, Hungarian, German, Slovenian, Spanish, Russian, French, Greek, Albanian, Japanese, Portuguese, Norwegian and Danish, Swedish, Hebrew, Turkish, Assyrian, Armenian, Bengali and Chinese. It said, I think: "No smoking in this hall". It makes one realize how many nationalities have in recent years been pouring into Canada—nationalities that may get to learn something some time about Canada, but will never know of England and perhaps never understand the meaning of the Empire.

New Brunswick and the Maritimes as a whole realize this. They have seen these foreigners passing through, and they do not want them in their provinces. On the other hand, they watch with growing alarm the tremendous increase within their borders of the French-Canadian element. To-day nearly 40 per cent. of the Maritimes are French-Canadians. To counterbalance this they are trying hard to get good farming stock from Britain, preferably Protestants, though they do not say so. But the parent stock is almost all Puritan, and they cannot look with favour on the Catholicism of the 40 per cent. French now in their midst.

They are altogether a delightful people. There is less unemployment in their midst than elsewhere. They are probably the best off and happiest of the Canadian provinces. They are, however, discontented at being ignored, and perhaps it is now high time they developed their mineral and other possibilities, but in the meantime, if they are not wealthy, they are well off ; if they are not in the vanguard of progress, their sons are usually the leaders in the West ; and if they have not every modern attraction, they at least have culture and tradition, which is what the others envy most, and in the University of Dalhousie, they have one of the oldest and finest Universities in North America.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT OTTAWA

CROSSING Canada three times in six months showed up very clearly how different are the problems of the Maritimes, Eastern Canada, the Prairies, and British Columbia. The one tangible link, even if Confederation ceased to exist, that links them, as well as the rest of the Empire together, is the Crown. Whether you are sentimental or not, after such a journey there is something exciting in coming face to face with that tangible link—the Crown's representative. Especially if he is in his own setting.

I arrived one evening in December at Rideau Hall, just outside Ottawa, in time for an early dinner. The ground was covered with snow; outside the main porch stood a Canadian guard, in the traditional red of the Mounted Police, inside besides the footmen stood the aide-de-camp in Mess uniform. We went up the steps with pictures of the Kings and Queens on each side, and into the drawing-room. Six of us waited, and then the door opened and another A.D.C. announced "Their Excellencies".

Lord and Lady Willingdon walked in together; as we shook hands we bowed and the women curtsied. Two or three minutes afterwards, the Governor-



General and Lady Willingdon went in to dinner and we followed. At dinner a thousand and one things were discussed, including what I had done since I first saw them when I landed in Canada. The dining-room was large with some good English masters on the walls. The servants had all come over from England. The food was English cooked, and everything else the same. Lady Willingdon planned a Christmas Night Dinner for all the lonely males and females that she knew might be left in Ottawa, and it was interesting to realize how many bachelors there are in the leading positions. Mr. Bennett, leader of the Conservatives, and Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, former Liberal Premier, and Mr. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, are a few.

Suddenly there was complete silence. Lord Willingdon rose to drink the King's health in champagne, and we all rose too. After that the first liqueur brandy I had had for months, and a good cigar.

Rideau Hall is architecturally not good—there have been too many additions, but there is a good ballroom and a good gallery.

When Lord and Lady Willingdon were passing through Canada on their Chinese mission, some time before he became Governor, they stopped at Rideau and examined it thoroughly. Later, when he was appointed, he realized how well the collection of Chinese art he had brought back from China would fit in the gallery. There it looks remarkably well, and now that they have gone, the Canadian Government has bought from them the whole

collection, and it will remain permanently at Rideau Hall.

After dinner Lord Willingdon put on a large black-lined fur coat and a small astrakhan cap, as did the A.D.C. He looked then, to my mind, one of the handsomest men I had seen. Tall, white-haired, a fine thin face clear-cut and handsome, a thin figure, he looked every inch the representative of the King. We all got into a motor-bus, like the buses used for meeting guests at the trains in England and for those long tedious drives to Hunt Balls and back in the early hours of the morning. We proceeded through Ottawa, to an arena where we saw my first ice-hockey match. As we came through the archway we could hear that distinctive hollow sound of skates scratching on ice. Then we saw thousands rise to their feet in the blazing electric light, and "God Save the King" was played. As I watched that hockey, typical Canadian game, and as thrilling a sight as ever I had seen, I could not help feeling that somehow the atmosphere of Government House was like going home again, that all I had seen through Canada was just a very pleasant dream; I felt a genuine pride that this Governor-General, this tradition belonged to us—was England—was something that no amount of Americanization could alter or touch, as long as the actual person to uphold the tradition came from and understood the country from which the tradition originated. I felt it was a link that could explain Canada to Englishmen if they went there first, and I hoped it was a link that would explain the best in Englishmen to

Canada ; that it seemed to me was one of its most important functions.

Next evening I went to Government House a little earlier, and after cocktails and a sandwich or two, again in the dark blue motor-bus, we descended on a local cinema, where Lady Willingdon particularly wanted to see a film in which appeared Mrs. Patrick Campbell. We had the front row of the balcony to ourselves, and afterwards were seen off by the cinema officials. On returning to Rideau, we found Mr. Mackenzie King, the former Prime Minister, waiting for his supper. Afterwards came Bridge, and then the train. My visit to Ottawa was over.

That visit, and one I paid some months before, to see Lord Willingdon, had impressed on my mind the intense value of such a link, however social it may seem. There is no shrewder judge of when to exert influence and when to withdraw one's own opinions than Lord Willingdon. In Canadian and Indian affairs there is no Englishman that is more experienced. His judgment of the Canadian leaders was far different from that of the public at that moment, but as events are proving, deeper than theirs. His knowledge of the country, his clever wife's determination to do all she could to break down that barrier between French- and English-Canadian, rightly wishing to recognize no race distinction in the King's subjects, and their mutual zest to enter into every phase of the life of the people they possibly could ; this made them more popular than most occupants of Rideau Hall, and argues well for their difficult stay in India.

Before crossing Canada, I talked with them, and it made all the difference in my visit. They advised me what to see, and what to remember about the different people. Not knowing they would one day be back in India, they talked long and openly about Indian affairs. Sir John Simon had been there just before me, and in Ontario Sir William Jowett had also just preceded me. There seemed no doubt that if you want to hear the inside opinions of leading British statesmen you had best meet them far away from home. Lord Willingdon, through long absence from England, may be out of touch with Home affairs, but his knowledge of the Dominions and the Colonies is tremendous. I think it would also be almost fair to say that a too Conservative-minded Peer is not nowadays likely to be as successful in any of the democratic dominions as a Liberal.

When Lord Willingdon left, a few weeks after my visit, and went almost straight to India, there were many Canadian papers that complained. They held that he should remain in England some time to explain Canada to English audiences. That would certainly be an ideal—but Canada is too apt to look on India as just something with which England alone is concerned. Canada forgets that she, too, is of the Empire, and serious trouble, or the loss of India, would harm Canada almost as much as England. If, as she says, she is looking to the Orient for her markets, and intends competing there with Great Britain, then if she wants to take part in a growing Indian market, she must back

England in ruling India. The best way she can do that is to try and show the United States the difficulty of the British position, and the best contribution Lord Willingdon can give is to let India know that Canada wishes to develop friendship and commerce with a law-abiding India within the Empire. Nobody could do it better, for no one understands the real Canada, the good that is in Canada, and not the surface bombast of some politicians, than Lord Willingdon, and equally so Lady Willingdon, and far though the distance may be, a knowledge of Canadian and American public opinion such as Lord Willingdon has got, cannot but be useful. America might remember that if Lord Willingdon seems severe to-day in India, it is still the same Lord Willingdon who knows all about democracy and was a great success in America's Canadian neighbour, as perhaps her most popular recent Governor.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE PREMIER OF CANADA

“THE Prime Minister would like you to lunch with him to-day at the Rideau Club. Will you come round first to his offices in the Parliament Building.”

It was September 1st, 1930, Labour Day in Canada, and a holiday, but not a holiday for Mr. Bennett, he doesn't take any. He had only been a few weeks Premier, before that he had fought a strenuous and victorious election campaign, within a week, he was to face Parliament and deal with the crucial unemployment question, and the next day to leave for England and an Imperial Conference. There was no time for a holiday.

Twenty minutes later than the appointed time he came out of his room, introduced me to two Ministers, and then alone we walked across the street to the Club. Mr. Bennett is a massive figure, with a heavy face. His small amount of hair is fair, brushed back, and his eyes behind pince-nez have a twinkle that gives you a momentary idea that he may have a sense of humour. He wore a bowler hat and black cut-away morning coat; the impression was that of a successful doctor or a serious business man. Before we had reached the club, the Prime Minister

had gone through the list of British Conservative leaders he knew, and briefly told me what he thought of them. It was obvious that his own personal affections went most to Mr. Amery, and without even discussing them, one could realize from his own history and his outlook on life, that neither Sir Austin Chamberlain nor Mr. Baldwin would be exactly sympathetic natures for him, whereas the cold, clear-cut logic of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and the brilliance and achievement of Sir Robert Horne, have obviously greatly impressed him. Not only with Mr. Bennett but throughout Canada is there a feeling amongst Conservatives of admiration for Sir Robert Horne. They, in Canada, have usually risen to political or business heights by their own efforts from little or nothing at the start; he, in England with the possible exception of Mr. Amery, who, however, was at Harrow and Oxford, has done the same. Their sympathy is not with Socialists, but with the type of leader Sir Robert Horne might make in a Conservative party, where many leaders have got their start through being their father's son.

Throughout Conservative Canada, and also Liberal Canada, there is one other person who on her visits has made a deep impression, and that is Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, as Mr. Bennett put it—"the most intelligent Englishwoman who has visited Canada in recent years, and who has a really Irish sense of humour."

For Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Premier also obviously has a great respect, but unless the Party hatchet were dropped in England

he felt, as so many others, the future was none too bright.

At lunch we sat alone at a table in the centre of the room, and I was initiated into the very sticky art of eating corn on the cob. Eating it in your fingers with salt, and melted butter dripping on all sides, on a hot day in September, with people all round watching your table, and wondering just why you of all people should be sitting there, with the Prime Minister of the country sitting opposite, and in order to forget the affairs of state, thoroughly engrossed in your difficulties, and saying you were tackling it in far too genteel a manner, was and always will remain my grand conception of an embarrassing moment, and will always make me feel a little shy of corn cob well melted in butter and salt.

At least one Minister came up while we were at lunch. He was told, I might want to go to Fort Churchill, the new town the Government has built on the Hudson Bay, and work there for a little while, as Mr. Bennett put it, to see how a Government can make a town. His word seemed law, and the Minister was ready to arrange it at once.

Mr. Bennett's word always is law with his Cabinet, and the attitude he has taken up since his election as leader at Winnipeg in 1928 has been very much that of a Mussolini. Easily the richest man in the Government, he has given so much money to help towards the victory of the Party that practically nobody can dispute his will. There was only one person who might have been dangerous, Mr. Ferguson,



at the time Premier of Ontario, but he has gone to London. Mr. Bennett holds more than one post in the Government, and seems to do the work of all. It requires a Herculean strength, and a marvellous will power. Referring to one English statesman who recently held office, he said: "He was not big enough to stand the routine." It may be a clue to Mr. Bennett's idea about himself. He certainly has taken on much routine in dealing with the Finance office as well as that of Premier, bearing much of the burdens of the Trade Ministry, as his principal aid, Mr. Harry Stevens, was ill for months, and guiding a Ministry that consisted of many new men. Some of these, like the Minister of Immigration, knew really nothing about their particular branch before assuming office. Is he, however, big enough himself to bear the strain? He is not a humble man, but neither is he conceited, he is, however, a rather lonely, self-centred man, and he would despise himself greatly if he could not do the work. Equally is he a glutton for work, and equally if he sees difficulties does he like to tackle them himself. But his decisions have become more arbitrary, and as he becomes quick-tempered, so does he make enemies throughout the country.

Is the greatness of Mr. Bennett manufactured? His career has certainly been largely one of good fortune.

He comes from New Brunswick, is over 60 years of age, and unmarried. When 27 years old he went to Calgary, the small town about to become important, as Crewe became important

in England as a railway city, a city practically made by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Later on into the district came the oil companies, and the interests of the Standard Oil, the Rockefeller interests, were the most powerful to prospect. They formed the Imperial Oil Company.

Mr. Bennett was a lawyer, and as everybody knows Mr. Bennett is a forceful person, a person who says what he thinks, who is accustomed to brook no opposition and, in short, a person typical of, and suitable for, the Western life. Not perhaps the ordinary Western cowboy life, but the life that would steer through the maze of difficulties engendered by a big oil company buying out small companies with not enough capital to carry on, and the life that would be mixed up with a growing railway centre—centre for a railway that had a monopoly of much of the land, and the whole of the carrying trade of that part of the West. Mr. Bennett acted as lawyer for both these companies. He was obviously a capable man, but in watching him to-day it is interesting to remember that the great part of his life has been spent in the West, and that nearly all his time has been spent in fighting cases for Big Business—and it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that his sympathies are with Big Business, especially as the most efficient form of running a country.

It must not, however, be assumed that he has always been on the side of the strong. Towards the end of the war he became particularly prominent in defending a Conscientious Objector from being conscripted for the army, and he fought his case

tooth and nail, until there were very nearly riots in Alberta. Furthermore, it must not be assumed that the vast wealth which more than anything else put him where he is to-day, came from his legal practice for these large concerns. He certainly made a reasonable income for himself, but most of his money he inherited.

Since he was a boy he had always been great friends with a Mrs. Eddy and her brother, and both of them had a great affection and a great admiration for this serious, determined, not brilliant, but clear-headed business lawyer. Mrs. Eddy's husband had been head of the Eddy Match Company at Ottawa and Hull, just across the river. This was about the biggest match company in Canada, and has since been bought up by the Swedish Match Company. When Mr. Eddy died he left most of his shares to Mrs. Eddy, and when she died she, in turn, left most of hers to Mr. Bennett, and the rest to her brother, who eventually gave his share to Mr. Bennett also. This has only happened within the last few years, and it has meant an inheritance for Mr. Bennett of several million dollars. It enabled him to retire from business directorships and also to give up his law practice, which, however, is still carried on by his partners—an oil expert, and an amusing Irish-Canadian Rhodes scholar—with strong Empire feelings and the promise of a great future in Calgary, a town of about 80,000 people. He could now devote himself entirely to politics. He had already been actively interested in them for many years, and for one or two short periods had held Cabinet rank.

He had also been Director-General of National Service until 1917.

He sometimes visited England, and there seemed a possibility that he would follow Mr. Bonar Law's footsteps and enter British politics. There are many people in Canada who still think he looks to Westminster as his final goal.

As we sat over coffee, I was struck by his intimate knowledge of the inside information regarding the Conservative Party in England. Not only did he know all about the leaders, but he obviously followed the careers as far as they are yet careers of the younger men and he asked me many questions about them. He explained to me how he had been elected leader, not by any group of M.P.s or even candidates, but by a convention of the whole Conservative Party at Winnipeg in 1928, and wondered why that was not possible in England. He stressed to me his keenness on getting young blood into politics, and when there giving them every opportunity, and I understand he personally spent a large amount to finance young candidates at the last General Election.

The impression he then gave me, coupled with what happened at the 1930 Imperial Conference, have made me wonder if he was not making a bid while in England to impress himself on the Conservative Party as a possible leader for the future. A less position than that a Premier of Canada could hardly accept. It may be only fancy on my part, but I wonder if he has not in these last two years often thought of that.

Mr. Bennett neither drinks nor smokes—virtues

that probably helped him a lot in the hard-drinking West, and he is one of the few men living, in power, who know exactly what they want and go right out to get it. Some such person is wanted in England, and he might be a tonic badly needed—but it is questionable how far a juggernaut nature accustomed to the West, and a scattered, small number of people, would be able to adapt himself to a sensitive nation of over 30 millions, a sensitive Empire, and above all a touchy world. In Parliament, he might precipitate a Revolution ; in a Fascist state he would be invaluable, though he might only be a Primo de Rivera, but on the whole he is perhaps better left in Canada, where, without a doubt, he can be of immense use in this depressed and doubting period, to a country he knows so well and understands.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ASQUITH OF CANADA

NO two men are more different than Mr. Mackenzie King and Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett is more ponderous, and would seem to have led a less active life. Mr. Mackenzie King is a little smaller, stockily built, with hair going white, but with a general dark, almost sallow, complexion. His face is rough, and would seem to denote a hard, fresh air life. Yet the facts are different. They seem to show Mr. Mackenzie King as a clever, almost literary, lawyer, who has given nearly all his life to politics and study, a statesman. In Mr. Bennett you find a lawyer who has spent most of his years in the West in a pioneer community, mixed up with large corporations, and whatever politics that brought in its train—in short, a Big Business Man. Mr. Bennett has no home. He lives in Calgary in a suite of rooms at the large Canadian Pacific Hotel, and keeps these rooms permanently, getting his service from downstairs. In Ottawa he lives in the Chateau Laurier, the Canadian National Railway Hotel, and when entertaining, at least until recently, his sister has acted for him as hostess.

One day, a few years ago, Mr. Bennett was traveling on a train, and met a man in whom he immedi-

ately became interested. Later, that man, unknown to almost the whole of Canada, became his chief private adviser, and accompanied him to London for the 1930 Conference, arranging which prominent Canadians should see Mr. Bennett, and which not. Now he has been appointed Ambassador to Washington, and has married Mr. Bennett's sister, still Canada hardly knows him, but Mr. Bennett is all-powerful.

As contrast to this, Mr. Mackenzie King, like the great Romans of old, has his farm, Kingsclere, near to Ottawa, where he goes to rest, and where he is never disturbed with his fine herd of cattle, and in Ottawa he lives at Laurier House, surrounded by his books, and a certain amount of tradition.

Educated at the University of Toronto, born in Ontario, not yet sixty years of age, he has also been at Chicago University, and spent three years at Harvard.

When you remember the importance for Canadian leaders, as well as their supporters, to understand their American neighbours, and how necessary it is for the British Empire, that Canada, so well-placed to understand and interpret England to the United States, and the United States to England, should have such leaders, then both Canada and England ought to be thankful for Mr. Mackenzie King. Besides being educated at these Universities, he has travelled abroad on scholarships from Harvard, and for three years, 1914-1917, studied industrial problems in North America under the Rockefeller Foundation. For this he has been much criticized, but without reason. His enemies say he should have been at the Front, but if so, why do they not say it of Mr. Bennett or of

Mr. Meighen—like them he was over 40 years of age, and the work he did was far more useful than just going to the Front. Like Mr. Lloyd George at the Ministry of Munitions he was able in dealing with the labour conditions in North America, to concentrate on those industries supplying war material and do whatever was possible to smooth out any difficulties with the men. He has also been upbraided for taking the pay of Rockefeller. But it was perfectly honestly taken and earned. Some people in Canada make money out of politics, some make money out of business, Mr. King chose to do neither, but to devote his life to his country. He had, however, to earn his living, and when not even holding a seat in Parliament, why should he not take up a position which has given him insight into American business methods, and taught him to understand the Canadian working man?

The information gained on various immigration and other Commissions both in Canada and in China, gave him valuable experience for dealing with Oriental problems, while his visits to two Imperial Conferences, and his visit to Geneva, gave him knowledge of Europe and the Empire. His political tutelage under Sir Wilfred Laurier, in whose house he now lives, and to whose leadership of the Liberal Party he succeeded in 1919, should make him a good politician. Lastly, the fact that he has represented constituencies in Prince Edward Island—in the Maritimes—New Waterloo, in business Ontario, and in recent years Prince Albert, with large French-Canadian interests, in Saskatchewan, the Prairies, and



that he was Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs from 1921 to 1930, should make him know more about the real Canada than anyone else in politics. Adding all this together we get, I think, the best equipped Canadian in modern politics, with only one rival in experience on the other side, Sir George Perley ; and with Mr. Mackenzie King's genius in addition, we get one of the most valuable men in the British Empire.

I arrived at Laurier House on one of the coldest days in December, the ground covered with snow. A maid opened the door, and I was immediately taken upstairs in a lift. I found Mr. Mackenzie King in a library, the walls of which were covered from top to bottom with shelves full of books. The room was not large, no more was the house, and the ceiling seemed very low. The chairs were well-worn study chairs. He put me on a sofa, and sat in an arm-chair a little higher, and with his back to the window. With him conversation seemed much easier than with Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett actually took more trouble over me, and did more for me than Mr. King, but Mr. King gave me the impression while I was there of doing much more for me, telling me much more, and in every way being the polished man of the world I expected to find him.

We discussed the making of speeches, and how he found it difficult to concentrate because of his secretary's latest method of shorthand while he was dictating. It was a mechanical contrivance that tapped regularly while the secretary wrote. He explained to me, too, the great opening there is in

Canada for young men who go in for secretarial work after they leave the Universities. Only a few do it, but in business at any rate, they usually move from there to high executive posts in newer businesses, and even come back themselves to be heads of the business where they started as secretary—as, for example, Mr. Beatty, now head of the Canadian Pacific Railway and at one time secretary to Lord Shaughnessy, when he was the president.

Mr. Mackenzie King feels how necessary it is that a Minister of Immigration in Canada should have, in addition to the ordinary qualifications of a Minister, special human understanding that would enable him to cut through Red Tape—but his biggest worries are for the future. Very few Canadians look far ahead, but this man seems an exception.

If the Russian Communist Five-Year Plan is a success it will certainly force forward both in Canada and the United States, not so much actual Communism, Mr. Mackenzie King felt, as those community organizations that gave something of communism, yet not all, and at the same time just so much as would force both Liberals and Conservatives to oppose it. Such a party in Canada might grow so strong that the Liberals would be forced to unite with the Conservatives, and at present it is totally uncertain which of the parties would go under.

There certainly seems to be such a future in Canadian politics, and it is doubly serious when one realizes how necessary for Canada's development for at least the next fifty years is an abundance of foreign capital.

Mr. Mackenzie King has been criticized for being pro-American and anti-British. He understands America and how valuable America is to Canada. He understands, too, how valuable is America's friendship to Britain. A Canada actively hostile to America is equally dangerous for England, who must back Canada, and too severe tariffs might bring this about. Mr. Mackenzie King moreover considers himself a democratic leader whose business is to compromise and yet get things done, and whose business also is to interpret to the world Canada's desires, and Canada desires a large amount of independence. It would be a serious day for Canada if she were to have too undemocratic a leader, for he in turn would force too much to the front an alternative Socialist or community party, and this, too, Mr. Mackenzie King recognizes. He has a difficult and a thankless task to steer his party and his country through extremes, but it is the job of a statesman.

That evening I dined with the Governor-General. Mr. Mackenzie King was the other guest. It was easy to see how popular he was at Government House. There is no doubt that the combination of Lord Willingdon and Mr. Mackenzie King, with the more social aid of Lady Willingdon, did more for the advancement of Canada in the last few years than is recognized now, or will be, for some years.

## CHAPTER IX

“TO BE ENGLISH—WILLING TO CEASE TO BE BRITISH”

THE above remark was made about the United Empire Loyalists of Canada in 1849, when many were willing to become annexed to the United States rather than submit to a feared French dominance in Canada. In actual fact, the French-Canadians were then thoroughly loyal to the British connection as they are to-day, and it was the so-called loyalists of Ontario who were willing to break away. Psychologically, this is interesting because to a certain extent we have the same position to-day.

In Quebec and wherever French-Canadian influence is to be found, there is an intense patriotism for Canada—an intense Canadian feeling, but that feeling is entirely French. Canada to these people belongs to them, is for their development, is for their future. Intensely practical, they realize they are at present in a minority, but a strong one, and that it is their business to improve their position, and accept the presence of the other people present. They know that to be an independent nation would not help them much, they might be swamped by other Canadians, they might be absorbed in the United States. England has always treated them fairly, and not bothered them too much; under England they are perfectly

happy, and under England they intend to remain. They do not complain that England forgets Canada, both in business and socially. They do not care, they can get on by themselves. The Inevitability of Gradualness is their gospel, and they see no reason to alter it. They believe very strongly in their Church, but in a Gallic form of that Church, not a Roman one ; that is to say, they are apt to put things national and political before things clerical, though if possible they will work them in together. Their affection for modern irreligious France is nil, they are of the *ancien régime*.

On the other hand, we have Ontario, intensely distrustful of the French-Canadian, and frightened of his growth. The Ontarian looks on Canada as a nation for himself, and for those people, including the French, whom he can bring in for business purposes, who will form for him an interior market, inside a high tariff wall. But those people he imports he must assimilate, they must develop the English ideals of life, the English independence and traditions of free government. Their fathers died for the British Empire, and they will die for the British Empire, but that Empire must be of a type they want, else it is of no use to them. If England goes too much Socialist, then either England must take the advice of Ontario, or England must be dropped, and perhaps Canada become the central link for the Dominions.

It is not the old conception of loyalty this, it is a new idea which I think can be traced to the influence of American dollars. In no way do I wish to be misunderstood. As soon as England's troubles

became apparent in the decline of the pound sterling, there was an immediate outburst of indignation on the part of many thousands of loyal Canadians that the government in Canada should take any tariff steps that might be interpreted as adding to the Mother Country's difficulties. The majority of people of British descent in Ontario and in every part of Canada are loyal to the core and love England and things English dearly, but they are not to-day the rulers of Canada. The rulers of Canada are the big business magnates of Ontario and elsewhere, many deeply and financially involved with America, and for the majority of them loyalty to Great Britain, much advertised and much boosted, means merely the advantages of one large European market, the weapon with which to boost their own industry against the rivals across the border in the United States, and a loyalty which must mean the minimum of sacrifice with the maximum of gain for themselves.

Only fools in England need ever hope to achieve any agreement with Canada on tariffs or other matters that is not strictly a business agreement with plenty of advantages for Canada. You see this in the Ontario papers, you hear it from the business men; one Ontario Minister made so many speeches telling England just what she ought to do, and how strongly he and his friends disapproved of the trend of affairs in England, that it almost amounted to an international incident. I came to Ottawa from Toronto at the time, and the excitement was intense. At Government House there was consternation, in the Government there was intense annoyance, the press

representatives from London were rushing about, the English High Commissioner cabled a verbatim report of one of the speeches to London, and the clubs were alive with rumours. In the end it died down, doing no harm and also no good, but it was one more proof that Ontario's leaders feel their business is to interpret an ideal England of the period of Queen Victoria—an ideal individualistic England—ideal for the Big Business Man, as the model for the future of Canada.

Any section or party wing in England which may seem to agree with such ideas will receive their whole-hearted support, whereas any party governing England which may not so agree, even if elected by the people of Great Britain, will meet with uncompromising distrust. Such is, as far as I can see, the attitude of the Business Man-cum-Politician in Ontario. It is a dangerous attitude for the future of the Empire, but for the future of Canada it may be all right, and if so I do not see that we have any right to criticize, but we should know the facts, and realize them plainly without approval or disapproval. Too much empty flag-wagging and patriotic talk may lead us astray.

Logically enough the French-Canadian is here willing to support the Ontario Conservative part of the way. He believes in a Victorian individualism, and will fight for it against any Socialistic ideas that may be sweeping across the country from the West, or from England, but if ever Ontario talks about secession from Great Britain, then I think Quebec will part company with Ontario. Quebec's ultimate

aim is a French-Canada, an aim to be worked out under English protection. Ontario's aim is a Canada of Big Business and capital development, with English or American money; whichever can be got cheapest, and later on Canada developed by Canadian money, and both America and England asked politely, but forcefully, to get out, and the English-speaking element left on top. For the moment both Provinces are agreed on most points about manufacturing business, and Liberal Quebec and Conservative Ontario are often seen coming together to use their immense influence for some policy for the whole dominion.

Such, in brief, are the impressions I got after two visits to Ontario, one in August, and boiling heat, one in November-December, when in many parts snow covered the ground, and after a close study of Toronto speeches and press articles during my nine months in Canada. They are a summary of much that prominent Canadians told me, verified by talks with other Canadians who would never have admitted it, and by questions asked and hedging answers given by yet others.

Toronto, whether approached by boat coming from Niagara Falls, or by train from Montreal, on one of the fastest trains in America, is the most striking city in eastern Canada. Striking, that is, to a European who has not yet visited the United States, and does not yet know what skyscrapers are in Chicago or New York.

Here in Toronto he gets his first glimpse. Down one long street he has an indescribable feeling of



smallness, he feels he is in a centre of power and of wealth, and then he walks along to the lake, or as near it as railway frontage will allow, and he sees before him, I believe, the largest and tallest hotel in the British Empire, and also in many ways one of the most beautiful. I found myself first in Toronto during the Summer Fair of 1930, and while spending a week there managed to visit the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Archbishop of Toronto, some politicians, some business leaders, the editors of more than one of the leading newspapers, the Clubs, the University, and especially the Yacht Club on an island near the city. The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Cunard Company both took me out to see settlers in different parts of the country round Toronto and round London, Ontario, and in addition I managed to run into three Rhodes scholars who had been to Oxford while I was there, and two others who had been at the same college with me. After Montreal and Quebec there was no doubt in Toronto one was in a more British city, but at the same time there were many differences—the skyscrapers, the drug stores, the uniform shop windows—things which to me were foreign, and which later on I was to recognize as essentially American.

When I came back in the winter I noticed it even more. There was something essentially un-English, both about the business people and about the general atmosphere of the place. In a hurry you might put it down as American, and therefore something that **Canada**, if she develops her own spirit, may be able to discard with profit, but there is another possible

name for it—democracy—the democracy that has swallowed America, and cut out all individuality—just making communities and people with "sales-value" and other signs of crass materialism, and such democracy undoubtedly has got hold of Toronto, and if the Toronto prophets are to be believed, Toronto will yet be the industrial centre of Canada, with a large number of prosperous towns like Hamilton, and Guelph, and London, surrounding it. They probably are right—certainly all signs point that way. At the moment, Montreal and Toronto, both around the one million mark, are running each other pretty closely as to which is the biggest city in Canada.

Montreal is the leader of French-speaking Catholic Canada. Toronto is the leader of English-speaking Protestant Canada. Montreal is the leading seaport. Toronto, on the lake, claims, when the St. Lawrence waterway is an actual fact, it will easily be the leader, and so Montreal is doing quite a lot to baulk that project. Toronto is the newspaper and magazine centre for the six million English-speaking people in the whole Dominion. Montreal is the newspaper and magazine centre for over three million French-speaking readers. Toronto is near the American border, gets much of its money from America, uses many of its up-to-date business methods, goes in for skyscrapers, though with a water-front as fine as Chicago's it does not yet need skyscrapers, until ordinary buildings have covered the ground. Montreal, on the other hand, has only one small skyscraper, has its St. James, old-fashioned Conservative money quarter, looks more, perhaps, to Europe than

to America for its money, and where Toronto gives itself over to whisky—both Scotch and Rye are taken in hotel bedrooms and anywhere but with your meals—Montreal serves its sherries, its red and white wine and its champagne, in restaurants, and is the mecca for American week-end tourists from Boston or New York.

The Summer Fair, considering it is held annually, was elaborately arranged, but it was a disappointment to see how few British goods were represented. Any that were, were there under the auspices of the Federation of British Industries, which only allows firms to put up a stand who have definite representatives in Canada. As far as I could see, the result was a number of toilet articles, some different makes of chocolate, and a few other signs of luxury trade.

The Winter Fair—an overgrown agricultural show—was remarkably well organized and produced. Easily the most interesting sight was the International Jumping Competition. I was the guest of the Foreign Officers in their box, and sat between Hungarians and Germans, with the Americans and the Irish Free State in front of me. This was the time when Toronto was at its gayest, and one realized the very great bond in common between the social life of Toronto and Ontario, and that of England—a love of horse-flesh, and a love of hunting.

One left Toronto regretfully. It was a town in which you could breathe. There was life in it, vigour and determination to go ahead quickly. It was the same all over Ontario. The Province knows it has more people, more money than the other

Canadian Provinces, it knows how it stands to benefit from a high tariff. Equally is it determined to exploit its position as within the Empire, and only a few miles from America, for American factories to come in.

Only one thing must not be forgotten, if the West wants the food markets of Britain, she will not be allowed to get them at the expense of allowing British manufacturers to compete too actively in Canada with those of Ontario. England cannot blame Ontario for this—why should she sacrifice a future that may have unbelieved possibilities, if she can help it. Let us hope that with Burke we can say: "In common institutions, in common traditions, in common history, in a common way of looking at things," Ontario and England will be able to get over manufacturing rivalries, which to my mind are the biggest dangers the Empire has to face in keeping Canada within that Empire and friendly with Great Britain.

## CHAPTER X

32° BELOW ZERO

NO one has seen Canada who has not visited a lumber camp—uncomfortable though the experience may be—and I do not recommend it in mid-winter. My particular experience was in the coldest part of Northern Ontario.

The train landed me one morning at a small snow-covered town. There was one other man getting off the train. He brought some small luggage—baggage is the correct term in Canada—and a bottle of whisky. Our host greeted us both. He had had a party the night before, and was none too pleased to have to get up early to meet us. Where the party could have been I do not know.

The town did not look like it could give one, at any rate to the man who met us, a clean English type who knew England a lot better than I knew Canada. The third member of the party, the man with the bottle, had an interesting history. He lost all his money in the 1929 crash, and to console himself took to drink. His wife had sent him up for a week in the woods and below zero climate for change of scene and air. He got it.

We spent that day just chatting and drinking a little. It was Sunday, and only one train passed

through each day, and the road only stretched thirty miles each side of the town, and then for hundreds of miles there was no other connection but the train. Our host owned the timber limits near there, operated a mill, and owned a whole town further up the line. His house was small, and when he spent money it was in Toronto, and there he and his partner kept a suite at a fashionable club, and with their wives they all went regularly and spent money royally. In the meantime, my drinking friend and I spent the night at the inn. A few commercial travellers were there, too. They sat over the fire all day, said nothing and read the week-before-last's newspapers. That night we finished the bottle. There was no water at hand, so we took it neat—we might as well—in the camps we'd be teetotal.

I sat up with my companion—we'll call him Tom—till he was asleep, because he sometimes saw things at night, and a room with hardly any furniture in a depressing spot like our inn would make people see things even if they didn't usually. Next morning we set out for the company-owned town and stayed there until about two o'clock. Every inhabitant worked with the company. They had a community grocery store, a Catholic and Protestant Chapel, a small cinema, a guest house, and a house for the two directors, besides the ordinary houses and a kitchen and dining-room for the lumber-jacks in town, and an office fitted out as a post-office. Here we said good-bye to drink, warmth, and other things, and equipped in fur coats, woollen caps, patented jerseys that laced up to the chin, three pairs of socks, heavy

boots, rugs, gloves, and one tooth brush each, we set out by sleigh. Tom and I sat behind on a piece of wood, and Pat, the driver, and John Martin, the owner, sat in state in front. We got easily over the first lake, leaving the town further and further behind, but to get across the mainland to the next lake was not so easy. The ground under the snow was swampy and suddenly the two horses started to sink. Deeper and deeper they went down, at first kicking violently and sweating with fright. They nearly sank to their bellies, before we had got them loose from the sleigh. Eventually, without sinking too much ourselves, we got them out, and pushed the sleigh on to more solid land. It didn't happen again, but the possibility depressed me, and the heat I had worked up in pushing the sleigh out of the mire gradually evaporated.

Then again, winter had been later in coming, and though it was already December the ice on the lakes was still very thin, cracking ominously under the strain of our sleigh, and lakes in Ontario in mid-winter are no joke. Ten miles of this, and we started inland a journey of yet another twenty odd miles. In summer there would not have been even a trail between the pines and overhanging branches, but the snow was thick enough—though only just enough for us to bump across fallen bits of tree, stones and stumps. We could not go fast up and down the small hills, and up the bigger ones we often went at a snail's pace, often the sleigh nearly capsized, and very often this happened while the going was almost funereal. It was unpleasant so slowly to sink from side to side.

We only stopped once on the way at a cabin, an outpost of the company. Here we got a cup of tea, some bread and jam, and the blood began to circulate a little. The logger in charge was glad to see us, and one poor youth, French-Canadian, speaking hardly any English, lay in his bunk with the dog waiting for a sleigh that would come the next day and take him to the company's town to the doctor—he had sliced his foot open badly that day while log-chopping wood out in the forest. It was stuffy in the room, and icy outside. On we trotted and walked, soon there was nothing more to say to each other, neither of us were in good condition, and though neither said it, we both wondered if we'd last the three days, for there seemed no way of getting back. At any rate, in the town we'd left there was a doctor, which was something to remember. The company provided the doctor, who devoted his whole time to the company. Each man paid from his wages one dollar a week for the medical care, and no matter what happened to him that entitled him to free attendance. There were over 150 men subscribing, so the salary was not bad.

At long last, in pitch darkness, we approached a few huts; we had arrived at the camp which was to be our headquarters for the next three nights.

Feet numb with the cold, noses seemingly frozen and bodies stiff and chilled, and everybody amused around us, we, the two typical townsmen, walked slowly and with as much dignity as possible into the cabin where we were to sleep. I never got to like that cabin. I know I should have, there is such



romance about discomfort in a logging camp, but only when you are far away.

The cabin was the property of two silent brothers. They rented the camp at a fixed price from Martin's company, employed the men themselves and made their own profit. This was a bad year, but they had had many good ones, and were extremely well-off men. They were about 40 years of age, scarce ever went to a big town, and smiled quietly at a joke, but never made one. One of them spat regularly on the floor, the other aimed for a spittoon, but usually missed. Altogether in that cabin the first night there were eight of us, and four beds all in one room. In the other room was a couch, a big dog, some chairs, and a wash-basin. Connected by a passage was a little outhouse that seemed colder even than outside. The stove was in between the two rooms, and was kept at fever heat until we went to bed, about 11 o'clock. Its heat can be imagined when realizing that it did not seem to get cool until about 3 a.m., and by 4 a.m. the room was seemingly below zero.

In order not to overweight the sleigh, I suppose, we brought no luggage, not even pyjamas, for that would have been effeminate, and razors also were left behind—our faces would be too sore shaving. That night I shared a bed with Tom, who could no longer drink, and we both kicked about in our shirts—I don't know which was the most restless. In the next bed was Martin, the head of the company, with old Pat, the sleigh driver, and in the bed next the stove-pipe roasted politely the owner of the cabin.

His brother knew better and slept, waking regularly to spit, in the other room on the antique couch.

Pat was a charming old character. Near 70, he seemed weatherbeaten and healthy, and was proud to be the father of seven children. His wife lived away in Montreal, and now for nearly forty years he had seen her for only a week or two each year. But he went his way contentedly and wanted nothing better. At night-time, in the heated cabin, they would all talk, mostly of England, and the war, and there was no doubt here that loyalty and affection for the "Old Country" was ineradicable. But equally, there is no doubt the war did a lot to cement it, not in the usual way people think, but in bringing over to England, and showing them the country, a whole generation that otherwise would never have seen it. All those who went to the war, right across Canada, talk affectionately of England, and anxiously of her future.

I am not talking now of the richer people who can come over at any time, but of those that perhaps never will again, and scarcely ever stir out of their own small orbit—for them it was a wonderful experience, never to be forgotten. But the generations that have come after the war. They know next to nothing about England, not, indeed, very much about Canada either, but for England there seems with them a certain criticism, a resentment, though of what it seems impossible to ascertain.

One wishes it were possible to alter this, and in a small way it might be done. Those that enlist in the Canadian Army, those that enlist in the Australian

Army, why should not a year of their service be spent in England? They might be at Aldershot, on guard at Buckingham Palace, and England and the Empire might mean something real to them. In return, a year for some of the English regiments might be spent in Canada or Australia. The Dominions with their regiments in England could not object, and the men might like the Dominion so much that after discharge they would stay there. But this is too much of a digression—they would do excellently as lumberjacks, perhaps, but their wives, if they were to be like old Pat's wife, might complain a little.

The second night Pat had to visit another camp with one of the brothers, and I rashly took the bed near the oven. Never have I passed through such a night of suffocation. As most people know, you cannot usually stand too long with your back to a good fire, in the same way you cannot lie too long with your back close up to an oven, and until the cooling process set in, any time after 2 a.m., my roasting turn-over occurred about once every fifteen minutes.

Each morning at 6 o'clock the cook came to light the stove again. By 7 o'clock the room was too hot, and we were nearly smoked out for the day. The lumberjacks working in the woods slept in nearby cabins some twenty to forty in each. Their beds were wooden box squares with a decent mattress, two rows of bunks one over the other. They had breakfast at 6.20, and we went into the cook-house to feed at 7.

The meal was deceiving. It usually consisted of waffles, a sort of pancake, as many as you liked, and the cook was reported to be an expert at them; between layers of these you put butter, and over it all you poured endless oil syrup. Deceiving it certainly was. You soon felt stuffed. I usually felt sick, but after an hour or two you began to realize the unsubstantiality of the meal, and inside to crave for more. The cook himself was a character not often met. Long, thin, with a hawk-like face drawn in over the bones, he was the most lonely type of person I have ever seen. He seemed to have drifted there from nowhere and soon the camp would be closing, and he would drift away again, whither no one knew, and though everybody liked him, whither no one cared. That is the way in the camps, you do your work, and no questions are asked.

He loved his kitchen and dining-room combined. Here he fed the men and here his word was law. Away in the corner was his bed, and he slept and lived here day in day out. At night, hungry, having talked in our cabin for hours, we would creep over through the snow by the light of the moon, to his hut, and think to wake him up just for a cup of cocoa and some bread. But always we found him lying in bed, with a gramophone beside him playing an old dance tune, a wartime song or a Spanish tango. Soon he was leaving, and he decided to sell his beloved gramophone. It was too big to take with him—he would need money, and so he started a lottery. Twenty-five cents we paid for the tickets, and everyone liked the cook, and as many as possible took

tickets. He made nearly \$20, and felt ready to face Christmas.

Each day we walked a few miles or drove some more through the forests to visit the different camps at work. We walked across lakes, with a biting wind blowing the snow in our faces, or over tracks that seemed either too slippery or too thick with snow. We watched the men saw trees. Then came the crackling of the branches, as the tree seemed to fall at our feet. Next a horse was hitched to the tree, and one by one the logs were piled up, ready to be brought to the river for the first thaw, and then sent down to the Mill. Most of the men working were Poles, or French-Canadians, with a few Swedes or Norwegians, and some of those in charge were British, but again most were French-Canadians. The men usually worked in threes and their pay was good, usually calculated by the number of trees felled a day.

In each of the camps we visited, we found the storekeeper, who was always second in command of the camp, was English. You must come to this part of the world to see what has happened to types in England you could never associate with this life. In one camp the store-keeper came from Birmingham about four years before for his health. He was consumptive, and the war had done him no good. Now he was a different man, cared nothing for the snow and cold, and tramped miles from camp to camp and loved the life.

The store-keeper of another camp was different. He had been in the army—a major—in the South African War, and in the Great War. He had been

at one time temporary aide-de-camp to one of our Royal Family, now dead, but without any money, and perhaps too fond of the bottle, he had decided to ask help from no one, but just to leave England and hope for the best. Here, at the age of about 55, he worked contentedly, occasionally got a letter or newspaper from England, spoke with that unexaggerated accent others call Oxford, and rubbed bear grease on his hair to stave off baldness. He was clean, well-groomed, very reserved about himself, but keenly interested to know what was happening at home. He spoke with great concern of the number of horses he heard the Russians were collecting in the Caucasus, nearly half the number in the world, with the object of pouring into India or Egypt, and he kept the store efficiently, and the camp more or less in order. Sometimes he saved some money, and to spend just a little of it he would come in to the company's town. But the lumberjacks would hear of his coming, and he was kind-hearted, and first one drink and then another until at last the savings were gone, and he went back to his camp by sleigh miles from nowhere to save up again. Yes, one day he might see England again, but when? . . . I felt sorry leaving him, and somehow realized what it means to suffer a deal but never complain openly.

I was not sorry one day to pack up and turn back to the town. We left early in the morning, and were there by 4 o'clock. That day the brothers owning the company were to give their Christmas party to the better types of lumberjack. No party was more fun. We were to be put in the guest house, and there,

from the moment we arrived, the whisky flowed freely. We drank it downstairs, we drank it upstairs while shaving. Shaving the first time for four days. It was slow work, but good. Not yet was I to have a bed to myself, for too many people had come in for the party, and I was still to be with my friend from Toronto. But to-night, at least, I felt there is every chance of both of us being drunk. The other inhabitants included a cheerful soul from yet another camp, who had been an international footballer, playing originally for Newcastle-on-Tyne. With him was a quiet, shy ex-naval officer, who with a wife from Russia, and a small bonus on being axed from the navy, had purchased a fruit farm in California, to find on getting there it was but barren rock. With almost nothing left, they had trekked to Canada, and finally the lumber company had taken him on. On the day he came and walked to the camp, he collapsed from lack of food. Soon he was head of his camp, and his wife was with him, but somehow he hardly ever smiled.

We all talked a lot in this guest house about England, politics, Russia, unemployment, and the sad plight of lumber. These two brothers that own the company were obviously doing all they could to help the Britisher who will work. They take them on, live with them part of the time, drink with them, cheer them up. They get no trouble, and everyone seems happy. But, as they say, they are losing money, and if they were sensible, or just business men only like many in Toronto, they would that winter have closed down, and the town would have

been abandoned ; and 150 more men out of work. Why, they rightly ask, does England buy her lumber from Russia, where it is obvious there is forced labour, and so put them out of business, who themselves fought for England, visit England every other year, are both married to English wives, and have brought out all these Englishmen to help run their business. To buy a little cheaper, we encourage forced labour in Russia, and again put out of work people like these, a Newcastle football player, a Birmingham man who lost his health fighting for England, and a naval commander whose career was ruined again to help English economy. Are we not just a little too careful about our business and money, when our own people want help ? Some people in the Dominions think so.

By 7 o'clock, when the party was to start nearly all the whisky had been finished, but there was plenty of gin and dinner went extremely well. Forty men in the town's dining-room, plenty of food, plenty of drink, plenty of decorations, and plenty of speeches. French-Canadians, old-timers, seventy years of age, a commercial traveller, who was passing through, Pat the driver, the doctor in great form, the two owners, Tom from Toronto and myself, the commander, the footballer, we all spoke, we all sang, and at 10 o'clock adjourned to the doctor's house. Here we drank more and here the French-Canadians sang "Alouette-Alouette" and a hundred other French lumber songs, and they danced, and we danced, and one by one more people lay down and didn't move. The footballer became senseless early in the evening, and I was overjoyed to find by 1 a.m. that so many



were lying about unlikely to move that night, that there would be plenty of spare beds in the guest house. I got one in the room with the commander. He was very cheerful and life seemed rosy. Next morning, when I woke, he had gone. He left by the 6 o'clock train to get back near his camp.

Later, with a headache, I took the Winnipeg train, and the central heating and total lack of air, which that day I needed so badly, made the journey memorable and agonizing. The owners saw me off, and went back themselves with Tom to Toronto. Never have two men shown me better how life should be led, hospitality offered, and duties carried out without being boring. Good luck to them.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST

AS I travelled by train from Northern Ontario to Winnipeg, the temperature outside well below freezing point, and inside the train seemingly at melting point, I tried my best to concentrate on the literature I had already amassed. It was not easy, as it was mid-December, and the train was full of boys and schoolgirls going West for their holidays, accompanied by gramophones, banjos, oranges, and much conversation. It is noticeable that the majority of better schools are in the east of Canada, with the exception of one or two on Vancouver Island, and most well-to-do Westerners send their children there, four and five days by train, to be educated in schools fifty to a hundred years old.

Amongst the pamphlets I was reading were some on Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a former Irish Fenian, later a Father of Confederation, and finally a man murdered by some Irish fanatical fellow-countrymen, and some on other Irish characters prominent in Canadian history. They had been given me by one of the most vivid personalities in Ottawa, Senator Charles Murphy, K.C., a fascinating Irish-Canadian with some extremely outspoken opinions on people and things Canadian. I had had an amusing talk with

him in his Senatorial offices, where he keeps, with pride, the table on which Confederation was signed, and he had shown me a new side of Canadian life worth studying, and a side I developed by talks with other Irish-Canadians. In Canada you cannot help noticing how much the Scottish-Canadians keep together, and help each other, similarly the French-Canadians, the Icelanders, and many other races, but the Irish-Canadians seem to have no such helpful solidarity.

Similarly, between the French Catholic and the Irish Catholic there seems none of the friendship you might expect, rather the opposite, keen antagonism. The first fact can probably be put down to the mutual distrust, inborn in the generations between the Orange-Irish element of Ontario, and the Catholic-Irish element, scattered all over the country, but perhaps most noticeable in Ottawa, where the town itself looks more like a medium-sized Irish town with broad streets, low, white-washed houses, and a cart or two in the middle, than any town in North America. This Orange element runs through Toronto, and the whole of Ontario, but is not, I think, a definitely anti-Catholic movement, but a movement that embraces all Protestant Canada, and looks on Catholic Canada as essentially disloyal. Their reasons are presumably that the French are the originally-conquered people and cannot be expected to be whole-heartedly British, and the Irish are in many cases the descendants of the Fenian Raiders of the Civil War period. In both cases it is nothing more than prejudice, and to-day is without any basis in

fact. If only the Irish, both Protestant and Catholic, were to come together, and there are movements at present to bring them together, they would probably be the most powerful element in Canada. They are already, singly, leaders in commerce, politics, law and the Church. Looking through a list of prominent Irish-Canadians, in 1925, I find such names as Sir Herbert Holt, President of the Royal Bank of Canada; Sir Vincent Meredith, President of the Bank of Montreal; Lord Shaughnessy; Mr. E. W. Beatty, President the Canadian Pacific Railway; the Rt. Hon. F. A. Anglin, Chief Justice of Canada; the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, leader of the Conservative Party (the official opposition) as well as twenty-five judges throughout the dominion, half a dozen Bishops and half a dozen members of the Cabinet, two Lieut.-Governors, the head of Eatons, Ltd., one of Canada's biggest stores; of P. Burns, Ltd., and of a host of other large concerns.

I lay particular stress on this, because of the oft-repeated statement that Irishmen do not stop in Canada, that they move on to the United States, and that there are no large numbers of Irishmen in the dominion. It is true there is no organized Irish group, like there is Scottish, but many of the most important posts are held by Irishmen, and there is a strong Irish element in the country.

A large number of English people coming to Canada never visit the east at all. They come by fast boat to New York, then go on to Chicago, and finally into Canada at Winnipeg, only sixty miles north of the United States border, and only a few

hours from Chicago. From there they go across the prairies, to Alberta, and its famous ranches, through the picturesque Rockies and on through British Columbia to Vancouver. Some of these are tourists, some are business people with interests in oil and possible mines, but to the majority of English people Winnipeg is the gateway to the Canada they have thought of, the Canada they want to see, the Canada of Prairies, Ranches, Mountains, fishing and all the thrills of pioneer life. Here in Winnipeg they find what fifty years ago was a village, is now a city of fine streets, fine office buildings, and beautiful homes, scattered at a distance from the city ; and if they were to stay long enough they would find scorching heat in the summer, and a temperature below zero in the winter.

I was there for a few days in August, and for a longer time in December. In this latter month, the ground was covered deep in snow, it was difficult and unpleasant to walk, and outside the houses at night were lit up multi-coloured Christmas trees. What struck me at once were the numbers of foreigners to be seen in all the principal streets, dressed still in their warm clothes from Poland or the Ukraine, for many had not been in Canada more than a year or two. Begging on the street was constant, and strangers were to be seen in plenty, especially on market days—this most noticeable in August. Here, indeed, were the first signs of the Balkanization of the West, frequently discussed with much alarm by the public men in the East. In Winnipeg, however, no one seemed to mind them. One got

the impression there that you were living in a colony, and were mixing with the outside rulers of the colony. One talked about things in England, and competition from Russia, one talked about grain, and one discussed sport, and what Winnipeg had to offer, and finally one drank an inordinate amount of whisky, and if you were visiting some Englishman sent out to represent a syndicate, then as often as not you had a champagne party, with, for partners, the prettiest girls from behind the big stores counters in the city, and you might even end the evening by a perilous drive to the Country Club. Life was all very carefree, but this new element of Slavs, Poles and Magyars, that seemed to me to be at every corner, and those hundreds of starving people that were daily being pushed into the Deportation Hall on the slightest provocation, of these no one spoke. Those that were being successful—they would be so many more people to buy Canada's products; those that were not succeeding—far better they went back from whence they came. This attitude is natural enough for Winnipeg leaders. They are convinced all these foreigners will one day be absorbed, and they know next to nothing of what goes on in the immigration centres, and they live in a centre geographically bound to become more and more important as time goes on. They are in the biggest city in Canada's middle west. They are a big centre for distribution. Distribution now to Fort Churchill and Hudson Bay, to the north; and to the south, Chicago and the navigable rivers of the United States. West they look to a big future on the Pacific, others look east, especially

if the St. Lawrence River becomes navigable to Port Arthur, as they would have manufacturing Ontario to feed, and also Quebec, and then Europe.

But they have this foreign element, and it may be just the seed that will wreck everything. There are in proportion as many foreign names in Winnipeg as in Chicago, Pittsburg, Cleveland or Detroit, and there are Socialists too and Communists and frequent Communist meetings with sometimes riots and murders. It is no longer a peaceful city. Do not let it later become a city wrecked by politics, strife and graft. To-day it is almost impossible for anyone to get elected to Parliament in Canada who has not been born in Canada or lived there since he was a child, and so up to the present these new-comers since the war have not had much say—they have many not even yet qualified for the vote, but another ten or fifteen years and we shall see more clearly if they are good Canadians or still Central Europeans. A friend of mine who speaks Italian went to the Italian Church in Winnipeg and there heard the priest implore his Italian congregation to have large families so that they might be able to go back and fight for Mussolini and Italy.

Three visits interested me most in Winnipeg. One was to a former Mayor of the city and prominent grainman. His wife during the day motored me around and showed me the different sights of the town and told me something of the machinations of the local politicians. The husband gave me a lengthy and detailed history of the wheat pools, and finally, at dinner we had first a cocktail—brought in on

a tray by the maid, then a delicious supper, but nothing, as is the custom in America, to drink at the meal. Ten of us sat around the table and mostly helped ourselves, and afterwards we went into the drawing-room, and after about twenty minutes of conversation, the radio was turned on, and we listened to "good music" from, I think, Chicago, for an hour, and then after a whisky and soda, we all went home. The conversation throughout dinner was about England and English people they had met. One lady had that summer been to England, and told what she thought the best plays. My hostess confessed that she only waited for a rise in International Nickel Shares to bring her over to England on a visit, and everyone seemed to speak as at any gathering in India or Africa, of England as of going home. It was immensely cheering after the rather hard things heard in Toronto. Everybody here, as indeed throughout most of Canada knew Mr. Amery, and liked him best of our politicians. Sir Robert Horne was much admired, if less well-known personally. In many parts of Canada Lord Beaverbrook seemed to be liked, especially by the men, and another universal favourite was Mr. Phillip Kerr, now Lord Lothian. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had made a great impression in the east, but Mr. Baldwin in this extremely conventional country had greatly offended many by the informality of his dress, and after raising great hopes during his visit as to what he intended to do, had disappointed all by afterwards doing nothing. That seemed the general criticism. We commented how, wherever you went you were always pointed out or



invited to meet "the girl the Prince of Wales danced with". In each town there only seemed to be just one such person, and from that day on she seemed to be universally accepted as the leader of the younger set. I only bring all this in, as it seems to fit in so with the conversation and the general atmosphere of the almost British household into which I had been introduced. My host, his son, and all his family admired in Britain her steadiness, her statesmen, and her lack of bombast as compared with America. They welcomed annually to their house, representatives of our Oxford Debating team, and all other British visitors whom they gladly showed the city.

My second visit was to the chief members of the Manitoba branch of the Canadian Conservative Party. It was to be a luncheon at the Manitoba Club, in honour of Mr. Harry Stevens, the Minister of Commerce, and the right-hand man of Mr. Bennett, on his way through to Vancouver. There were about forty people present, and they included members of the Manitoba Legislature, as well as the representatives at Ottawa. My host, who seemed to have entertained every Englishman from Lord Birkenhead down, who had ever visited Winnipeg, and at the same time was a Conservative or a lawyer, knew everybody and introduced me all round. Without exception, all the types present were successful business men, or lawyers who had made success out of representing business concerns. Business meant everything and politics was only to be interpreted in terms of value to business. That was the impression, and it was enhanced by Mr. Stevens, a small, serious,

determined figure, who spoke of Canadian business, and particularly of the recent Imperial Conference. He spoke of it almost entirely as a business meeting, and therefore spoke not unnaturally a little sorely of the man who had made it a business failure, but like all men who admire strength and despise airy talk, he spoke also of the same man almost with awe.

At the lunch he said very little, but later, no doubt, with those that really mattered, he got away to discuss the possibilities of the visit the following week of the Australian representative. That, I gathered, was a meeting from which Mr. Stevens hoped for much. If England, Australia, and Canada could not agree, then perhaps Canada and Australia could on something smaller. A clever little man, Mr. Stevens, and one in whom Mr. Bennett puts immense trust and hope. After the lunch I went on with two M.P.s to the apartment of yet another. Here continued an almost endless discussion as to the best orators and thinkers English politics had produced in the last twenty years and finally, one M.P. now quite determined to become a leading Canadian orator, departed with books and speeches by Lord Grey of Falloden, and Lord Oxford and Asquith held tightly under his arm. It was a cheerful afternoon, and well suited for the below-zero temperature on the streets.

Next day came my final visit—this time to the Liberal Prime Minister of Manitoba at the capitol—Mr. Bracken.

A man of medium height, he is slow and careful in his manner, and in his speech. He looks and acts exactly as he is—a fairly young Canadian University

Professor. When I saw him he was in the throes of worries over the difficulties into which the Wheat Pools had got themselves, and the further difficulties into which they had drawn the three Provincial governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. His political outlook is naturally Liberal, and against high tariffs—but even allowing for that—he has the outlook of the west which is very different from that of the east. An outlook that feels the west has its greatest interest at present in the English market, a west that at all costs wants to keep in closely with Great Britain, and a west that feels it is the policy of Ontario and the east that is hampering it. That is the general opinion in the prairie provinces, and it seemed to me obvious that was Premier Bracken's opinion as well. If Quebec and Ontario can so influence Ottawa that Federal measures shall be passed at the expense of the west—then is Premier Bracken keener that Federal power at Ottawa be decreased and each province be allowed more to look after itself. He deprecated the general orgy of city development and building, that the last few years has brought forward, to his clear mind, unwarranted by the country's slower development. He instanced as a good example the building of the State Capitol in Winnipeg—a fine achievement—but one that burdens Manitoba with a debt interest of \$140.00 a day, which is a large sum for a province as yet only beginning to develop.

I came away from Winnipeg feeling that I was in a Liberal city, but pro-British, largely dominated by the brilliant Press leadership of Mr. Dafoe, a man I

missed meeting on each of my visits, and that Mr. Bennett at Ottawa could not forgive Winnipeg for having produced Mr. Dafoe, especially as Mr. Dafoe was not kind to Mr. Bennett either during or after the elections. On the other hand, the recent elections had returned some quite new Conservatives, after a long lapse, and quite unexpectedly, to Ottawa, and so Mr. Bennett was not sure how to act. Mr. Bracken, being Liberal, was unwilling to ask favours from Mr. Bennett, and yet the position of the west was such that he was forced so to do. Lastly, that in that city where the great Hudson Bay Company has its headquarters, where the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways centralize their western colonization efforts, exists to-day such a muddle of immigrants and deportees of every nationality, and such a general uncertainty about everyone's future, that it may yet become the chief centre of unrest in the country.

•

## CHAPTER XII

### BRITISH COLONIES IN THE WEST

LEAVING Montreal at night, you reach Winnipeg two nights later—a journey of forty-four hours, covering 1,411 miles. The scenery is wild and magnificent, passing by lakes and through forests, and seemingly over mountains. The land, however, is almost uninhabitable, and you can realize how still the west is cut off from the east, and how natural is the complaint of the Western farmer, that freight costs to the east and the coast eliminate so much of his profit, and nothing can be sold on the way, as there is no one to buy. You cannot understand Winnipeg properly, until you have seen the west it tries to interpret. Two days there in August were two days wasted, but a week in mid-December was worth a month.

I went almost straight through to Edmonton, Alberta's capital, covering another 840 miles in about thirty-two hours. This time it was all through plains and sometimes deserts of Alkali. It was dusty and dull, but a complete contrast to the previous forty hours. I could not get a lower berth, and enjoyed myself in an upper. Dressing and undressing while lying on your back, being shaken constantly in every direction, and having

beneath me a lady with a baby that cried all night—"the poor mite has a cold"—was the sum of my enjoyment.

In forty nights on the train in Canada I have twenty-two times had a woman in the same car with at least one child under three years old. There should be a law to prevent them travelling, or at least to insist they take a private compartment for two for themselves! To see the worries of the husbands all through the night decides one definitely against marriage.

From Edmonton I went out by stage bus towards Fort Saskatchewan, got off at a corner and decided to walk two miles to visit Lord and Lady Rodney at the ranch they have been living on now for several years. Of course I got lost on the way, and finally asked a Canadian, who until two years previously had been a Pole, if he knew where they lived. "Ah, the Lord, yes, the Lord lives over beyond that trees. The house you will see looks ordinary outside—but inside they say there are wonderful things." Until I got there I had not realized for weeks just how far away I was from London. Last time I had seen them, we had all been dressed for London life. That evening we collected the eggs and Lady Rodney prepared the dinner, and rang up the doctor to know what to give one of the many children upstairs. The governess came in to dinner, and we all ate, and sat afterwards in another part of the same room. Their life is the life of typical ranchers, and they seem to enjoy it, but Lady Rodney, who overworks herself systematically, is a Godsend to that part of Alberta. She

knows all about women's work—especially social work, in England, and is the only person, bar the clergyman, able to give a helping hand to those peasant women who have come there and seem lost. She is the only person to give them all a lead, and often she is the only person to stick up for them when things go wrong.

There are no such things as English landlords in western Canada—most people are on their own, but there are some things the English landlord's wife can do to help her less well off neighbours, and these are sorely missed in Canada, but when possible Lady Rodney fills the gap, at any rate in Northern Alberta, and it is perhaps significant that she is an ardent supporter of the Socialists in Edmonton. She is a Socialist in the way that every genuine old-time Tory in England is at least keen to help those around them, and every moderate English Socialist is in all but name a Tory. However, large parts of Canada are not run by Tories, but by huge impersonal companies, and by Trusts holding mortgages.

From Fort Saskatchewan I went on by train one night to Vermilion, and another time I motored there by day from Edmonton. Round Vermilion are two or three large colonies. Here the Hudson Bay Company have their only Settlement Scheme, settled, and here the Canadian Pacific Railway have their largest British Settlement in Canada, the ClanDonald. The Hudson Bay Company had sent up two admirable men from Winnipeg, who showed me everything, and explained the plans, and a Canadian Pacific Railway official motored me from Edmonton about

150 miles to the north-east through undulating and fairly fully settled land, and I spent nearly a week with him at Vermilion and ClanDonald.

On the way, you pass through two or three villages comprised entirely of Poles or Central Europeans. Practically no English is spoken and the architecture of the villages is that of Eastern Europe. The churches are either Greek Orthodox or Catholic built with domes and minarets, and you contrive, after Winnipeg, to understand the talk in Montreal about the Balkanization of the West. Once we stopped for a glass of beer at the local saloon. Nobody spoke English, and the half-drunk Poles thought I was the Liquor Control agent—especially one man—who had had his licence cancelled. The innkeeper, however, saved the situation, and I got out unscathed.

The liquor laws of Canada are simple and work satisfactorily. In Quebec province, beer and any kind of wine may be drunk at table and, in fact, anywhere, but spirits are banned. In the rest of Canada you purchase a licence for \$2.00 which, however, is only valid in the Province in which it is issued. This entitles you to purchase any kind of drink at the Liquor Store, but nowhere else, and it must not be consumed in a restaurant or other public place. Beer, however, can be drunk and purchased per glass or bottle, but not to be taken away, at any beer parlour. However, when drinking it, no food must be eaten with it, and you cannot take it standing up, whether you are capable of such a feat or not. Lastly, in most provinces, there



is local option about such beer parlours, and many towns eschew them altogether. Those that have them have one room for men and the other for "ladies", so that the latter may get drunk in moderate privacy.

If a man is drinking too much, anyone of local prominence, clergyman, say, or Justice, can have his licence temporarily withdrawn, and no beer parlour-keeper can serve him. That is what had happened to the Pole, and his resentment towards the man he supposed me to be, was understandable.

During my two visits to the Settlements, we interviewed nearly thirty different families. The British-speaking colonies are in a group surrounded by other English-speaking people, and the district was chosen because of this, as well as the climate, soil, and the amount of timber at hand. The families of the ClanDonald colony were scattered to the north of the town, the Hudson Bay families mostly to the south. None of them were very close together, but in at least one case they seemed too close. This was the case of an ex-chief of a fire brigade near Scarborough, who, with his wife and children, had given up everything and come out, hoping not to improve themselves but to find a better future for their children. It was a fatal mistake, for their class the hardship is too much, they are better off at home. They now seemed to have only one consolation. The letters sent them regularly from home by the wife of the local squire, she told them all the local gossip, and ten to fifteen miles from neighbours in a wild desolate-looking spot that meant the world to them.

But I had forgotten they had neighbours, a hundred yards away—the Murphys from Cork. At first they had been great friends, then Mrs. Murphy kept regularly rushing over to the lady from Scarborough to tell how Mr. Murphy “had been near to murtherin’ her, that he was, with a beatin’.” Well, as the lady from Scarborough said: “In the end it was too much, and as at home we weren’t accustomed to meeting people like that, we decided not to see them any more.” Now the Murphys and the Scarborough family speak no more, nor do their children meet. There are no other neighbours for miles, and it probably was only Mrs. Murphy’s pretty Irish exaggeration.

On the whole, the lower class the family had been at home, the more contented I found they were in their new homes, but the better class type, ex-publicans, shop-keepers, etc., who had come out to give their children a chance, were distinctly despondent. They seemed faced with nothing but accumulating debt—which now would hamper those children, and the wives were miserably lonely, and unaccustomed to the discomforts. Yet for the lower class type, the small poor Irish or Scottish farmer or the Welsh miner, the position has a different aspect. The companies have done what they can for him, he couldn’t be much worse off at home, and there is at any rate a gamble he will make good.

The ClanDonald started in 1926. Most of the families were brought out from the Hebrides, which was a mistake. These families should have been

placed, not in Alberta over 1,000 miles from the sea, but somewhere near the coast where they would have been able to fish and lead a life to which they were more or less accustomed. 100 families were settled on farms consisting of 160 to 320 acres. Each family had ten acres of land broken and seeded ready before they arrived. A house consisting of four rooms was supplied, a well bored beside each house, and a barn was erected for four horses and six cows. The furnishing and the stock provided consisted of:

1 stove	4 horses
1 table	1 cow
2 chairs	11 chickens
1 bed and mattress	1 trough
1 wagon	2 sets of double harness
1 plough	1 set of tools and lantern
1 set of eveners	1 well bucket
1 coulter for plough	Cooking utensils
1 share for plough	Box of groceries, consisting of
1 harrow	enough of all necessary articles
	to start a larder.

There were no fittings in the barn.

An attempt was made to place all families before April. In the autumn of 1926, 102 teams were placed out threshing with a view to getting grub-stake for the winter; on an average \$6.00 a day was earned for thirty days, making an average total of \$180.00 a team, which carried the families mostly through the winter, but when spring came it was found necessary to grub-stake these families until August, 1927. It also became necessary to get them seed and food for their horses and cattle.

Next to no farm knowledge was required of the settler as it was found that even those who were brought from cities, other than the Hebridian settlers, in many cases had themselves as boys been raised on farms, and had sufficient knowledge of horses and cattle to enable them to continue farming operations in Canada.

The age for settlement varied. A young married man with a small family would be placed on a small quarter section of land, and a good deal of hardship ensued, as it was necessary for the man to do all the work alone. Older people who had grown up children had an advantage, as the sons helped in the farming operations, and the family was placed on a half-section, 320 acres or more. The daughters also were able to go out in domestic work and help to support the home. There was very little help required for the larger families with grown-up children. On every other section around the settlement were English-speaking farmers, who were already well established, and they, when not jealous of the new arrivals, were able to give extra employment to the original 100 families.

There were further advantages the ordinary settler does not always meet with, the schools, roads and telephone connections had already been established, and the country was in a state of development which did away with a good deal of the homesickness engendered by being deposited in an undeveloped area.

The total cost of the house, barn, well and land and permanent improvements was amortized over

a period of thirty-four years, the first payment coming due the second October following occupation of the land. In practice, though many have paid, a good number of those coming out in more recent years have not been able to pay, the collecting of the money has therefore been postponed in many cases. On a quarter section of land the average payment is \$200 per year; on a half section of land the average payment is \$250 per year. The original colonists were only required to have \$250 as landing money on arrival in Canada; this they hold on to themselves. The families arriving later got a subsistence grant, making a total of \$450 net exclusive of fares. Most of the families are within three miles of a school, and the church is never further than ten miles. They sell their grain at the market price of the day direct to any of the elevators. Many of the settlers are voluntary members of the Wheat Pool, and deposit their grain with the Wheat Pool and receive an advance as an initial payment, the balance—if there is one these days—being paid in two or three further payments. Payment is arrived at on the average price of the year's operation. In the case of seed, this is sold direct at market price for seed at the time it is sold. In the case of potatoes and vegetables, they are sold to retail merchants at market price at the time of sale. In the case of butter, it is sold to the merchants direct at the market price of the day. Cream is sold direct to the creamery on a government grade at market price of the day of sale.

The predominant element of the colony is Scottish,

though there are also many Irish. It was amusing to see the Archbishop of Edmonton a little while ago visiting a very small chapel on the settlement for Confirmation. The pipers were out in full Scottish kilts and piped the Archbishop to the chapel door. He did his best to keep time with Crosier and Mitre to the strains of some such air as "The Campbells are Coming", though that actual one would hardly be suitable for a ClanDonald colony. It certainly was some other martial air.

In 1928-29 there were a series of Good Farm competitions; the prizes being 1st, a pure bred Ayrshire cow; 2nd, a ram and four ewes; 3rd, a pure bred Tamworth sow; similarly in 1929-30. But since then financial conditions have been so stringent it has been impossible to raise prizes.

On the whole the colony is succeeding, even though at present no one is making any money with which to pay off the debts. A great many families left, many because of personal differences either with the man who originated the scheme or else amongst themselves, but as a whole figures would show a considerable success. In the original 100 farms there are now 13,000 acres under cultivation. Four years ago only 100 acres in all had been broken.

The Hudson Bay Company's settlement also outside Vermilion is perhaps a little better cared for. It shows everywhere the signs of that particularly British touch and genuine solicitude, no matter if it brings about a financial loss, for Britishers coming out to enable them to get the best they can, a characteristic of the finest old Trading Company in

Canada. The Settlement was then a little over two years old, and consists of 100 quarter sections—160 acres each. A three-room cottage is provided, the walls are lined with a warm material that gives each cottage an infinitely cleaner look than the ClanDonald cottages; the upstairs is unfurnished. There is a barn for four horses and six cows, but without fittings. A well is also provided and fencing material, less the posts. Only five acres are broken and cultivated. Twenty years' amortization working out at about 6 per cent. interest, and 6 per cent. on \$1,200 worth of improvements is charged. The furnishing is nearly the same as the ClanDonald, except that they are given in addition to one cow, provided by the ClanDonald, a calf, two pigs, and a cockerel with nine hens.

A man from the district is sent over to England to select the families, preferably agriculturalists, or miners. They sign an agreement before coming, and the same man is there when they arrive. They are met at Quebec, and sent right through to Winnipeg, where they are met again, and taken to the Immigration Hall. For each family that comes £50 is deposited at the Bank in Winnipeg, and drawings on that sum are subject to Hudson Bay advice. There is a resident official of the Company in Vermilion, and they buy everything through him. In this way they will not be charged too high prices, and they will not be allowed to buy unnecessary material. There must not be in the family on arrival more than three children under working age, but as many as you like over that age, who can help the parents.

The potatoes, flour, etc., are bought by the Hudson Bay Company in bulk, cheaply, and are sold cheaper through them to the settlers. They are now preparing to market the settlers' produce on a co-operative basis, and are supplying a bull for the use of the settlers.

It can be seen that though the amortization is shorter and therefore the payments required are larger, a more active interest is taken in the settler, he is more closely watched, and greater care is taken that he will not be imposed upon during his first years. In both Colonies only the minimum required is given, so as not to spoon-feed the migrant, and also so that he will not be encumbered with too heavy a debt. It is, however, a moot point whether just a little more could not be given. The Hudson Bay Company has only lost two of its settlers in the two years, a remarkable record, with which the Clan-Donald cannot compare, and in the same period, from an original fifty acres broken and cleared, there are now over 6,000 under cultivation. This is also probably due to the better type of person chosen, and the greater care taken in choosing the families, though many were miners with no experience whatever.

One Welsh miner, who could not tell a mare from a stallion when he arrived in May, 1929, from the Rhondda Valley, has changed a farm consisting of brush, open prairie, and five acres cleared, into something unrecognizable. In one year he cleared and broke, under the guidance of the official in Vermilion, sixty acres. He had one son helping part time. In



1930, he had just threshed 968 bushels No. 1 wheat averaging forty bushels per acre. In addition, he had 1,355 bushels of oats from fourteen acres, representing ninety bushels per acre, and several acres still to cut for feed—this when I visited him. His farm was neat, his garden tidy and very pretty, there were plenty of vegetables, and his handicaps that year included a wife in hospital for eleven weeks, four children to look after and a baby who had died. He was only one of many. If only a good price could be got for the grain all would be well. These people are settled anything from three to twenty miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway, and within a radius of ninety miles from Vermilion. When the weather is good, the roads are passable, in some cases they are only trails, but when it rains, and it can rain sheets, then it becomes almost impossible to drive anything anywhere.

We also visited a soldiers' settlement colony at Saddle Lake, and to get there from Vermilion was the most bumpy performance imaginable. The settlement was somewhat similar to the others.

The winter is a hard and depressing time, and no doubt in future these and new settlements will have to be planned for mixed farming or dairy farming and the equipment altered. If they succeed, it will only be with an infinity of care in choice and shepherding, as the Hudson Bay Company is so successfully attempting, and the organizers of such colonies as the ClanDonald will have to supervise more closely and budget carefully. After all, the railway companies calculate that after the first year they

make indefinitely on freight and transportation about \$600 per family per year. They can, therefore, well afford to give them a little more comfort, and so get out a little better type of family—or else rearrange their methods. Although it all sounds excellent on paper, there is in the colony a certain discontent that is non-existent in the Hudson Bay settlements, and you meet on the coast and in other parts of Canada families, seemingly excellent people, that left the ClanDonald and are very critical. But it is impossible to be perfect first attempt, and what has been done, on the whole, shows real genius in the scheme's originator.

•

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE MENNENITES AND THE HUDERITES

**W**ALKING the streets of Winnipeg and Edmonton was proof enough of the presence of Central and South-Eastern Europe in Canada's prairie provinces. Reading the newspapers, observing the number of murders, assaults and other crimes, and then noting the slavonic names of the convicted criminals, was further proof that the Balkanization of the West is fast ceasing to be a rhetorical exaggeration, and is becoming an alarming fact. There is no doubt, however, that most of the foreign settlers are extremely peaceful, and also good workers. But when you find whole communities speaking no English, you wonder if Canada is not trying to digest too many new elements, and when you find further other groups that are unwilling to be assimilated, and yet others that are determined never to be, you can see that they are probably profitable as settlers to the railway companies, but hardly to the Provinces or the Dominion as a whole. There are no authentic figures at Ottawa or elsewhere, but I would estimate that about 1.5 per cent. of the whole population of Canada consists of such groups, groups with peculiar religious views, some Communist, some given to certain religious excesses, but all working for themselves alone, and not for the country.

As they are almost all centred in Western Canada where the population is still very scarce, I would say that that percentage should be increased for the West to about 7 per cent. of the total Western population. These groups are mainly the Mennenites, the Huderites, the Doukhobors, and the Mormons.

In visiting them—I chose southern Alberta, rather than Saskatchewan or Manitoba—as in Alberta I found them closer together. You will find in southern Alberta only a few English immigrants, and most of these Mormons. The reason is that this district has been very thoroughly irrigated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and also by the Government, and is mostly land that is suitable for hoe crops. Intensive culture on small patches of land has of necessity been the usual method for Central European peasants, and in coming out to Canada they have tended to congregate wherever such well-irrigated land is to be found. They produce root crops, beets, etc., and you will find Hungarians, Greeks, Czechs, Poles, and many other races in these parts. To go to a Catholic Mass in Lethbridge, especially on a Feast Day like Christmas morning, is an interesting sight. Here you will see these peasants, many of the men in satin coats and Eastern coloured garments, and the women in even more elaborate hues; and the languages spoken too will remind you of the Tower of Babel.

From here I made sorties to visit the Mennenites, but found them both difficult to get at, and even more difficult to draw. Unlike the other sects I was about to visit, the Mennenites in Canada do

not live in actual community, they have their own separate houses, and each owns about eighty acres of land, which is called a quarter section. The older ones speak practically no English at all, and the younger ones will not speak to you in any language. They are all very suspicious of strangers, and as one explained to me quite frankly, they would not care to say anything that might hurt themselves, or their brethren who are in Russia. Of this sect, there are about 120,000 now in the United States, and about 60,000 in Canada.

The majority of the Canadian Mennonites are situated in Saskatchewan, with lesser colonies near Winnipeg in Manitoba, and in Alberta. In the United States, many of them have been settled in and around Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, for over 100 years, whilst others are to be found as far west as the Dakotas. It is from North and South Dakota that the majority of the Canadian Mennonites originate. It must not, however, be understood that these Dakota Mennonites are in any sense Americans. They in turn came from South Germany or Russia, perhaps one or two generations ago, and are not off-shoots of the Pennsylvania Mennonites, so often loosely termed the "Pennsylvania Dutch"; both they, and those other Canadian Mennonites who have come directly from Russia since the Great War, speak only German, especially the older ones, though sometimes with an American accent.

During their stay in America they have not bothered to learn English, and when they find they

have used up the land, or it is getting too expensive, then they just move on somewhere else, this time to Canada. They dress in particularly sombre garments, even when working in the fields. In Pennsylvania you will see them walking in the streets of the bigger towns, the men in short black jackets and large black hats, the women in long black dresses and big black hoods or bonnets. In Pennsylvania many other sects of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century got carelessly named Mennenites, but the Mennenites did in many ways dovetail into other groups, especially the Pietists, with whom they formed a settlement known as the House of Ephreta, where much so-called sorcery went on, but which in actual fact was only the practice of alchemy and the study of astrology and Egyptology, which to-day is carried on, not by the more or less ignorant Mennenite peasants of Canada, but by the heirs of the Pietists, the Rosaecrucians of California.

The history of the Mennenites is complicated, but their beliefs are simple. They were an offshoot of the Reformation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and were led by one Simon Menno, from Holland. Here they originated and here they carried on in meeting houses. They did not believe in clergy, and just practised their biblical religion amongst themselves. There were the usual instructions about loving one's neighbour, which after persecution boiled down to loving actually only the other members of the Mennenite sect, and distrusting everybody else. They do not believe in

the shedding of blood, and therefore, like the Quakers, will not fight. This brought them endless trouble in warlike Europe, and was a reason for their migrating in large numbers to the United States, even in the days when it was still a part of the British Empire. They also will not allow baptism until the child is grown up or old enough to decide if he or she wants to be baptized. Otherwise their religion is little different from that of other people, and though naturally in no way persecuted in Canada or the United States, they still feel there is a reason for them to keep together, and they do so economically as well as spiritually, to a very profitable extent.

Within only recent months, the Mennonites of the United States have subscribed over \$25,000, not for helping the unemployed of the United States, but for helping their brethren from Russia, at present temporarily residing in South Germany, to migrate to Paraguay. Thus they are continuing a programme of scattering throughout the world, which was commenced when the Empress Catherine of Russia asked them to come from Holland to help populate southern Russia. Seemingly like every country requiring new people, Russia asked for the Mennonites, but she later compelled them to serve in the Red Cross or leave the country. The United States also wanted them, and Canada, before the War, was not only glad to have them, but passed a law that like Quakers and Dunkards they need not serve in the Army.

Since the War, every effort of the Mennonites, both in Canada and the United States, has been

directed towards getting these co-religionists out of Russia, first to Germany, and if possible out to Canada. They keep very closely together all through America, but without any definite public leader. They have their own German newspaper, published in Edmonton, and if any of their number in any part of the Dominion should be in danger of deportation through lack of funds or a job, they will all subscribe to keep him in the country. Under no circumstances will they let their co-religionists suffer. In each of their communities they subscribe amongst themselves regularly to pay for a doctor, so that if any of them are ill that doctor in the village will give free medical care as long as it is required. They submit to the authorities by allowing their children to go to school and learn English and learn of English traditions, but at the same time they have their own classes every Saturday when the children are taught German, the language spoken in their cottages, and learn of things German and of Mennonite traditions.

Where whole districts and villages are comprised of Mennonites, especially in Saskatchewan, these people are doing their best to develop a community that will come up to the standards set by Canadians, as long as they can keep their own religion and customs intact and help their own folks first. They are succeeding in this, proof being that the Canadian National Railway, who offer community prizes each year, this year awarded the first prize to a Mennonite colony. But this does not seem to me to prove that they are the most desirable settlers. If we look at their history in America, we find that



there even after nearly two hundred years they still remain a segregated group, good citizens, it is true, that cause little trouble, but citizens that take no part in the public life of the country, and when it comes to spending their savings are apt to spend them on Russians living in Germany whom they want to send to Paraguay. Similarly will it be in Canada, they only came there because the land was cheap, and they will want to bring their friends there too as long as the land is cheap, and they will also be very polite—they are naturally polite—and will do anything to please their Canadian neighbours, as long as it does not mean doing anything too actively Canadian—fighting or taking part in public life, or anything really vital.

Nearby live the Huderites, scattered in several community groups all around Lethbridge, and stretching towards the United States border from which they have been coming in increasing numbers during the last few years. They are particularly noticeable in the streets of the towns, and are typical of more than one group of German religious-Communists to be found in Canada and the United States. You will see them standing there, in groups, or they will be driving trucks down the main streets, or you will find them again in groups returning to their central communal farm building after work. Always will they wear black or dark green garments, no matter what the season, short jackets, small black moujik caps, and rather of the fez variety. They grow beards, long or short according to their age, but every youth in the early twenties

develops some sort of a beard. These Hutterites, where they once were in Canada only in their hundreds, are now many thousand strong, and fast increasing especially in Southern Alberta and around Winnipeg. I paid a visit to one of their best farms.

They live in community. About thirty to forty souls. They have a large barn in which they eat. This is surrounded by the outhouses for the farm, and a few yards away are three or four long cottages in which they all live together. They will farm about 5,000 acres, and it will not necessarily be good land. It will be the cheapest they can get, and by intensive effort they will make the very best out of it. They will breakfast at seven, their wives will take out their lunch to them on the farm, and they will dine at six in the evening, and shortly after go to bed. At meal time the men sit at two long tables, the women at a third. After a long grace, no word is spoken until the meal is over. The women cook and wait, taking it in turn each day so that there will be no jealousy. The Hutterites touch no sweet thing, and never smoke. They may drink beer—but never to excess.

Their religion teaches them to eschew all luxuries, and only the bare necessities of life are encouraged. Hence to go to town they will not use an ordinary cart or automobile. These are luxuries. They use an ordinary truck in which any goods can be thrown, and they will stand in this all the way to the town. In their houses no pictures are allowed on the walls, and the only book is the Bible. The

furniture consists of a bed, a couple of small tables, a few chairs and a large chest. All this furniture is made by themselves and painted bright red or green, giving a very Russian atmosphere to the whole building. They also make all their own clothes, and as they provide their own food, it will be readily understood they are not appreciated in the local towns, as they hardly ever buy anything. Less appreciated, however, are the Doukhobors, who not only provide their own requirements, but make a surplus of goods, and peddle these from house to house, to make some money, and in this way undersell the local tradesmen.

The Huderites live one family in each room, and that a small room, and baptise their children between the ages of twelve and fourteen. When the boys are twenty and the girls are eighteen, they are usually married off to members of other Huderite settlements, and they then move into another room, and settle down there for the rest of their lives. As soon as they are married the men stop shaving, and the beard by which you can usually recognize them is started.

There is one head man in charge of each colony, and for a group of colonies, one Pastor or Bishop, with a small church. The head man doles out the required funds for the colony, and all the surplus sums are paid over to the Pastor. He keeps control until hard times hit the country or the local farmers. Then the colonies take the money from the Pastor, buy up cheaply whatever land is going, and bring in their brethren from the United States,

where, in Dakota, they used to be found in large numbers.

The older Huderites speak nothing but German and with an American accent, the younger ones a little English learned through going to school, but they all speak German amongst themselves, and in no way mix with the outside world. Their original home was Germany, from which they were expelled towards the end of the seventeenth century. They went to Russia, where they remained until the middle of the nineteenth century, when they migrated to the United States, and settled in North Dakota. Within the last few years they have found there is no more cheap land to be bought there, and so are gradually moving into Canada.

Their immediate ambition is to buy up as much land as possible, when others through hard times are forced to sell, and this does not add to their local popularity. Their ultimate ambition is to restore their religion, and start a colony again in Southern Germany, where at present they are an extinct sect. Canada and the Empire mean very little to them.

## CHAPTER XIV

### MORMON OUTPOSTS

TO understand the advantages and disadvantages of Mormonism in Canada, you should glance at the Mecca of all Mormons for a minute, Salt Lake City. From here radiates one big plan to convert the world to the Mormon religion, and in part to convert it by economic means. It has been said that the three most efficient organizations in the world are the Catholic Church, the Mormon Church, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Mormons at any rate certainly know how to combine business with religion. There are now over one million Mormons, by far the largest number living in Utah, Idaho, and Colorado, with Salt Lake City their centre. Gradually, they are extending through the neighbouring states, buying up farms and shops and starting factories. In these districts they will be very nice to non-Mormons, but they will, if possible, not do business with them, and any non-Mormon will tell you that in Salt Lake City, he gets on up to a certain point, and then, if he does not become a Mormon, he might just as well go somewhere else. If you have been a Mormon, and have openly left the Church, you certainly may as well pack up, as your business, whatever it may be, will be ruined.

In spreading into these outlying districts, the Church does not usually directly buy up farms and shops, but it will lend money or help any young Mormon about to start up in whatever way he wishes, and it will encourage that Mormon to go fairly far afield.

The Church gets its money in two ways. First by a system of tithes on everything earned in the year. Constant visits from the local leaders keeps these leaders pretty closely in touch with your activities and they can very shrewdly judge whether you are paying them the full 10 per cent. or not. As one Mormon put it to me: "It's funny, but when I don't pay the 10 per cent. things never seem to go so well with my business as when I do pay. It shows the hand of the Lord." Maybe it does, but more likely it shows the influence of the tithe collectors. With this money, which amounts to very large sums, the Church keeps up its buildings and organization, and invests the surplus in big companies, such as the Union Pacific Railway, which it is supposed almost to control, and the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, which actually is its own company started to help the Mormon farmers with beet crops. It also goes in for Real-Estate ventures, and lends money to Mormons to start businesses, and thus keeps them good members of the Church.

The second means of raising money is novel to the outside world. All good Mormons are supposed to fast from the evening of the first Saturday of each month to the evening of the first Sunday of

each month, and the amount of money so saved on the purchase of footstuffs is turned into the local branch of the Relief Society, which helps all Mormons who have fallen on evil days. This form of unemployment insurance has gone on amongst the Mormons for so many years now—at least fifty—that a large sum has been accumulated. In the Canadian Mormon settlements, the sum is used in times of stress like the present to help even non-Mormons in the neighbourhood. With such large incomes to spend the Mormons have been able to build fine temples in distant lands, in Canada and in Hawaii, but on the whole it seems to have been the custom for as many converted Mormons as possible to leave their own country and go to Salt Lake City. The one noticeable exception is Canada, but more of that later.

In Salt Lake City they have built a Central Temple, and next to it a Tabernacle. A little further off are the principal offices of the Church, a big store, and hotels of various kinds. The pattern for all Mormon planned cities will be the same. Further down town the Gentiles—as all non-Mormons, including Jews, are termed—are encouraged to settle and help build up the town, with banks, and industries and professions, and then when the town has reached a certain importance, the Church begins to use its influence to get the major industries, the railway stations, the cinemas, restaurants, and bus terminals to centre around their own Temple blocks, and so they enhance gradually the value of their own Real-Estate.

To preach the Mormon gospel missionaries, both men and women have been required, and they have gone all over the world. It is a teaching of their Church that the highest ambition a family can have is to send, at the family's expense, a son or a daughter out to do mission work for anything up to three years. During this time, they will not return home, but will go to one town where they will speak at street corners, and do all in their power to convert people and bring them to Salt Lake City or the neighbourhood. Their biggest mission field is, of course, the United States, but England comes a very good second, followed by Germany, Denmark, and Holland.

I think I am correct in saying that since about 1880, over 160,000 Mormons have gone out from England and Wales to Salt Lake City, and, of course, since then, they have married and most of them have had large families, making the English element in the Mormon country quite a strong one. Many of the sons of these people have gone to Australia, and especially Canada, and those that have gone to Canada have usually settled there, especially in Alberta. An article of faith in their religion is, I think, responsible for this.

The Mormons believe that in centuries long before Christ they came over to South America, having been guided by God from Palestine and Africa. They spent centuries there, gradually working their way up north, but then a mighty schism arose, and the evil ones were turned into brown skins—the



present Indians. Later, in the nineteenth century, God gave anew his message to a white man in the Eastern states, the Prophet Joseph Smith, and ever since then it has been the mission of Mormons not only to convert this world, and even our dead ancestors, which is quite a big order, but also, and most especially, to convert the Indian and bring him back to his former faith. So far, however, the Indian has not appreciated this fact, and remains outside the Mormon Church. In prophecies, too, it transpires that the Mormons are to establish for themselves a great Empire in America, and that Empire shall be in and around the Rocky Mountains. Therefore, if you follow the map you will see why the Mormons, having first settled and cultivated to an amazing extent Utah and Idaho, have now stretched to New Mexico and Colorado at one end, and up into Alberta in Canada, at the other end.

It was the late afternoon of Christmas Day when I arrived at the biggest town of the Mormon colonies in Canada. Already dark, I was glad to get to the one and only hotel where my registering as from "London, Eng." caused quite a sensation. In Canada you must never write just London, because they have another London, a considerable-sized town in Ontario. So you put Eng. afterwards to distinguish the bigger from the less—why you do not put England is not to be explained, but no doubt it takes less time and is easier.

Wherever you go in Canada, you will be apt to find a kind of phonetic spelling in advertisements,

which I think originated in America. It is a method of both saving time and attracting attention, as for instance U-Drive, for cars that you can hire and drive yourself; Bar B-Q. for Barbeque; or Y should U for "why should you". Cardstone, which was the name of this Mormon town, was no exception to this American influence, and the hotel was typical of any small town in the West you may see pictured in a Wild West film. Outside the door was a post to which riderless horses could be tied, the hotel itself was at the end of the main street—the garage and the store just opposite and buggies and motors—automobiles to be correct—would be parked along the street at an angle of 45 degrees from the pavement. Inside the hotel was one large room in which congregated most of the youth of the town at some time during the day, as well as the older ones, and the visiting commercial travellers, of which I was obviously one, though I must have come a long way to sell my wares in Cardstone. But perhaps, reasoned Cardstone, the old Country was waking up after all and sending forth her salesmen, as the papers said the Prince of Wales had urged she should do. Anyway, we commercial travellers would sit on a round kind of seat in the middle of the room, with some ancient evergreen rising up behind us, I imagine, just to tickle the bald pates of any good Canadian or American who should so far forget the custom of the continent and take off his hat while in the hotel lobby. And then for those that preferred the view, there were some armchairs, with a spittoon beside each one, that

faced the window, and had a rack before it, on which you placed your feet for the delectation of the few passers-by outside.

Such was the room I entered, to find it full of people themselves very full of Christmas cheer, and all glad to see me and if possible win some money from me with their favourite trick. Next day, one showed me how he did it and explained it always worked on strangers, though everyone in town knew it. These I gathered were almost all "Jack Mormons", that is to say, non-practising Mormons. Why exactly they should celebrate Christmas Day, I do not know, as I understand the Mormons believe Christ was born on April 6th. But perhaps it is just a social event, like Christmas for the well-known Jewish peer, who was heard to say : "All I 'av ever got out of de estate I bought in Palestine is de fresh fruit it sends me for Christmas."

However, there are plenty of practising Mormons, who neither drink wine nor tea, nor coffee, nor smoke, amongst the 2,000 inhabitants of Cardstone. Some of them can remember Card's first arrival in Alberta, when he came to this spot in the 'eighties when it was nothing but a vast waste. As usual, the Mormons that came in and kept on coming in, developed the land wonderfully, and were instrumental in starting the Sugar Beet Factory at Raymond, near by, and in getting much of the land irrigated. They have, in fact, transformed the countryside out of all recognition, and have several towns dotted around the district. Of the people I met during the next few days, the women were quiet,

and looked as if their lives had not been beds of roses—like almost all pioneers' wives—and the men were for the most part tall, healthy farmers. Their sons looked forward to going on a Mission and then settling down, and they all seemed to have a British outlook on life coupled with a certain American realism. Economically, they all seemed to look longingly to America. They could not see the advantage of a tariff that made them haul their wares for sale across Canada and bring back eastern machinery at almost prohibitive freightage cost, when below them was a perfectly good market, all through Idaho, Utah, Washington and Oregon down to California.

Their religion, in which I think they genuinely believe, even if they do not practice it to the letter, encourages still further this quite practical idea about the disadvantages to their part of Canada, of the present high tariffs, for their religion tells them of that great future Rocky Mountain Empire that will stretch from Kansas west to the Pacific, and up along the whole Rocky Mountain Range, perhaps taking in not only British Columbia and Alberta, but all the Prairies to Winnipeg and the Great Lakes. It may to-day be only a religious dream, but the United States is too large and Canada, perhaps also, for any one policy to suit the whole country, especially if in the future years the populations increase considerably. No one could say it to be quite impossible that in 100 years there will not be all along that Pacific coast one great republic with Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver and Prince Rupert,

rivalling Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, Boston and New York and New Orleans, the centres of yet other states interested in the doings of Europe and South America ; whilst this new State concentrates on itself and the Pacific, with whatever two canals at Panama can bring it from the other side and a summer port on the Hudson Bay.

Anyway, the Mormons are a patient crowd, and they have shown their faith in the future, in building here, at Cardstone, which is a small agricultural town of two thousand people, with seemingly no immediate future, a colossal and very beautiful Temple, built to last, they say, 1,000 years, and completed a short time ago at a cost of over \$1,000,000. Next to the Temple stands the Tabernacle, and according to the Mormon religion, all Mormons can attend the services in the Tabernacle, but to the Temple, of which there are, I believe, only six in the world—four in the United States, one in Hawaii, and one in Canada—only those Mormons can go who are in good standing, and have certificates from their local Bishop that they practise their faith, pay their tithes, and touch no alcohol, tea, coffee nor tobacco.

Once the Temple has been completed, no non-Mormon can supposedly ever get inside. Here they keep, I believe, their genealogical tables, and other records, and here really practising Mormons are married for this life and the next, and here you can busy yourself, converting the dead and match-making to your heart's content with those ancestors you think should have been married for ever, but actually

were not. Obviously, the Temple can be a busy place, but why it should have been built in such an out-of-the-way spot as Cardstone, is rather difficult for the outsider to understand. I walked many times around the Temple, but that was as far in as I got. Luckier were those who came here up to a few years ago, because it had not then been completed and closed. The Governor-General and Lady Willingdon were amongst those who came, and after a meeting they stood outside and held a reception for all the neighbouring Mormons.

As one day I walked out of Cardstone, along the road leading to Waterton Lake and Glacier Park, one of the beauty spots of the United States, in the crisp winter air, with the sun shining in a clear blue sky, I looked first out to the Rocky Mountains, their peaks capped with snow, to the long flat prairie leading seemingly right up to them, with the Indian Reserve School standing to mark the Reserve of the Blood Indians, not one of whom has yet joined the ancestral Mormon creed, and I could not help but feel that nowhere could there be a fresher, a more beautiful panorama. And then I looked around and there above a small town, almost a village, seemingly nestling at its gates, stood forth that massive, almost Egyptian temple of the Mormons, like some century-old pile near the Egyptian desert, marking a great city that had been, and covering a small village, all that was left of its ancient glory. Actually all that idea of past romance lay before me with the Blood Indians, still the proudest of their race and the beauty and traditions of those mountain passes just in front,

and behind was just prosaic modernity which, however, like a steamroller is rolling on across the Canadian open spaces.

Mormonism had produced over 11,000 followers in this part of Southern Alberta alone, and in the cities of Winnipeg, Toronto, and Vancouver are to be found another 12 or 13,000. Their leader and President lives in Cardstone, and he told me of his religion and how his Church has recently from Salt Lake City bought up nearer the border a huge estate of 60,000 acres, which they would parcel out to Mormons willing to settle in Canada, and he talked also of his nephews, two, still butchers in Hampstead, near London, and one a keeper at the British Museum. A mild nonconformist type he is a typical Mormon church leader. What good these people will eventually do Canada, is probably difficult to say. Their sympathies will, I think, always be with their neighbours just over the border in Idaho and Utah, but in the meantime they will bring energy, money, and a good North European stock to an undeveloped district.

This is no place to go into the criticisms and allegations of their non-Mormon neighbours, it would take a life-time living there to find out who or what was right, but if deeds alone could speak then we would hear that the Mormons have done wonders, but if a national spirit above everything else is what the Canadian wants, then I do not think any of the foreign religious sects are assets. They are there primarily for their religion, and their religion may not be such as to instil into human beings the

right ideals for social life or even for sex morals. The Huderites and their Communism, the Mormons and their former polygamy, the Doukhobors and their nude parades, all may themselves cease to exist, but the influences on their descendants will probably be varied and lasting.



## CHAPTER XV

### 30,000 SPIRIT-WRESTLERS

ONE evening in March of 1931 I was shown the following story in one of Vancouver's most respectable newspapers :

#### NUDE "DOUK" WOMEN

##### DUSTED WITH ITCH POWDER

NELSON, *March 25th.*

Hoing in sun bathing costumes by a group of Doukhobor women of the Sons of Freedom, a fanatic group at Thrums on Monday, and a repetition of the airy exercise Tuesday afternoon without the sun, resulted in a pitched battle Tuesday afternoon between three provincial police officers from Nelson and seven Amazons.

The officers descended suddenly on the group of women, who were standing at a fence which separates Doukhobor property from the Canadian Pacific right of way. Apparently, the women were waiting to see the train from Nelson.

The officers immediately got busy with pepperboxes, dusting the women liberally with a powder that causes the skin to itch, this being an improvement on last year's procedure, when officers with gloved hands rubbed the powder on any targets offering.

Instant response was forthcoming from the Amazons, who unitedly sailed into the officers. There was a merry time for a while, the officers applying the irritant while the women, in addition to using their extremities vigorously, doused all three policemen from a garden hose, that was connected to a water tank on the ranch.

FIGHTERS JEERED BY INDEPENDENT  
"DOUKS"

There was a goodly number of spectators but the men kept out of the fight. The exception was one male partisan who ran up with an armful of ten hoes, with which he urged the women to attack the police. A woman, who had been merely a spectator, became excited, pulled off her clothes and threw them at the officers.

The Amazons, who were led by a 300-pound woman, called by the Doukhobors "old bottlenose", were cheered by their own side. They were jeered, however, by Independent Doukhobors, lined up on Independents' property across the highway, for their alleged forsaking of Doukhobor principles in fighting.

The women were finally herded into a ranch house before the train came.

I had been hearing a lot in the West about these Doukhobors, which, translated from Russian, means "spirit-wrestlers", and I decided before leaving Canada I must visit them at their chief centre the town of Brilliant, a few miles from Nelson, British Columbia.

Before going there in the following June I took care to get one letter of introduction to the local school-teacher. Such people in the more primitive groups have it seems usually more influence with the group than a Governor, Mayor, or anybody else. Going further south, to Mexico or Guatamala, such an introduction is imperative to get anything done, and the school-teacher is usually the person with whom you stop while in the district. At Nelson, however, I discovered I would find an hotel within a mile of the Doukhobor colony, and all I had to get from the teacher was a hint or two as to what

to notice most. On his own, however, he visited the colony and told them who I was, which simplified considerably my visit.

The Doukhobors do not often get visitors other than the police coming to arrest them or question them, and not speaking much English, the majority indeed none at all, they are apt to be silent and suspicious of any stranger. They particularly suspect the Press, who seem to make endless copy out of what, after all to these people, is something grimly serious, and to dub indiscriminately with the name Doukhobor the actions of any one of four separate and distinct groups who are all fighting and hating each other aggressively.

From Nelson I went by bus past Brilliant about a mile, to a group of half a dozen houses. One of these was the hotel, looking down on the railway station, and to this I turned with my bag. I was greeted by the manager, with the heartening remark : "Hullo—you got lost or something ?" I gather, outside the priest, and the police officials, and an odd straggler, the hotel is not a usual visitors' resort. I had chosen these few days to visit the Doukhobors, because June 29th is their biggest feast day, when they gather together from all over Canada.

That afternoon I walked over to Brilliant. The shortest cut was along the railway track, and across the bridge that spans the Columbia River. As I approached their railway station, I met more and more Doukhobors, men slavonic in appearance, but dressed like ordinary farmers in their Sunday clothes, and the women in bright coloured dresses, the skirt and

the blouse being of different colours, red, white, yellow, green or pink, whilst over their head and tied under their chins were scarves usually of the same colour as their blouses or skirts. From in front of the head-scarves protruded usually a small fringe of hair and their whole general appearance was that of a healthy, muscular, rather plain Russian woman.

The town, as far as I could see, consisted of a Canadian Pacific Railway station, a large grain elevator, a factory building for making jams from their fruit, a store, the house of their leader Peter Veregin, an office and a big dining-hall or meeting-place. The houses in which the Doukhobors themselves lived were scattered about at some little distance and on seemingly separate plots of land. Around the station had gathered some hundreds of people, all eyeing me with a good deal of interest. I finally managed to make some understand that I wanted to meet their leaders, and I was taken to Peter Veregin's house. He himself was away, but I had a long talk with his assistant leader. Briefly I was told their history, and what they are now doing. Without a doubt they are one of the few groups living who are trying to lead a completely Christian life, some more so than others, and their ups and downs in this attempt have been almost unbelievable.

They first started in the eighteenth century in Russia, and formed a group that lived communally, but would take no oaths. Therefore they refused to recognize the Tsars of Russia by swearing allegiance and now they say that you cannot serve both

God and man and therefore they will swear allegiance to no ruler, and be subject to none. As, however, they lead a strictly Christian life, they say nobody can say they will not be law-abiding, as long as the law does not conflict with their beliefs. They are, or most of them are, willing to pay taxes, but they object to paying interest on a loan, which they consider usury. They believe that God is within you, and therefore there is nothing more awful than to kill a man, and so they refuse to fight, or help even indirectly with a war, or pay any war taxes. They are supposed to love each other, to live without gain to themselves, as individuals, and never to eat meat or kill animals, and so many of them refuse to wear leather shoes made with the hide of an animal. The beliefs that particularly annoyed the government of the Tsars, were their refusal to swear allegiance, and the refusal to fight or bear arms.

During the early part of the nineteenth century, however, they had not been molested and they grew rich, with the result that they began to give up their faith and become worldly. They were then living in the Caucasus. However, a second attack of persecution brought them back to their former beliefs, and they became stolidly obstinate about the orders of the government. The Cossacks beat many to death, and large numbers were exiled to Siberia, including their leader, Peter Veregin, who had succeeded a former woman leader. At last their cause was taken up by Count Leo Tolstoy who wrote "Resurrection" in order to gain sufficient royalties—he hoped to make £3,000, a lot in those

days—to help emigrate them to the Island of Cyprus. Here, however, they were not altogether successful. The hot climate was too much for them, and with the aid of the Quakers in England and the United States they migrated in 1899 to Saskatchewan, in all about 4,000 of them. In Saskatchewan they took up homestead land free, but instead of working each homestead as the law provided, they lived communally in villages and only developed one large communal part of the land. They also refused to swear allegiance to King Edward, and were finally requested to “move on”.

In the meantime they had worked very hard, and had considerably improved the land, so much so that they had their own elevator, their own store, etc., and were selling so much of their surplus grain, that they were able to buy land in British Columbia at from \$50 to \$100 an acre.

Many of them, however, did not leave Saskatchewan, deciding they could take the oath, and they began to live as ordinary citizens, though still keeping up certain articles of their religion. These later became known as the Independent Doukhobors. They were eventually joined by many others from the British Columbia settlement, and now about 6,000 or 7,000 strong are scattered through British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, and are closely in touch with the Doukhobors—still in community and with their remaining brethren who are in Russia, many of them working as prisoners in the lumber camps near Archangel.

The Independents constantly lend money to their

fellow Doukhobors to carry them over difficult times. Officially, they would be called the Independent "Named" Doukhobors, to distinguish them from the Independent "Jack" Doukhobors, who are those not practising at all, and who, having left or been turned out of the community, are its bitterest foes and may be traceable behind many of the outrages recently reported against the different communities.

At the other end of the scale in Saskatchewan were some more fanatically inclined Doukhobors, who took their religion even more seriously than the rest. These people were the precursors of the present Sons of Freedom, or, as their enemies call them, the Black Hundreds. They suffered much then, as later, for refusing to register births and deaths and marriages and for being unwilling to send their children to school. They cheerfully went to prison, where, however, they seem to have been pretty badly treated. Refusing to eat meat, which was against their belief, they were given forcible feeding of meat soups that were so hot that at least two of them died from burnt stomachs while the injection was being carried out for the umpteenth time. Two others died, all swollen up from the cold, through being left chained in the cold cell in Winnipeg prison, and many others walked naked in the cold to protest outside the prison, for, as they said, it is written in the Scriptures that if a man take your overgarment, give him your undergarment. If, then, they were to be persecuted they would strip naked before the public in protest. This

wasn't just giving your undergarment ; they found it was a novel method of protest, calculated to disturb considerably the local inhabitants. They have continued it to this day.

All this took place well before the Great War, and in 1908, the Community Doukhobors, including the Sons of Freedom, moved into British Columbia where for some reason I cannot understand, except that they are a rather ill-educated, simple crowd of peasants, they considered they would not be forced either to register their dead, send their children to school, or swear allegiance. To this day I do not think they have sworn allegiance, but their beliefs about not registering the dead or calling in a doctor and their refusal to send children to school have brought about constant friction with the local authorities, who would all, I think, be only too glad to see the end of them. If they would only stick to their beliefs one might have sympathy with them, but their present method of shifting one way and then another, sometimes sending their children to school, sometimes refusing, paying taxes and yet saying they should not be forced to do so, makes one lose patience with them. There is, however, one section different, and they are the people really worth admiring for their spirit—the Sons of Freedom. They really practise what they preach, and as a result both the local authorities and the now wealthy Doukhobor community are down on them. I will come back to them later on.

For about an hour I sat with this Doukhobor leader, who spoke to me in broken English, and



told me a lot of things he thought sounded well, that they disapproved of going naked—"they just thought it silly"—that they sent their children willingly to school—"after all to compete and know the world one must be educated"—and that all the burnings and blowing up of schools was done by the Sons of Freedom. He explained to me that they had no priests—"we have no confession to Popes"—and laughed at the idea that England or Canada were very wonderful nations. He pointed out "If there is another flood, it is not England only that will be in the Noah's Ark". While we were talking several other officials had come in and been introduced, including the Librarian, who presented me with a book entitled "The Message of the Doukhobors". All the men sat and talked in Russian, later interpreted to me, whilst two or three women stood and waited on us, bringing in strawberries and cream and cherries, a welcome meal, as there was no shop where I could purchase any lunch.

Later in the evening, as I stood around talking to those that would or could speak to me, I watched the fresh arrivals from Alberta and Saskatchewan that were coming in for to-morrow's feast, and later in the evening their leader, Peter Veregin, who had been visiting their friends near Winnipeg and elsewhere, would arrive, and all would be complete for the feast. I gathered not only do they believe that in some way God is within every man, but that into their leader enters in a particular way the Spirit of Christ, and so whatever Veregin does and says must be correct, no matter what it is.

Soon in the square yard near the station and before Veregin's house, with the jam factory on the other side, they placed a table, and on it the Sacred Bread and a tumbler of water. In twos and threes as it got darker the women and then the men began to approach, and standing near the table, the men on one side, the women on the other, they chanted various Russian hymns. It was a weird, sad chanting that went on as it grew darker, and more and more of those that had been sitting by the railway, or on the bridge that is over the Columbia River began to join the group around the Sacred Table. And then suddenly there was a murmur that grew louder—"He comes, he comes," and they all rushed almost headlong from everywhere to the table, the chanters continuing their dirge-like songs unremittingly. At that moment two mud-bespattered limousines drove up hastily to Veregin's house, and he got out surrounded by his aides—for all the world like a general arriving at his headquarters in time of war. The man was tall and massive in a blue suit, with a straw hat and a big stick, typical of the Russian squire or the landlord in any other country. As he approached the table he bowed three times, speaking to the crowd in Russian. They in turn, having now all taken up their places on either side of the table, bowed as ceremoniously.

For the next half-hour he spoke to them seemingly excitedly in Russian, and during all the time, now firmly wedged in between a hundred Russian moujiks, completely oblivious of my presence and hanging on his every word, I had to stand and listen without

understanding a thing. But earlier in the week I had been told he spoke to them very differently from the way he spoke to Canadians, that he spoke gruffly and with a coarse humour that they would understand, and it seemed to me from watching him, that that was what he was doing, and roaring like a bull would be perhaps an exaggeration, but using plenty of lung power to force home his points, that at least is true. Eventually I broke away from the crowd, and found my way home by the light of the moon, shining down from the Selkirk mountains over the Columbia River to the hotel that was at Castlegar next the railway station.

Next morning, I was early back at Brilliant again, and this time found not hundreds but thousands dressed in the gayest colours and all embarrassingly interested to see me the only stranger walking aimlessly amongst them with a camera. After praying a little more and in spite of constant heavy showers, the whole colony moved off from the village, up the mountain side to the tomb of Peter Veregin's father, the elder Veregin who had been murdered, having been blown up in a train a few years before. The procession was headed by a large number of banners bearing Russian and English inscriptions culled from their religious beliefs. They have, however, no written religion, nor are their hymns anything else but traditional, and handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. Veregin organized and controlled the procession, shouting much and evidently commanding all and sundry. Part of the time, as they slowly wound their way up the hills,

they were deluged in rain, but it did not seem to damp their ardour, and there must have been at least 4,000 people present.

As I climbed the hill to the tomb, taking a short cut with one of the managers, I asked him what Peter Veregin had said in his speech the night before, and he did not seem very willing to tell me. He said he had just spoken about their religion, and that it would be difficult if not impossible to translate, which seemed to me odd, and later on I asked various ordinary members of the colony who could speak English, and they told me Veregin had told them how he had been travelling through Alberta and Saskatchewan and how he had seen there all the unemployment which was due to capitalism and education. He had enlarged on this, attacking capitalism, and then he had gone on to say just how futile education was and asked them what good did this education do the Canadians, if it could only breed unemployment.

It seems he continued very much in this strain, and criticized amongst others the Sons of Freedom, that extreme brand of the Doukhobors who were, he said, responsible for all the recent damage and for much of the unpopularity at present felt for the Doukhobors as a whole.

I gathered that on this June 29th and the next few days of festival, the Doukhobors expected some trouble from their Sons of Freedom neighbours, either in the form of burnings, bombings, or at least of a few nude parades. Certainly many of the Sons of Freedom were amongst the crowd that day,

having come five miles from Thrums, and others even further from the village of Glade. I was shown that I could recognize them by their canvas shoes.

After about an hour's procession, the colony assembled on the top of the hill, the sun now shining brightly, and the crowd scattered over the rocks, made a beautiful picture, especially the women in their multi-coloured garments. Looking down you could see the houses with the quaint inscription over the jam factory that it was the possession of "The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood Limited". The "Limited" being a naïve modern business touch.

Further in the distance was the bridge they had built themselves and which enemies had so often tried to blow up. They had now an inscription carved over the middle of the bridge that smoking and the carrying of firearms were strictly forbidden. Yet further away in the distance wound the Columbia River, and the mountains stretching back into the Rockies rose gradually from the valley of this river. In front of all stood Peter Veregin speaking at the ruin of his father's tomb—which tomb had been blown up—and after him came other speakers from the different Canadian colonies, most speaking in Russian, but two or three for the first time in English, and the speakers included both boys and girls. They all spoke scoffingly of modern attempts to avoid war with increased armaments, and pointed out how they loved peace and never lost their tempers—which in view of their behaviour to the Sons of Freedom sounded a little ironic.

At this moment from a rock near me came the voice of a woman speaking loudly in Russian—in which she denied they were as peaceful as they pretended and wished them all “good morning”. This good lady was entirely naked, and stood with arms folded across massive breasts for the rest of the meeting on a rock, wearing nothing but a pair of bright blue woollen stockings, which somehow heightened the nakedness of the rest of her ugly body. She was large, and I gathered afterwards is the one known to the outside world as “old bottle-nose”, weighing 300 pounds, and known to her neighbours as Anastasia. They say she often does it, and feels quite strongly about it, and has already spent three months in prison for doing it in small neighbouring towns. When the meeting was over, no one having paid much attention to her, she put on her skirt and blouse again, and joined her friends and departed.

Next day, however, when they had held a meeting in Glade, several women and some men undressed, and the other Doukhobors became so angry in spite of their peace-loving instincts that they beat the men and women severely with sticks and they did not retaliate, but feeling sore went home. Later in the day, while it was pouring with rain, I was told how they ran their organization. They elect their leader, and many believe that on doing so the Spirit of Christ enters into him, and whatever he wants to do, be it with regard to business or what you will, he can do so; others, however, do not believe this, saying the Spirit is in them all, and

these latter want to know why there is never an audit, much less an audited statement published, of the moneys earned by the community and how they are spent. This is due to rumours that there has been some gambling amongst the leaders in Grain Futures, and uncertainty as to what is happening to their very great wealth running into many millions of dollars.

Under the elected leader comes the Council of Elders with whom he rules, and they in turn are chosen from the Elders of each village. Now a village only consists of two houses, but each house contains more than thirty or forty people. A village, however, has never more than 100 inhabitants. No money passes in the community and each person is set to work at whatever task he prefers. They are, however, credited with certain amounts earned, I gather, and can take this away if they leave the settlement. The latter point, however, I could not get quite clearly from anyone. I only found that they are all debited with certain amounts as a tax to pay off certain debts, and to run the community. From the ages of 16 to 20 the tax on the men is \$100 a year, and over 20 it is \$175 a year. They are given the stuffs with which the women make the clothes, they touch no alcohol, eat no meat, and so take care of their wives that they usually do not have more than three children, but they do not practise birth-control.

They have no marriage ceremony. The parents of the man just go to the parents of the girl to say their children like each other, and then they both

get a blessing and go and live together, but if one gets tired of the other, then they separate, and they later go and live with somebody else—but they only live with one person at a time, so that they always know who is the father of a child. They do not believe in doctors, though they take great care of mothers having babies, and when they die it is a mystery what they do with their dead as there seems to be no cemetery, and they strenuously resist registering deaths. Bodies have been known to be left out on the hillside and to be eaten by cayotes. After one month they usually perform some special rites over the bodies.

They resent education in the government schools because they freely admit that after all they left Russia and went to Cyprus and then later on to Saskatchewan, and now to British Columbia, and it is quite possible they will move on later somewhere else—why then should their children be brought up as Canadians. They are aliens, and their only education should be in the Doukhobor tradition. They now would like very much to vote at elections, but they will not take the required oath. They pay their leader, Veregin, a salary of \$80 a month, but he must spend infinitely more.

Their houses, or villages, are set back in pear orchards near the banks of the Columbia river and are built in an E shape, without the central projection of the letter E. The two wings are built of brick, two stories high, and they contain the communal kitchens and eating rooms for the village. They are linked up by a low wooden one-storied



building, in each room of which sleep two people, either a husband and wife, or two brothers, or two sisters, and above the kitchens are some more rooms for two people, and also a few single rooms. Outside each house is a bathroom where every Saturday all the men and all the women in the village take a wash, and later on, wash their clothes there too. Such is the life led by the majority of the community Doukhobors ; it is an uncertain number, but there are probably at least 5,000.

Near them, and also further away, about thirty miles, live the Sons of Freedom, now scattered and many of them at Thrums living on the charity of Independent Doukhobors, or else in tents along the railway tracks. They have been turned out from the community at Brilliant, and the only reason would seem to be that the Brilliant community consider them fanatics, impractical and practising too literally the tenets of their religion. When you see how prosperous are the Doukhobors at Brilliant, you cannot help but remember the days in the Caucasus when they grew so prosperous on their community life that they grew slack about its religious side and you wonder if perhaps the Sons of Freedom are not the real Doukhobors. I visited them at Thrums, and found them polite and more educated in a literary sense than those at Brilliant. They knew a lot more about the doings of the world ; were, however, frankly Communist in their ideas, claiming that that was Christianity, and at least one was living on the proceeds of short stories he wrote for Russian magazines in Chicago.

Further afield at Grand Forks, I motored out to their colony, where about 500 of them have settled, about two miles from the road along a disused lane, in the deserted camp of an abandoned copper mine. Here, almost penniless, they have built themselves some shacks which they keep spotless, and being beside the river, they fish out floating lumber; they have a few small vegetable patches, on the fruit of which they live, some go out and work, when anybody hires them, and on the whole they do not spend more than a couple of dollars a family a month on outside purchases.

Here I was not only hospitably greeted, but embarrassingly so. After prayers at a table had been sung and chanted in my honour, at the early hour of 9 a.m., they then nearly all quickly undressed and stark naked both men and women waited to be photographed. This I duly did, but might have hesitated had I realized the embarrassment of the moment when in a small town drug store in the United States, a week later, I was to receive from the girl behind the counter the developed and printed photographs. It was no use murmuring "Doukhobors", she'd never heard of them, so I paid and fled. These Sons of Freedom suffer most, and are the most logical. They said: "we do not believe in paying interest," and so, when the debts of the community had been paid off, they would not pay any more taxes. "We do not believe in taxes to the Government, we do not ask anything of them, if we want roads we make them, if we want education and protection we will pay for it, but at

the moment we do not need such things." Therefore they would not pay taxes. They believe it humiliates the flesh to undress every day in front of your neighbours, and also that you should tempt the morals of outsiders until they become clean thinkers, and therefore they undress near railways and towns much to the indignation of respectable citizens. For all this they were turned out of the community, and where they went they refused to pay taxes or rent as they said the land and the living quarters should belong to every man. When they want wood or water they are apt to go into other people's woods, and tap other people's water supplies, for to them what is mine is thine, and what is thine is mine.

Such are the real Sons of Freedom—a fascinating group of really sincere people who constantly go to prison for being naked and undressing in the middle of towns, etc., and they are constantly being stopped by the police *en route* for the towns, when the police use an itch powder spray with which they soon make the women dress again, for the women are the greatest offenders.

The younger generation sometimes refuse to undress, and their elders, furious, beat them hard until they do, thus reversing the more modern custom of the elders being shocked by the youth. However, undoubtedly in amongst these people have crept a lot of evil-minded people, and of Russian Communists, and they as much as any are responsible for the recent alarming number of explosions, blowing up of bridges, stores, schools, etc., in British

Columbia, but it is a moot point why they do it. I am sure it is not so simple a matter as just to blame the Sons of Freedom. They can be blamed for passive refusal to obey laws and also for naked parades, but the more violent forms of activity are strangely unlike them.

It would seem to me that the majority of the community at Brilliant are also simple, credulous, Christian Russian peasants, but that amongst their leaders and elders are certain men working for their own private ends, or for other interests. After the blowing up of Peter Veregin, they sent a deputation to Russia to get his son over as leader. That son, who had previously held a position under the Soviet Government, was then in prison, but with certain moneys, and perhaps certain other arrangements, of which we know nothing, with the Russian authorities, they got him free, and brought him over. His father had enemies, and no doubt he has bitter enemies, but it may also be possible that some of these men, for reasons best known to themselves, are laying all the blame on the Sons of Freedom, and focusing provincial and national agitation against this group, while perhaps they are arranging what they themselves want and trying to get out 30,000 more Doukhobors either to Canada or else to Mexico. At any rate, they are causing both the provincial and the federal government plenty of embarrassment. The provincial laws are not strong enough for such conduct. The federal government is only now beginning to pass laws to suppress the troubles.

In the meantime, you have the neighbours, mostly British Presbyterian settlers, shocked and annoyed. They cannot trust their Doukhobor neighbour; if they say too much their store will be blown up, and they cannot see what good are a people on fertile land, who not only buy next to nothing from them, but when they do buy, take centuries to pay; and they also produce and make so much themselves that they have a surplus, and like all good Communist Russians, dump this round the district at prices cheaper than the local shops.

Some of them are genuine, and they should not be persecuted, but just segregated, say to one of the many fertile islands off the coast, others are just immoral criminals, and if they cannot be deported, they should be locked up; and yet others who are educated, are holding too much power over a crowd of nearly 5,000 half-ignorant Russian moujiks. Surely, they could, in some way, be exposed without making the whole group come together as one and again cry out to the world—"we are martyrs—Christian martyrs, in this so-called land of freedom."

## CHAPTER XVI

### BRITISH IMMIGRATION TO CANADA

ELSEWHERE I have pointed out how keen are many Canadians that English financiers should not only invest money in Canadian enterprises, but also that they should send out young Englishmen to look after their interests in the same manner as the Americans. It is no use just pouring money wholesale into Canada without sending out people you yourself know, and people who have been trained in the financial methods in which you yourself have confidence. This type of person should definitely be sent to Canada. The next type is the English public-school type, who should either be sent to a Canadian school, or at least to a Canadian University before he is given any money with which to start on his own. It is a big mistake to send youths out aged about twenty-two or twenty-three. They have made no friends, have no connections, and are looked on as foreigners, with a particularly unpleasant habit of telling the Canadian how much better is everything British, and with a determination to make a quick fortune and then go home. They do no good, and they usually lose their money.

But the biggest disservice an English family of means can do the Empire is to send an erring son

"to make good in the colonies". In Canada these people are known as Remittance men, and you meet them everywhere. Some just live in a back room until their allowance comes, when they go out and get hopelessly drunk for a few days, and then go back to their room until the next remittance. Others just run up large debts in a town and then move on to another one. They usually borrow from people of their own age, and being in nine cases out of ten gentlemen by birth with well-known names and often famous titles, they give a remarkably bad impression of the supposed upright Englishman to the younger Canadians who perhaps never meet any other kind of Englishman.

The next type for immigration are the children of poorer parents, and for them there is plenty of hope and a big future—if only they are properly looked after, and that again can only be done by big companies of sufficient standing—such as the Hudson Bay Company which does wonders with its boys, or by properly selected Government officials, and such organizations as the Big Brother Movement. I cannot think of any organization throughout Canada that works in both east and west Canada that is big enough or experienced enough other than the Hudson Bay Company. It has a grand record over a lengthy period, plenty of experience, plenty of sympathy, plenty of money and no religious prejudices, and no amateur organization behind it. It further has the only worthwhile scheme for single men, either trains them on a farm in Bedfordshire, England, or places them direct on its own farms in

Canada. The men must be 18 years of age. They spend from four to ten weeks on the farm in England, learning to milk and to plough (6-8 horses), etc.

They should reach Canada by April, and they are given an order for £10 on the Winnipeg office. They are only sent out as harvest men to farms where the farmer gives a guarantee of winter employment. To find this the company has agents out canvassing the farmers all the winter. It has 600 of its own agents, and uses other agents such as the Massey Harris agents throughout the country. In Manitoba alone there are 1,500 agents at work all the winter, and over 60,000 British-born farmers are circularized. It is further stipulated that the farmers if not British be Canadian born.

The farmers in turn give full particulars of the work wanted, the size of the farm, and the dates when they are likely to want the men. The men are given an introduction book, full details about the journey, and are impressed with the fact that if things go wrong and they are dismissed or want to leave, they are not to go to the towns, but should first wire to the Hudson Bay Company, who will pay the wire cost on its arrival, and try to find them another place. This keeps the men away from the towns. Each year, until immigration was recently temporarily stopped, the company placed from 800 to 1,000 men. Here at least we have a company that takes trouble and a company that has but little failures.

Of other organizations and schemes, one cannot say the same and British Government schemes are



perhaps as badly run as any. The reason being that amateurs are often at the head and that the whole thing is done in a rush without proper planning, proper machinery or proper personal touch. Recently immigration has been rigorously curtailed, and it is known in Canada that the British Government would like it to be reopened. At the Imperial conference in London, 1930, Mr. Bennett brought over some of his immigration experts, but told them to take no steps about migration matters, though they might hold a few conferences, unless the British were to come to some agreement about Empire Preference. If then Preferences are now to be arranged, presumably the question of immigration will be opened again.

I have already described some of the present settlements, let me also quote from an American weekly of vast circulation—*The Saturday Evening Post*—for October 17th, 1931, about European immigration to the United States. It applies with almost equal force to Canada and shows Canada what she may expect from the wong type of immigrant.

Woodrow Wilson, who was sincerely concerned for the salvation of the world, let us in for untold trouble when he reversed the far-sighted foreign policy of George Washington. . . . Things were bad enough under unrestricted immigration, when we imported trouble by the shipload. For, despite the reports of the Wickersham Commission, he who reads the crime news in the daily newspapers must run from the commission's conclusions. Whether the names are those of first generation aliens or their children, the daily study of lawbreaking and murder in the Press is a damning indictment of unrestricted immi-

gration. If the first generations of these more recent immigrants were too dull, too stupid, too ignorant, to grasp the principles of a democracy, and were not qualified to bring up their children to understand that, in America, liberty did not mean unbridled license, they should not have been admitted. It was first of all our greed that brought them here, and there is no use blinking the fact; nor must we blink another fact. Though they have given us many fine citizens, certain nationalities, when transplanted to America, dominate the crime news. As our welfare workers intimate, America may have been derelict in her duty to them, but America's greatest dereliction was in her duty to herself . . ." and further on . . . "We believe that the curse of America has been her haste to develop and exhaust her resources, her hurry to go nowhere in particular and for no particular purpose, except to make billionaires, to have the biggest cities in which to breed criminals, and to take lying down, one reign after another of racketeers, bootleggers, grafters, and inefficient and complaisant officials. It was our haste to have to-day and to hell with to-morrow, that broke down every sane barrier against immigration. We wanted slave labour to exploit—first black and then white. The piper must always be paid for slave labour. We wanted the quick dollar, and we slashed down our forests and ruined our range. Our oil has been flowing in rivers and the gas from our get-rich-quick wells has been dissipated in thin air—hurry, waste, wherever one looks.

These are strong words, but words that should be of interest to every Canadian.

In Canada in 1921 the origins of its then 8,788,483 people were as follows :

English	2,545,496	} presumably including those of United States birth, also of French or British descent.
French	2,452,751	
Scottish	1,173,637	
Irish	1,107,817	
German	294,636	

Scandinavian	167,359
Hebrew	126,196
Dutch	117,506
Indian	110,814
Austrian	107,671
Ukrainian	106,721
Russian	100,064
Italian	66,769
Polish	53,403
Chinese	39,587
Negro	18,291
Japanese	15,868
Swiss	12,837

The rest are of less importance. Since then has come the tremendous increase of the Central and Southern European that has caused so much alarm in Canada. There is one school of opinion that considers Canada would do far better if she just waited on her own natural growth of population. But Canada has spent too much money on improvements requiring a large population for that to be popular. Besides, it would mean eventual complete French power, and Ontario would fight against that.

Another school would allow no assisted migration—just anybody who could pass certain tests and pay some money. But these people ignore history, ignore the fact that the Selkirk Settlement and a hundred others were assisted, that nearly all the Scottish migration was in some form assisted, even if only by the ships waiting off the Scottish coast, and taking out

the migrants almost free, and that without assisted migration Canada would have got nowhere: and then there are others who want only Britishers and North Europeans or Hungarians, and they seem the most practical to-day. But they, too, must understand there are two sides to the question. Canadians must not consider they are conferring a tremendous favour on the migrant by letting him come and rough it, so that his children may have a university education, and perhaps then be unfitted for the few jobs going, nor must the Britisher consider he is doing the Canadian an honour by coming out. He is apt when he gets well away into Canada to magnify even to himself his former position in Great Britain. In actual fact his new surroundings will be much duller, but his prospects, if he was a small employee at home, will be brighter, as well as possibly his health and his bank account. What, then, is the position of the British migrant at present?

Lack of knowledge regarding present Canadian conditions is responsible for a good deal of the migration misfits, and for an even greater feeling of bitterness.

The possibilities and the great future for Canada are undeniable, but often exaggerated. The time factor is also apt to be forgotten. The business man may this way have his profits and his dividends deferred, but the British migrant, if he has no capital behind him, suffers most, both while in Canada and when, if deported, he is trying to start afresh in England.

Canada has in recent years developed far faster than world economics could justify. The result is

every few years a chronic form of economic indigestion, when Canada loses her head and deports wholesale.

The people deported the last two winters to all parts of Europe are unlikely to help towards a better feeling towards Canadian products in their own countries, and those returned to England, not strikers or Communists like some other years, but decent people who have worked in Canada for two and three years, these will do all in their power to prevent their neighbours and friends from coming out. England is small and news spreads quickly.

During 1930 I saw men come out. Willingly, they were admitted by the government, and the transportation companies found them temporary jobs. The winter came and I found them starving in Winnipeg, and being deported via Montreal.

Some, who did not first break a window in order to get imprisoned and then deported, or steal a meal because there was no other way to get it, were eventually offered jobs, or the alternative of deportation. Those that chose to go home were scathingly denounced as preferring the dole. That was not fair. The type that has the courage to come to Canada and look for work is not the type that wants the dole. But before the Government offered him work there were periods of hardship the Government had only dimly heard of, and the Government will not face the fact that the English workman is unpopular throughout most of Canada in any work going. The why or the wherefore is immaterial, the fact is there, the Englishman is not popular with the other working

man or with the small employer, and, furthermore, it is rumoured he expects to be paid more wages than the Pole or the Ukrainian will demand. Often the Englishman has not been offered work at all, or at most one or two days a week clearing up some public park, and the rest of the time he eats a meal a day at the City's expense. He may even be asked to go to a farmer and work hard all the winter for no salary—only his board and lodging. It is surely reasonable that under such circumstances he would prefer to be at home with his friends and relations where he is welcome, and where he has a chance of finding at any rate temporary well-paid work.

I travelled from Winnipeg to Montreal in a cold November, with over fifty deportees. English, Irish, Norwegian, German, Central European, etc. In the carriage was a cripple, four lunatics, several criminals, and the rest of the type I have described.

For those that are fit and intelligent, what would it cost to the Canadian nation to keep them and house them over the winter, giving them no alternative of deportation? It might cost \$1 a day to keep them until better times, at most for six months, 185 days, i.e., \$185. As it is they are weeks in prison before deportation, so that the balance of the cost is less. Legally, they can never return to Canada. By next spring they would be ready to go out to the work that then is waiting. There would be no need to get in others from other countries to fill their places, and in addition, Canada would have, not strangers, but people who already knew something of the country and its ups and downs, and not only potential earners,

and producers, but potential buyers. The thing Canada needs most of all.

On the other hand, no migrant should go out on his own. He should have the backing and every assistance possible from the Government, and one of the big companies who own most of the land that is still not split up. If he wants to go to industrial work, he should not be so heavily discouraged by the Canadian Government. The regulations forbidding entry to the industrialist merely makes him go on a farm determined to leave it at the first opportunity. The law is only effective in preventing English and European people coming out to such work. It does not really protect the Canadian worker. The Australians did the same thing in the past with disastrous results. It is still possible for the workers from the United States to slip into Canada whenever they want so to do—across an undefended border, especially in the west. Though officially, of course, there is no such exception made. In practice, however, it is difficult to prevent, especially when so much American money is invested to-day in Canadian industry.

The immigrant with enough money to carry him over the first winter, willing to save, understanding that the surroundings and conditions are in no way like home and this especially applies to the public school immigrant, and realizing that one day Canada, whatever happens in the immediate future, should be a great country, should make a great success of his life in Canada. But there are many things he should study first about the country. They are difficult to learn at Canada House or the transportation

offices. We can see the advantages and the bright side. The difficulties are slightly blurred. The visitor to Canada for a month or two—be he headmaster, big business leader, or ordinary visitor—will learn but little of this. He will inevitably see Canada in a wonderful summer setting. For the migrant in many parts of Canada, however, the winter climate may begin as early as October, and not end till the middle of May, and during that period many kinds of work are stopped off altogether or considerably curtailed.

It takes both winter and summer to see Canada, and you want to know both politicians and workingman before venturing opinions. Further, as Canada is fundamentally a producing country on which entirely and alone her prosperity depends, a knowledge of the situation in Russia, the Argentine and the Rhodesian mines is really necessary. This is not only for the young capitalist, but for the workingman who wants to know if in the near future there will be more work in England or Canada and also for the man taking up a farm with a debt, calculated to take about twenty years to pay off.

Again, the immigration laws become more and more difficult to understand—for the outsider. The Federal politician will often say one thing, and in a few weeks do something different. If this puzzles the Englishman, he must look at the Canadian map, and remember this is Democracy, and after five years in Canada a nationalized Canadian has a vote.

In Manitoba the population is about 55 per cent.



originally British and the remaining 45 per cent. foreign. Saskatchewan, the middle Prairie Province, has about 52 per cent. British and Alberta about 65 per cent. British. These figures are for 1926, and since that date the inflow of Central Europeans has been notable, and no doubt in each of these Provinces the British percentage has decreased considerably. It must also be remembered that many of these foreigners congregate in small areas—whereas the Britishers are scattered. The result means the foreigners use their voting influence more effectively, and that influence will not increase the British population, but if increase there must be, then the foreigner, especially the nation of the voter, must receive equal treatment at least, and behind all, the French-Canadian remains definitely the leader of all anti-migration movements.

British Columbia is solidly pro-British, but financially is fast becoming Americanized. Lastly, it must be remembered the Federal Government brings the immigrant to Canada. But if there is unemployment, the Provincial Governments and the cities are responsible for the upkeep of the unemployed. I have seen cases where one city, say Vancouver, will send unemployed families by train to Edmonton—a two-day journey, or Winnipeg and Calgary or vice versa. At the Edmonton station will be waiting a city representative who will give the family a ticket and pack them back to Vancouver. Yet if to ease the situation the Government closes immigration, they will then receive pressure from the almost all-powerful transportation companies and shipping companies, and the

big land companies to reopen it as soon as possible, else these companies lose their profits.

The net result is everyone is pulling against everyone else, and the only sufferer is the immigrant. I often sympathize most with the foreigner in Canada. The Britisher may not have a good time, but in the long run he has influence and friends, and can speak the language. The foreigner, ignorant of the language, and with no friends in high places, is lost. His compatriots in Canada do not like to annoy the Government too much. Further, by preferring Canada to his own country, the immigrant is not likely to find his own Government at home very willing to do much for him. He often, therefore, suffers in silence, and takes little or no pay. The Englishman will not do this, and so the foreigner sets the standard, and the Englishman goes home, which is one reason why the small employer prefers the foreigner.

The average British settler—and this includes the Irish and the Scottish settler—is not really a success, nor actually wanted in Quebec Province, and this also applies to Montreal. To get a good job there, a knowledge of French is desirable, if not essential, and the impression left on the mind of the newcomer from the British Isles—if he does not speak French, arriving with only enough money to keep him for the first few weeks, is such as to prejudice him against any kind of future in Canada. With the St. Lawrence open, May to November, Montreal and Quebec are the first places the migrant sees, and it would seem kinder to put him straight on the train and send him right through to Winnipeg or Toronto, than to leave him

in Montreal. Winnipeg and Toronto are the centres where in the spring and summer he probably will be wanted. It is towards the towns west of these centres, rather than east, that he should make in winter.

If there is hope of finding winter work anywhere, the British migrant speaking no French will stand a better chance there than by going back to Montreal just because somehow he feels that at the port he is a little nearer home.

Southern Ontario is probably climatically one of the most desirable places in eastern Canada to have a home; but as long as immigration is confined to people about to become farmers and so devoid of capital that they have to have assistance to get there, it ranks with Quebec and British Columbia in that either it is already too thickly populated, or the cost of good land is prohibitive for such settlers. This, however, does not prevent many farmers there desiring the help both of married men whose wives can milk, and also boys. Sometimes the wives fight with the farmers' wives, but more often the "help" and his wife are of real assistance, and eventually with the aid of the C.P.R. or the Cunard or whatever organization has brought them out, they may get farms of their own, and eventually make good. The boys, too, in Southern Ontario often make good, and get to be so appreciated by their masters that the latter advance them the money to buy farms of their own—usually to make real successes and good settlers. Northern Ontario has tremendous possibilities, for which it is worth braving the rigorous climate. At the moment it would seem French settlers from

Quebec predominate, but it is hoped later on to increase the British proportion, preferably from the Irish or Scottish coasts where the type is the hardiest.

At Ottawa I found, in late 1930, the opinion prevalent that no further assisted passages to immigrants are ever to be allowed. It is admitted that the British stock in Canada needs increasing, but the only form of encouragement suggested is to be the advertizing of Canada in England, Ireland and Scotland by means of posters, lectures, lantern slides, etc. The type of person to be appealed to is a type well enough off to pay their own passage out and to have some money on arrival, as far away perhaps as Alberta or British Columbia. This type, we must presume, are already comfortably off at home and unless they are quarrelsome with their neighbours, have cheated at cards or in some way are undesirable, I cannot see why they should want to leave their country, or exactly what the inducements to them are, especially to the wives. It would be to say: "You are coming to a land where one day everybody will be much richer than they are to-day. Your children will be able to receive a University education, work their way through college and then be qualified for a white collar job." (The tendency, even in Canada, is for the youth to drift away from the loneliness of the farms to the towns.) "You, however, will have to bear the first two or three years of this loneliness. For the first few years you will probably be worse off than you are to-day. Out there, if you can support the loneliness, you will be really eventually better

off, but only if, again, the price of wheat rises considerably."

Now for the "assisted-passage" family that is all right. You can promise them what they have not had before, land of their own, and soon a little money in the bank, but is it really tempting enough for the English yeoman or lower middle class? How can we be sure wheat will become profitable soon for the small man? How can we be sure there will be enough white-collar jobs for the thousands and thousands of boys and girls now going through the Universities? Why not assist perfectly healthy and keen families? There are large numbers living at home to-day, peasants in Ireland and Scotland, with large families who would make wonderful settlers, but they have no money. The very fact that on six or twelve acres they have been able to keep their families is surely proof enough that thrift is there, if not a bank balance. "The pioneer of old did it," we are told. "Has Great Britain then degenerated and are there no pioneer spirits left?" The pioneer of old had no newspapers, no radio, and knew little of the real hardships he was to face until he got into the country and had nothing with which to go back. To-day, too, Great Britain has advanced, and there are few, very few, people as poor as they were in those days, theirs is a higher standard of living now. Whether we will be able to pull through our present difficulties, with added unemployment, due to many causes of which the dole is only one and not the greatest, remains to be seen, but we are fighting to keep that standard, and have by no means lost the

battle yet. The fact, I think, will have to be faced that without assisted passages you will not get to Canada the British type wanted, the type to pioneer the land, and you will have to resort to the foreigner. I do not say Canada is not attractive; it is one of the most attractive new countries in the world, and ideal for the man with real capital. But for the man with very little and nothing to risk, the old country, with its ties, its associations, and its many possibilities yet for the future, has still many attractions not lightly to be discarded.

Quebec and Ontario had shown me the populated areas, they had also shown me the areas where mines were being developed, where factories and hydro-electric plants—the precursors of factories—were being erected. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were to show me where the food must come from to feed the workers of these mines, these factories and these growing cities. The near-sighted tell us the price of wheat is only temporarily low, that the Peace River and other areas must still be developed with farming families. The far-sighted see differently.

Russia may be about to collapse; for several years we have prophesied this, and for years we have been wrong. Italy determined to feed herself, has used all artificial means in her power, reclaimed marshes, gone in for extensive irrigation schemes, and put up barriers against the wheat from North America. Germany has followed suit. So to a lesser extent Poland, Spain, Bulgaria and in another manner, Great Britain. These were all good markets for

Canadian wheat. What is there to prove that in the years to come things will become different ?

The best authorities in the United States are warning their western farmers that they must prepare to be able to market only enough wheat for American consumption. If Canada has to face this, what can it mean but cheap wheat to compete abroad—and in time this means ruin to the smaller farmer, whose land in many parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan is good only for grain—and then large combines must be found to produce the wheat on the lines of mass, cheap production. The statisticians in Winnipeg aver that for every family in Canada to-day of five people producing grain, producing enough to feed themselves—they also produce enough for nearly sixty other families of five people. If the uncertainty is to continue for the future, surely the Dominion, properly organized, should do its best to find the bulk of that market in Canada itself, should do its best to increase as fast as possible the population—and there are many ways this could be done—and should make efforts now not to discourage immigration, but to help out and encourage the right kind of immigrant, and above all, the immigrant with a wife and family. I do not suggest they should be put on farms in the Prairie Provinces, there are almost enough there already, but I suggest wherever it is at all possible, mixed farming should be encouraged, and the new settlers be brought out to factories and mines, the development of which, through special concessions and special tariff adjustments, could be quicker financed, especially from Great Britain, than it is to-day.

Courage on the part of the Government would be needed, and above all, the present muddling would have to be eliminated. The Governments could vote large sums of money for Canadian development with the proviso that a percentage of the work was to go to Canadians (in proportion to the Canadian Government's financial assistance, granting of land, etc.), a further percentage to British-born workers at present in Canada, and another percentage to fresh migrants from Great Britain, and here both Governments should stop their interference. The rest of the work should be handed over to an efficient board of recognized business leaders, men who had made good not in politics but in business. They should be paid well, and they should be free of connection with railway or shipping companies or with religious bodies. That is only one plan, there are hundreds worked out in great detail and there will always be criticism, always mistakes, but we can only advance by eliminating the mistakes of the past, and those are all too apparent.

First of all you have never had any real migration plan for Canada in which at least one organization has not had an axe to grind. The politicians in Canada have had their eyes on votes. The railway companies have wanted to get the immigrants out as far west as possible and as cheaply as possible, and have wanted to develop a part of Canada that could have waited longer. The shipping companies have wanted to get people to Canada, and if possible not to have to take them back again for nothing (deportees go back by the line they came out on, at the expense of the travel



company). Different religions have wanted to place their people at strategic points for schools, churches and votes. Real estate dealers have wanted to get rid of worthless land and British politicians have wanted to get people out of England and have not always taken care that the people were suitable or well trained. Lastly, and perhaps most muddling of all, has been the putting as much as possible of the work in the hands of charitable and religious volunteer labour. Here amateurism and muddling have often gone hand in hand with soft-hearted weakness and impractical and expensive dreaming, and over all have usually been put some British Civil Servants, conscientious and careful in details, in turn, ruled temporarily by a political chief who has usually never studied the subject much before. In close agreement with all this, both in England and in Canada, was, and still is, the inevitable amount of deadening red tape, and buffeted backwards and forwards from one side to the other is the wretched immigrant, who under the circumstances would only seem capable of making good through a miracle.

## CHAPTER XVII

### RANCHING AND OIL

CALGARY, the capital of the oil and ranching country, is also the nearest big town to the E.P. ranch of the Prince of Wales, and is apt to claim the Prince as its own private possession. He, or his ranch, crops up in almost every conversation, and there is a good tale told about him by a former head of the orchestra in the big hotel there. When some years ago the Prince was frequently in the hotel, he was particularly enamoured of an American dance tune—some such classic name as—"My baby loves me" or "Aggravatin' Momma". One of the Prince's staff asked the orchestra leader to play it whenever the Prince was in the lounge. The orchestra leader admits he overdid it and played the tune whenever the Prince walked through. An American tourist, who was always sitting in the lounge, one day came over to the orchestra and remarked: "Say, I like that National Anthem you play for your Prince, its got pep, guess I'd like a copy."

That hotel is always full of prospectors and ranchers, but their days of ranching are nearly over, and oil is in the doldrums, and the former wealth and gaiety of Calgary has to be imagined.

One of the most interesting inhabitants of Calgary

is Mr. P. Burns, known throughout Western Canada as "Pat Burns, the Cattle King". He is interesting because he has a romantic career behind him. His real name is Byrne, and his father came from the County Mayo, in Ireland. Pat Burns when a lad, scarce able to read or write, moved west with many Scotsmen. The name Byrne was strange to them, but Burns, so nearly the same, was plain and easy to spell. Pat became Burns, and his relatives when he became successful, followed suit. He worked on the road then being built for 50 cents. a day, but he saved on that to buy a cow or two, kill them, and provide meat for the other workers. Soon he became the chief butcher round the new communities. As he travelled round Winnipeg by train he made laborious notes on the price of purchase and sale, and I have seen him put down figures and count the noughts backwards 10,100,1000 until he was sure he had the number he wanted. Bit by bit his business grew, as meat packer, as butcher, as dairyman, as the producer of Shamrock Butter and Shamrock Bacon, until P. Burns & Co. has become a household word in the west. Mr. Burns helped build Calgary, and owns much real estate there ; he helped push on the C.P.R. and has now an interest in numberless oil wells and holds the mineral rights over many acres in Alberta and British Columbia, but he knows most about cattle, and in his old age has developed a passion for buying up ranches. The Bar U, the second largest in Western Canada, once belonged to his old friend George Lane, a Western American character. Lane went bankrupt. Burns was sorry, waited a few years

until the banks did not know what to do with the ranch, and then bought it up cheap.

Nearby he owns the Minto Ranch, a sheep ranch, sold by Lane at a high price to the Earl of Minto, when he was on the Duke of Devonshire's staff at Ottawa. The place did not pay. Lord Minto lost heavily, and put up the ranch for sale. For a long time it appeared in *Country Life*. Mr. Burns waited and then got it very cheap, and now would sell it again and might get as much as \$15 an acre. Lane also sold the E.P. Ranch to the Prince of Wales. The ranch adjoins the Bar U., which I visited with Mr. Burns. The Prince did not get it cheap, and it is locally considered doubtful if the place pays. I went over from the Bar U. and was shown all over the ranch buildings.

The secret of a paying ranch, as Mr. Burns pointed out, is to have as few expenses as possible, and therefore as few elaborate buildings as possible—to keep it clean but plain. The E.P. Ranch is elaborate, and up-to-date, and the stock is all pedigree. Fine to look at, but hardly a paying proposition. The workmen on and about the ranch are mostly emigrants from England or the Welsh mines; the house, a long, low, two-storied bungalow, with a large number of bedrooms, is well kept up. Many of the bedrooms are on the ground floor, the dining-room in between some other living-rooms is small and leads to a large sitting-room or hall, plainly furnished with a polished floor, making dancing possible. A large photographic reproduction of Pat Burns adorns the dining-room, and the hall has just a picture or two of King Edward,

Lord Marcus Beresford and some of his favourite horses, and a snapshot of Mr. Lane—outside, a large veranda gives a fine view over rolling hills.

The Prince is determined to make it pay, but it would seem almost an impossibility if, at the same time, everything is to be kept up, as it more or less has to be, so that no one can say the Prince's ranch is not up-to-date. Rumours, of course, abound, and one was that the Prince would give it up, but the Canadian Government would do all in their power to help keep it going if the Prince allowed them; they are all so rightly certain that having a ranch in Canada does untold good, even if the Prince is not able to visit it as often as both he and the neighbourhood would like.

From the Bar U. we went over to the 44 Ranch, another of Mr. Burns's possessions, which he purchased from a syndicate. Here we spent the night. 106 miles south of Calgary, starting at the Burke Creek, it stretches for several miles, covering 30,000 acres, and holding about 3,000 head of cattle. The cattle are up in the hills for the summer, and come down to the valleys for the winter. No matter how cold, they are always out in the open, and take shelter in numberless "coolies", little dried-up valleys giving sheltering cover from the winds, which are the signs of a good ranching country. Twenty hands are needed for the harvesting, though the wheat is only for the use of the cattle: ten-fifteen hands are nominally needed for the cattle throughout the year.

All ranchers resent the gradual encroachment of the farms, as has been happening south of Calgary,

for once land has been ploughed it takes ages, if ever, for it to return to prairie grass for grazing. Here is where Canada has hopes of competing well with the Argentine. Always the natural business on the rolling plains of the Argentine, especially near the sea, was the breeding of cattle. When the price of wheat went soaring up, these plains were foolishly converted to ploughed land ; now it is almost impossible to put them to their original use. In the meantime, Canada still has vast tracts useful for ranching, especially in the north, and with Fort Churchill open as a port on the Hudson Bay, the opportunity for profit would seem to be lying at their door.

As we motored up and down the ranch, as we walked in the dusk looking at the beautiful sunsets setting over the foothills of the Rockies, as Mr. Burns and two ladies who knew the country from early days talked of the fun they used to have, I felt a thousand miles from anywhere I knew ; and yet somehow only a very few miles from the west of Ireland and the pre-war life there, or even from Scotland, if you are staying with a real Scottish family, and not one that has rented the moor.

The Hereford steers were all over the hills, the cowboys occasionally came out of their dormitory bunks, otherwise there was just vastness and silence, both by day and by night. From July until the winter the cattle are in the hills, then they come down to the valleys until July, calving and branding is over and then back again. Mr. Burns keeps his bulls elsewhere, and he must need plenty for the numberless ranches he possesses. From the "44" we moved on

twenty-five miles to the Flying E. Ranch, of about 20,000 acres, with about 2,000 head of cattle—this another former Lane property—and then on to the Minto Ranch. Here is a delightful house nestling under the hills, but with poor land around it. It is used as a sheep ranch, has about 4,000 acres, about 2,000 sheep and about 2,000 lambs. He calculates to have one ram for five ewes, and forty bulls for about 1,000 cows.

Later on we visited the Bow Valley Farm, a huge farm he owns, about six miles south-east of Calgary. The land here is worth about \$50 an acre, though the average round Calgary for good farm land is about \$30-\$40. On the Bar U. Ranch which, in Canada, is only beaten in size by the ranch near Kanloops, British Columbia, belonging to the Ward family, he owns about 70,000 acres and rents about 50,000 acres more from the Government. This holds about 6,000 head of cattle, and employs about fifteen men all the year round. 6,000 head of cattle would bring about 1,250 calves a year, which, selling at about \$55 each, would make nearly \$70,000 a year. You pay now for the land about \$10 an acre and you rent from the Government at about 4 cents. an acre. Allow \$50 a head for the purchase of cattle and more for the wages and food of the men, and you will find you can make even in a bad year anything from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent. on your ranch. But to do this, you must cut down all expenses, be near at hand yourself, and know something about cattle. There is a difference, as the Prince of Wales has put it, between "Ra-u-nching" and "R-a-nching"—

one is for pleasure and is costly, the other can pay.

The ladies that visited the ranches with me in Mr. Burns's Packard car asked why now so few "nice young Englishmen" come out to Canada to ranch. They used to make such an addition to the fun at the Ranchmen's Club. The answer is Kenya. The same type go there, get coloured labour, and get it cheap, and find the climate easier, and ranching in the foothills is nearly over. Mr. Burns just makes it pay, but very few others do. Next to ranching come the possibilities from oil.

When you get out of the train at Calgary you know it is there. The smell, like a poor relation, is always with you. Turner Valley, near Calgary, is a much-boomed field. So far no cheap, crude oil worth talking of has been discovered. There has been a boom, and many people have made small fortunes and many have lost them again. The production, so far, has been mostly naphtha—the gas is escaping and being wasted to an alarming extent. Daily you can see the flames shooting up from every well, a veritable Hells Half Acre, and at night the sight is as impressive as it is uncanny. Even as far distant as Calgary the sky is lit up, and crossing the Rockies by train on a moonlit night you can see behind the mountains the bright red-yellow glare, as of an erupting volcano.

When I was there the cost of drilling a well was about £30,000: the production of a successful well, without ruining the pipe was 150 barrels a day, and the price obtained at the refinery was \$3.50 a barrel. Since then the price has been considerably cut, the



expected further oil discoveries have not materialized and, furthermore, there is too much oil already everywhere. One thing, however, must be said, as certain as anything can be, there is oil somewhere in that neighbourhood, and taking the whole of Alberta, especially the northern parts round Wainwright, and further north, at Fort MacMurray, crude oil is certain to be located in large quantities, in fact, has been already. However, the Imperial Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil interests in the United States, has bought up the best-known wells and lands. Alberta is full of rich minerals, coal, tar—sands and the like, as is British Columbia with large gold mining possibilities, much in land as yet practically undiscovered. Being within the Empire these minerals may be invaluable to us. America at present is buying up, blanketing it is called, where possible, and holding back development where possible, until their other resources have been exhausted. This does Canada's development no good, and tends to bankrupt and force out of business the small independent man. The British companies have not yet gone in, they want others to spend money on proving the area. The result is numerous small men, some genuine, others literally wild cats themselves, rush to London and interest rich individuals. These individuals, however, cannot be bothered to send out their own men to supervise, and finally lose everything. Surely something can be done to put the honest Englishman in touch with the right people, especially when he is genuinely keen to help Canada advance, keen to help with money and quite willing

to risk even a big gamble, if only he is assured that there is a fair chance and that he is dealing with honest men on the other side. Equally in Canada, there are the honest prospectors, the honest promoters, clever go-ahead men, with clever ideas. Themselves, they are patriotic, and want to interest British rather than American capital, but know not where to go, except through Boards of Mines and big banks, and for these their schemes may be too venturesome.

Why cannot, in countries as large as Alberta, there be found a few respectable citizens who will occasionally—say once a month—meet and discuss with reputable promoters their schemes, and if they seem feasible, put them up to an English board in London. Why should not Rhodes Scholars, who have learnt in England, know Englishmen and English ways, and are supposed to be doing something to promote the Empire, why should not they do something? What, in fact, are they doing at all to-day to promote the Empire spirit of goodwill? Something could be done, I am convinced, in spite of the remark of a big Calgary business man—"you would not find four disinterested men". If so it speaks badly for Canada. We do not appreciate the type of the man who asked me for letters to London friends, and told me his company in the Turner Valley only employed Britishers or Canadians—he would not have a man from the U.S.A. A few weeks later, I was looking into the unemployment problem in Montreal, and asked one oil driller from Alberta had he tried for work in that firm—"Yes," he replied, "and I was

turned out to make way for Oklahoma drillers up from the States—they only employ U.S.A. men if they can.” I looked into it and found he was correct. We will hear a lot more of Alberta oil. Let us make sure of the men, and above all appoint a Board with Britishers on it who will watch the expenditure of British money.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A NEW ERA RISING FROM THE WEST ?

TO those in the Empire who consider recent years not just years of depression to be followed by recovery, but as the finish of an old and beginning of a new era, the rise of the United Farmers in Alberta must be of exceptional interest.

The U.F.A. are both a political organization and a co-operative organization. They tend towards representation and government more by industries and crafts than by districts, and they hope to eliminate and thwart cut-throat competition, substitute fair competition, and by pooling all kinds of resources to distribute more evenly both profits and the advantage and powers that to-day are obtained mostly by wealthy companies and persons. Very good on paper, and whether we like it or not steadily proving with, of course, natural ups and downs of financial benefit at any rate to its supporters in England. In Canada, if such an organization had not been in existence, in spite of arguments against the Pools, the almost starving farmers might to-day be in a worse position even than they are.

In Edmonton, capital of Alberta, you find a town for which many see a big future, placed near oilfields, coalfields, yet to be developed, and other mineral

resources. Midway, between Fort Churchill, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Winnipeg, and close to the Peace River district, an ideal service centre and capital of one of the provinces of the future. Here I spent some hours with the Premier, Mr. Brownlee, in the Parliament Building. A tall, quiet man, a lawyer by profession, with a face we are apt to classify as American, he is Canadian first and then British. Enthusiastic about his Province, which is scarcely 25 years old, he regretted very much the slowness with which British capital is willing to support Alberta. He pointed out how he visited England a few years ago to interest the City. Everybody was kind and polite and as they bowed him out after an excellent lunch would say: "Well, Mr. Brownlee, when you do need the money, let us know and we will consider it." In the meantime, he pointed out, just as reputable American firms had their agents sitting waiting in Edmonton whenever Budget time approached to loan the Government anything they wanted.

People do not realize the penetration of Alberta by American money—it is perhaps only equalled by the penetration of British Columbia. Mr. Brownlee does not seem afraid of the Ukrainian, Norwegian and other colonies at present settled in Alberta, and feels they will soon assimilate. They are quite likely to assimilate with the conception of living and government that his party teach, but not with the more independent ideas of other parts of Canada. Many are already accustomed to co-operation, and others are so accustomed at home to being completely looked after, that

to stand alone would, for them, be almost impossible. The French-Canadian colonies are, however, very different. Their ideas in no way agree with those of Anglicized co-operation, which includes education, and they cause Mr. Brownlee's Government plenty of trouble.

One day the Co-operative Movement, spreading across agricultural Canada and including co-operative banking, extensive social services and other modern Socialistic doctrines, will reach the industrial east, and gather to its group the labour elements only beginning to raise their heads in industrial Canada. Then they will meet and clash with the Liberal-Conservative ideas of French Canada backed by the Gallic-Catholicism of the French-Canadian clergy, and in between will sink into insignificance, that is if they try to remain aloof from the French-Canadians—the Orange-American business group of Ontario, much as or more than the Liberal Party in England has suffered in the recent past.

The Co-operative movement started in Alberta after the Great War. Its prime backer and leader, as he still is, was an American by birth—H. W. Wood. It originated to defend the small man in agriculture, and now embraces not only grain, but livestock, cream, poultry, etc. It helps primarily the producer and secondly the eventual consumer, and it remembers that in Canada the farmer is perhaps 90 per cent. of the primary producer and that he is also 50 per cent. of the ultimate consumer. It is economically necessary, they maintain, to develop agriculture to a higher standard, and to protect its interest, and its

rights in its relationship with other economic interests. At the request of the Calgary Labour representatives, retail customers are allowed to benefit by any profit in marketing. The buyer gets tickets and eventually participates to the extent of 50 per cent. with the producer. This is like the English co-operative system, some of whose organizers have been in recent years in Alberta to take part in the U.F.A. conventions.

Most, however, of the visitors have been representatives from the U.S.A. who are anxious that some form of union between the parties should take place. The organization has naturally become opposed to vested interest, and calls itself an objective for workers and gentlemen, as our Tory democrats would in the old days have worked with the Craft Guilds. The organizers are convinced they will eventually establish after many setbacks the Co-operative State, and argue rightly that in Canada, at any rate, the prosperous farmer makes prosperous industrialists.

The present depression should bring the farmers more together to work with them. They claim that by doing valuable social work amongst their members they are doing something essentially co-operative, and they wish to educate the children in the schools to their way of thinking. The social work, of course, could be, and should be, done by any Government, and it must always be doubtful what benefit to a country is gained by only propagandist teaching. Where, however, they are doing themselves great good, is in working up small local organizations that are run almost entirely independently, and give

the farmer first-hand knowledge of market questions and advice for his work, and he is enabled to learn about the latest agricultural and chemical developments. Further, they have organized, as a separate organization, a political party run entirely from the bottom rather than the top, and which is doing its best to encourage farmers to organize as manufacturers are organized, and to develop economic rather than political government of the country. The party has been remarkably successful, and to-day governs Alberta with a considerable majority at Edmonton.

The U.F.A. are responsible not only for their own Wheat Pool, but for over 400 elevators, and having influenced Manitoba and Saskatchewan to start their own Pools, have amalgamated with them, and many U.S.A. co-operative organizations have in the past wanted to sell their wheat through this Pool.

The Pools have, of course, received endless criticism, and it is obvious that they cannot be really successful, unless everybody joins them. When Russia and the Argentine remain outside, one because it wants to smash capitalism, and the other because the tenant farmers are in the hands of the Argentine capitalists, be they the landowners or the grain distributors, it is obvious that a crash must come. Whatever be the criticism it is not fair to say the wheat pools tried to "hold up" the British market. At least it is not fair to criticize them for so doing if in the same breath we criticize the importation of lumber from Russia obtained through forced labour. The object of the Pools has been to obtain a sufficient price for the grain to enable the farmer to make a



profit, a profit which he can then expend on paying off the debts on the farms he has purchased on the instalment plan or else in the purchase of other goods. If that profit is unobtainable through over-production then the Pools and the Co-operative Societies will do their best to cut down next year the production. That is the aim. There have been mistakes. There always are mistakes when an organization is beginning, but in the long run they should succeed. The United Farmers are more advanced than the U.S.A. organizations, because the latter cannot agree as to methods of development. The Canadians are quite united, and it must be remembered when, as they often seriously do, they talk of secession, they very definitely only mean secession from the Dominion Confederation of Provinces, they in no way mean secession from the British Empire. They believe their chances of development within the British Empire are much greater, not hampered by Canadian protective tariffs raised to benefit the eastern manufacturer, but with a free market only bounded by the protection of a Pool, and a Co-operative Society that wants not to raise prices but to lower costs.

Alberta's Farmers organization, now both political and co-operative, is spreading through the Prairie Provinces in its influence. It has ceased to be an experiment and it is fast developing into a serious political force. Of course, the same is happening in other countries, including Great Britain, but this is the only new country where it has developed so efficiently and it is worth watching. If we in the future are not to have unbridled Communism, nor irrespon-

sible capitalism, it may be we will have something of this sort. As an American professor speaking in Alberta pointed out: "Co-operation is not Socialism, nor Bolshevism. It takes the best of civilization, keeps it and uses it for the good of all. Co-operation is the new way of life—by which we can make the best society and yet keep the flower of individuality."

Whether that is true or not has yet to be proven, but the Alberta Movement has gone far enough to merit world-wide study.

•

## CHAPTER XIX

### FACING THE PACIFIC

**I**F we except Prince Edward Island, we have in British Columbia the last of the Provinces to join the Canadian Confederation. She did so in 1871 under an agreement stipulating for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies out to Vancouver. It is worth remembering that only several years later was this accomplished, and that to-day the only railway communications through these mountain passes may easily be, and often is, interrupted by the sliding of some rock from the mountains. Slowly roads are being constructed but they, too, are impassible in the winter, and the Panama Canal route to Europe has after all only been open since just before the Great War.

Yet, in spite of being so far cut off, British Columbia has advanced by leaps and bounds, has in its capital, Victoria, a city that is one of the pleasantest, if also in many ways one of the sleepest of cities, always excepting, of course, the ever-present Bright Young People set, to be found in every capital. It has also in Vancouver a city of nearly 200,000 people, and with a position unrivalled in any part of the world. Actually, the Province is more of a self-contained nation than any other part of Canada. It is also more

genuinely loyally pro-British than almost any other part of Canada, and it is also in stock more actually British than almost any other part of Canada, and more modernly British. In British Columbia there are extremely few French-Canadians and, except for the Doukhobors, very few South or East European groups.

With a long coast-line to the Pacific of approximately 4,400 miles, it covers actually only a distance of 510 miles. One can then well realize the number and the distances of the many inlets, and when you remember that the whole coast-line is one long forest-covered mountain range of extraordinary beauty, protected from ocean winds by an immense number of small islands, you can realize the possible scenery of such a coast and how it is no exaggeration to compare it very favourably with the fjords of Norway as its only rival. Here, too, the fishing possibilities are immense, the canning industry is already expanding rapidly and for the fisherman and the hunter the sport is almost limitless. There you have the immense lumber possibilities of the Province, not only along the coast, but along the many rivers that stretch inland around the various ranges that cross the province.

The coast, it seems, is admirably adapted for coastal navigation, as it is almost invariably deep and is well protected by the isles from ocean swells and storms. The province's topographical features add to its self-containing possibilities. There are three high parallel mountain ranges, and alternating valleys starting with the Rocky Mountains and to their north

the Peace River district, next the valley of the Columbia River which flows into the United States, then the Selkirk and Cariboo Mountains ; then another high plateau that in places is as much as 3,500 feet up, and then the Pacific Mountain system 60 to 100 miles wide, with rugged mountains formed of massive crystalline rocks of an early period, with many mineralized zones. In these valleys and plateaux, in the Peace River district, and again in the rich farming country around Vancouver, you have all the possibilities of agricultural development. You have in the south the Fraser Valley, and further inland the Okanagan Valley, one of the richest fruit-growing districts in North America. Further north you have, from Kamloops to Prince George, agricultural land and cattle ranches that include two or three of the biggest ranches in all Canada.

In the rivers such as the Fraser River, the Thompson River, the Naass River, the Kootenay River and the Columbia River, you have hydro-electric possibilities to revolutionize the whole country, and bring industries without number to the province, and you have also every possibility here for inland canals, and a series of large inland lakes surrounded by mountains that in sheer beauty are nowhere to be surpassed, and seem to call out for tourist trade, or even better, for those that are rich or would retire, to call out that they should settle here, away from the biting cold of a winter in the rest of Canada, and from the excruciating heat of the Prairies and the east in the summer.

The road systems through the interior are gradu-

ally improving, but it must not be forgotten that there are still whole areas of the province that have not even been properly explored. All this becomes even more significant when we remember that several very profitable gold-mines have already been discovered in British Columbia, that placer gold is to be found in numerous rivers, that the copper, zinc, and lead and silver mines have, until the recent slump, been increasing so much in value, and their discoveries become so numerous that the Consolidated Smelting Company has in recent years at Trail, in the south of the province, and on the Columbia River erected the biggest smelter in the British Empire. Such mines as the Sullivan and the Premier spring to mind at once. There is no doubt that British Columbia has vast possibilities in mining, and with oil next door in Alberta, and perhaps in her own far north, and with a northern port at Prince Rupert, served by the Canadian National Railway from Edmonton, and Vancouver, to the south, served by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National and railways running through the United States, and with Vancouver Island and her lumber and her coal deposits to the west, she would seem to have a dazzling future. Dazzling, that is, if and when other countries need her products, she herself having a population ridiculously inadequate. With a general over-production of everything except gold, this is not the best time for her to enter the world's markets, but when, and if, the world settles down to normal again—whatever "normal" may be—then British Columbia should be in the forefront of progress, always allowing that

the world around her has settled down to a normalcy that includes the existence of capitalism and not Socialism. With Socialism, British Columbia will never have the funds to take the risks to develop hydro-electric power, to encourage industry to come to the Province, and above all, to sink capital in prospecting for mines.

Further, British Columbia not only requires pacification in the Pacific to help her trade but she requires development of the facilities of the Panama Canal. With Japan establishing peace and order in Manchuria, British Columbia could look to increased trade, and with the aid of the Panama Canal she should be able not only to develop some further trade with both sides of South America, themselves, however very much trading in the same things, but she should be able to get closer in touch with Europe. What at the moment, however, she most needs is increased population. She has not got a very big hinterland behind Vancouver, but if she can develop her water power and encourage industries, and then show them a real Pacific eastern market, then she should outway that lack of hinterland, and both Vancouver with its neighbour New Westminster, and further north, Prince Rupert, should become busy and vital ports. As one visiting British statesman put it with vision : "Vancouver may yet become the heart and centre of the British Empire." Certainly there could never be a more beautiful one.

The two entrances to British Columbia from Canada are almost equally beautiful. I went in first by the northern route, through Jasper Park.

Here you get an altogether different view to that at Banff and Lake Louise, the southern entrance.

At Jasper you are on the Canadian National Railway, and their hotel is the most natural type of hotel for that part of the world. It does not pretend to be European. It is one large collection of log cabins with a big central cabin for dining, dancing, and all the other facilities of an up-to-date hotel. In the cabins are all possible comforts, even luxuries, and yet everything seems to fit into the mountain scenery with a beautiful, clear blue lake at your feet. The mountains, massive and snow-capped, stretch out at some distance from you, giving you a feeling of greater breathing space than at Banff, and there is something rather delightful about walking back to your own cabin on a moonlit night, after an excellent dinner and good music, with every possibility of meeting a bear or two or some wild deer that have come in from the neighbouring mountains to forage for food. It is quite wrong to say that bears always go back into the hills at night, they do not. I have more than once had trouble with them at two and three o'clock in the morning.

From Jasper, alas, in pouring rain, we set out by train, there is no road, through the Rocky Mountain, past Mount Robson and past Prince George, across the country to Prince Rupert. Here I found myself in a town where anyone may do plenty of castle-building in the air. With Port Stewart, a little further north, this town divides the attentions of the real estate speculator as to which will be the ultimate outlet for



the Peace River district, but whichever should be eventually, Prince Rupert has at present the lead in size, and shows every possibility of one day becoming one of the leading Canadian ports, open all the year round. At the moment it consists of a square, a couple of main streets, and then several streets of residential houses, that have no pavement, only wooden planks on which to walk and wooden planks over which to drive. The roads do not go very far, nor do they encourage much motor traffic. The trains and the ships, these are the means of communication, these together with the aeroplanes.

From Prince Rupert I took a Canadian National boat down to Vancouver, a two-days' gorgeous trip by the inland passage all the way. Of all the Canadian scenery that I had seen this easily was the most magnificent. Once or twice we sailed up inland passages to call at mill towns, usually entirely owned by the lumber company concerned, beautifully kept and with houses all built on one cheerful pattern, with white walls and green roofs.

When eventually we steamed into Vancouver, the scenery was in no way less magnificent. Howe Sound to our left disappearing into endless mountains covered in mist was followed by a series of high hills with suburbs alternating with Indian Reserves, at their feet, and opposite came first Point Grey with the University scattered along its side, and still only half finished, then a large number of fine-looking private houses, and then a large park jutting out, called Stanley Park, and at the edge of the city, and then round a bend, and we faced a thin long line of

skyscrapers, hotels, office buildings and a church or two. In front were some liners, one destined for Australia, another for Japan, and then a series of freight boats. Perhaps the Port was not as busy as it had been, but it certainly was busier than many a port I have seen since then. The town itself has some fine buildings, with a superb background and view, while outside in the country you find the whole place covered with small gardens, market gardens belonging to the Chinese and Japanese who make a living where none else can.

In the lumber mills around Vancouver you are struck by the number of Hindoos employed, and this, like the Chinese immigration question, has been one of many Eastern immigration problems with which the Federal Government has had to combat. The Hindoos were British subjects, which made exclusion all the more difficult. They finally got around it this way. No British subject can settle in Canada as an immigrant, without, of course, special permission, unless he enters direct from the British possession of which he is a native. This excludes any Indian, as there is no direct service with India from Canada.

From Vancouver I returned to Alberta and Calgary by motor-car, through Seattle and Spokane and other parts of the United States, for there is no direct road through Canada alone. The journey became dangerous when we started to cross the Rocky Mountains, as it had first snowed a few weeks before, then rained, then frozen into ice, and then snowed again. So that under the snow was probably a solid sheet of

ice, on which we skated giddily, round hairpin bends, with precipices first to our left and then to our right, and all the time our driver was a charmingly vague person, dosing himself with digestion pills and lozenges against colds, whilst at the same time enthusiastically painting the great future of an oil company he was on the verge of starting, provided I could find him the money, and all the time seemingly quite oblivious of the fact that we were frequently within inches of a headlong dive to death.

When, later in the winter, I came back again to British Columbia to spend the cold months at the coast, I came through the Southern Pass—this takes you through Banff and Lake Louise, beauty spots famous the world over.

At Banff there is a colossal hotel, that might be in Switzerland or again it might be a prison fastness in any European mountain range, or a lunatic asylum or a mountain sanatorium. Anyway, it seems out of place in the natural wild beauty of the Rockies. The hotel at Lake Louise is no better. It is, in fact, uglier, and would spoil the jewel-like effect of that lake if it was not that the lake is at its best looking from the hotel. The mountains here hem you in much more than in the north, but are an unforgettable sight. At night, too, on a moonlit night, looking out of your sleeping-car window, as the train pulls through those endless gorges, as you look back at peak after peak and behind them at the sky lit red from the escaping gas of the naphtha fields of the Turner Valley, then can you really feel the majesty of Nature

and the wonders of the conquests here that the Britishers have made.

From here, for two days, you climb endlessly down through gorgeous valleys to the Pacific. You can pass the Okanagan, where so many hundreds of British officers and others with their families have settled to grow fruit, and you can pass through Nelson, where are more British immigrants worried by the Doukhobors, and where many former English and Irish landlords, to avoid heavy taxes or to be able to live in the comfort to which they have been accustomed, have settled and made properties out of forests with views over lakes that cannot be surpassed. And then, further on, you may pass Kamloops, where is Canada's biggest ranch, and where "younger" sons have settled, and where there is a flourishing Polo club, and you may go on through Lytton and through North Bend, as you have earlier passed the more rugged beauty of Revelstoke, and Field, and Golden, and you may pass Indian Reserves and American settlers' homes. It matters not which of the lines you take, you are seemingly always in a land of plenty, a land of beauty, a land with a future—would that one knew when in these uncertain days!—a land with a climate to which both English and Irish are accustomed and a land about which we have only begun to hear the beginning—to Vancouver which Canada humbly calls her future big port for the Pacific. But Vancouver is only a few miles from the border and a few miles the other side is Seattle, which Americans quite openly say will be the New York of the west, and probably one day bigger. If such a

future for Seattle, then why not equally one for Vancouver? Vancouver may not have 120,000,000 Americans behind her, but if Canada is wise, Vancouver may one day have most, if not all, of the British Empire behind her. If she is wise and does not try to pull ahead too quickly like her neighbour to the south.

## CHAPTER XX

### PARLIAMENTS AND POLITICS

IN March, 1931, after an interchange of telegrams, I crossed over from Vancouver to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, to see the Legislature in Session, and to visit the Premier of the Province, Mr. Tolmie.

The buildings which comprise the Legislature and most of the government offices are extremely imposing, and with the large Canadian Pacific Railway hotel nearby form an impressive entrance to the harbour. Later on, as I travelled through the United States, I found all those, and there were many, who had visited British Columbia, considered the Rocky Mountains "fine" or "lovely", but their superlative praise was always kept for Victoria, a town which they considered typically English, and altogether perfect. To an Englishman, however, it looks rather like a town for retired colonels, something like Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells, only better situated and with more lovely gardens. Actually, the majority of people living in Victoria are retired English officers who find it cheaper than living at home, or retired Canadian business men who find the climate milder than in the rest of Canada, the result is a city of very considerable wealth, but without ostentation, or in fact even the ordinary signs

of wealth to which one has become accustomed in any American or Canadian city.

The Legislature meets for about six weeks in February, and in March, choosing easily the pleasantest time to be in Victoria. When I arrived the Premier's secretary took me to the floor of the House, where I was given a seat just behind and to the left of the Government Front Bench, and just to the right of the Throne. Members are allowed to bring certain friends to these seats, whilst up above is a public gallery often full. The Speaker, an infinitely more dignified figure than American Speakers, wears a long black silk gown, and a three-cornered hat, and being a tall man, the effect is imposing.

The Government and the Opposition benches were occupied very much as at Westminster, and the type of person occupying them seemed very much the same. Off-hand I would say there were about fifty members, but I may be wrong. While I was present the discussion centred around an education grant, and the Opposition, who were Liberals, chose that moment to direct a violent attack on the system of sending Rhodes Scholars to Oxford, and on the institution of the Rhodes Scholarships in general. Their main argument was that it did the young men no good to go to Oxford, it merely wasted their time, and worst of all, it not only did not bring them back good Canadians, but it brought them back perfect little Englishmen and still worse, conceited Englishmen at that. The Government did not answer this argument,

but pointed out that last year the University did not send their quota of Rhodes Scholars to Oxford, because they could not find men good enough. This still further infuriated the Opposition.

I visited the Legislature more than once after this, but was never struck by any good speech, or by any brilliant wit, or quick repartee. On the whole, the intelligence of the members was mediocre, and the types were a mixture of farmers, lawyers, and two or three ex-officers or country gentlemen doing their "political bit" as a duty. I had about half an hour with the Premier, a large pleasant bluff farmer type, extremely cordial and quietly, if not brilliantly intelligent. With his Province at heart, and the provincial finances in a hopeless tangle, he gave one the impression of a man not quite understanding why things should be the way they were, as after all he was doing his best.

He told me how he had travelled across Canada to meet Mr. J. H. Thomas, when as Dominions Secretary, he had visited Canada in 1929, and said that he had put before Mr. Thomas various definite tangible plans for co-operation in the development of British Columbia both with British capital, and also largely with British goods and British labour. As Mr. Tolmie puts it: "I explained to him I was not a Real Estate booster, but the Premier of the Province." Since then, however, nothing more has come of the project and Mr. Thomas has not made a move. What happened to these plans I do not know, nor what they were. But they must have contained industrial projects and hydro-electric



projects, and the settlement of agricultural lands, and perhaps the purchase of lumber in preference to Russian lumber, and possibly the providing of machinery for mines, and the purchase of British Columbia fruit. And they might have mentioned one great project that is much engrossing British Columbia, the project of building a highway the whole length of the British Columbia coast, thus linking it and Alaska to the United States highway, that already stretches to the Mexican border, and may one day continue right down to the Panama Canal. This would be a vast enterprise, and one which it is believed big American interests are begging to be allowed to undertake at their own expense. All they ask for in return are certain concessions on the highway with regard to gasoline stations, restaurants, etc., which is sufficient proof of their conviction of the worth of such a colossal expenditure, blasting a road through a mountainous district, such as it is. It would be one of the scenic highways of the world, and would also link up with the Alaska Province, which the United States is at present so busy in developing. The Government, however, has, it is believed, been hoping to interest British financiers first, as they feel the American influence in the Province is already strong enough.

While in Vancouver and elsewhere I managed to hear several political speeches and to attend various political banquets. The impression I got, besides the less serious opinion that it must be very difficult to work up speaking enthusiasm on water and coffee at a public banquet—no wines being served in hotels—

was that the Canadian politician is not an orator, nor a practised speaker. Most of the members who are not lawyers are business men, who have only learnt to speak in middle life, and they are hesitating and unimpressive, no matter how sound their arguments. Of the two parties alternately ruling Canada, the Conservatives seem the least broadminded. They would seem to concentrate on Big Business for Canada, with high tariffs, and only to look on the British Empire as very definitely second to Canada—a Canada, as they see it, having prosperity in the immediate future, and giving great wealth to the Eastern provinces. The Liberal is more practical, and seems to watch with greater interest the doings of the world at large, and to realize what the effects may be on Canada. He looks to the British Empire and England as his surest bulwark, if there is a bulwark at all, against the threat of world-wide over-production, which must put Canada back indefinitely and the Liberal realizes that the get-rich-quickly policy is not good for Canada, and is extremely short-sighted, and he feels that it is far far better “to be poor with England than rich with the United States”. I know this is probably the exactly opposite opinion to what is usually believed about Canadian parties in England.

But within these last two or three years the Conservatives of Canada have become intoxicated with the idea that “the twentieth century belongs to Canada, as the nineteenth century belonged to the United States”. They think by high tariffs to make Canada as self-sufficing as the United States, and

though they want the Empire as a help, if the Empire asks too much, they think they can get on without her. But they seem to forget one vital point, the fact that they have only got a very small and scattered interior market, they are a huge country without a proportionate population. They have about 10,000,000, and the most optimistic do not think Canada would ever hold more than 40,000,000, and the average authority considers 20,000,000 people a comfortable limit. They must, then, to succeed, have a vast external market, not only for agricultural products but already for the manufactured goods, which they are making even now in excess of their own requirements. The Liberals see this much more plainly, and are as convinced their future lies within the British Empire, and with an Empire rather than a Dominion tariff, as they are also convinced they must not antagonize their southern neighbour, the United States, who is vital also to Canada's progress.

America has so influenced the Canadian average man that he now is accustomed to live far in advance of the income his country is producing for him, is unwilling to admit it, and so takes a dislike to the American, feeling against his own inclinations that the American is one ahead of him. He then turns hastily from the Liberals, who do not seem sufficiently aggressive against the Americans, to the Conservatives, because they want to show America how much they can be like America, without America's help ! but, alas ! it cannot be, and Canada must choose between a steady Empire progress, or economic

subservience to America, or else fall between both, and be put back a hundred years.

Rising behind these parties comes the Co-operative Group, and the Pools. These are gradually spreading in the West, and will be an important factor should Canada find herself outbid completely by Russia, Australia, or South America, in the markets of the world.

Lastly comes the Labour movement. So far there are only two Labour members at Ottawa, and as a political party, Labour is still very weak. The Quebec trade unions are Catholic unions and do not strike, the majority of the rest of the trade unions are international, that is to say they are part of the labour organization of the United States, so that their policies are not Canadian so much as American. This handicaps them, as in the United States the unions are non-political, subscribing both to Republican and to Democratic party funds. Up to now, as an American westerner put it: "the labouring man does not protest too much against the wealthy man, because as it is a free country his own son may also become a wealthy man just as well as any other." That, however, is becoming less the case to-day in Canada. The economic conditions being a part cause and another the gradual cornering by the huge companies that practically control Canada, of all the best that can be made out of the country. Bit by bit, the labourers in Canada will form a party, breaking loose from the American system which has up to now been so well muzzled by the American business man, and as the labourer ceases to be foreign

born and becomes educated, so will the working people find more competent leaders, and become more of a power in the country.

Like all new countries Canada has a larger labour population than the European countries, amounting to as much as 77.5 per cent. of the males of the country and 15.2 per cent. of the females. This does not mean "labour party". It merely means "gainfully employed"—labouring people who may or may not find their interests to be similar. While I was in Vancouver, there were several labour demonstrations, one of which surrounded the Canadian Pacific Hotel whilst the Premier was inside, and imprisoned him there for some little time. This, and similar meetings, were duly labelled "Communist", but in Glasgow or London they would have been considered mostly the mildest of protests by people who were starving. Later, these people began to be led by a local clergyman who is a man of education, and perhaps he might be of some use, but in the meantime, the city simply had not the money to buy the people food, and did not itself know which way to turn.

Which brings one to a further point with regard to Canadian politics—the question of graft, and Canadians admit its existence only too freely, though always adding that it is not as bad as in the United States. That is probably true, as in the United States political and other graft is appalling, but in Canada it is getting daily more serious. It probably originated in the fact that Canada and Australia and the other Dominions were never governed by civil

servants sent out, as elsewhere, to a special service, such as the Indian Civil Service, or the Sudan Civil Service. Younger sons, and ne'er-do-wells and those whom their relatives did not want, came out to Canada, not as immigrants, but rather as a little better than that, as people to do some amount of ruling, and they were not all saints nor by any manner of means restricted by the same rigid discipline as in India or Egypt. They could make money for themselves, and they did, and it is from that that graft has gradually developed, and stretches like an octopus across the Dominion. Without it the Dominion ought to be much richer to-day than she is and even further advanced. Unfortunately, graft is one of the heritages the Dominion has received in this way from Great Britain. There are few big or little businesses that have not their finger in the political pie, either the Federal pie, or more likely, the Provincial pie.

The country is to-day governed by a Federal government, and by nine provincial legislatures. Between them in government alone, they manage to swallow up no less than one quarter of the whole revenue of Canada each year. Surely it would be possible, without offending provincial dignity, to arrange some less expensive method of government. Even in the United States, with twelve times the population, they only have five and a half times the number of governments, and there the Legislatures only meet every other year, whereas in Canada they meet yearly, and together with the municipal governments they appoint, manage to spend so much

money on unwarrantable improvements that now nearly all these cities are deeply in debt and unable to meet the added demands of the unemployed.

It is a sad pity, and if only some group of young Pitts could be got into politics to purge the whole system, it would be the most wonderful day for Canada.

I believe Mr. Bennett is doing his utmost to bring this about, and has been trying hard to get the right type of man into Canadian politics. A Canadian or Australian may come to England, be adopted for any seat, and get into the House of Commons, but in Canada such a person is usually looked upon as having ceased to be Canadian, and nobody, on the other hand, especially in the east, stands an earthly chance of election to the Federal house unless he has lived for ages in Canada, and usually should have been born there. He must also come from his own Province, and in it he must, like in America, go through almost a preliminary election for his nomination, and in addition must foot the bill, do nearly all the work himself, and live in the locality. The rich man usually gets his party's nomination, and he is usually a middle-aged man, with a mind already fixed, and probably with set business interests—some of which he intends to promote.

Undoubtedly there is in England the same element—undoubtedly there is in every country—but there is still in England a large element that enters politics as a national duty, and such an element is not strong in Canada.

More and more, however, are there young men

growing up, who though they go to work still financially need not do so. If Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mackenzie King can get some of these men to devote themselves to an honourable political career and to make it a career that is sought after, rather than as in America a career that is shunned as "dirty", then they will be helping to improve Canada, and push her ahead far more than by any tariff legislation or Beauharnois Power Developments—both serious graft-carriers.

•



## CHAPTER XXI

### THE NATIVE SONS OF CANADA

**I** ONCE was tactless enough to ask a young strong-looking Indian in a blue suit in Vancouver what work he did to earn his living—he was a chief of sorts. He replied: “My people see that there is no risk of my losing my life.”

In Canada the Indians are looked after, all things considered, extremely well. That is to say, certain lands are assigned them, on which it is illegal without their permission for white men to dwell; an agent is appointed to look after them on each Reserve; they are given on certain dates a very small sum of money. Nobody is allowed to serve them liquor, and they are not supposed to be in the big towns without permission. All this is, of course, conditional on their living on the Reserves. They can, if they choose, give up this sort of “child of the Government” attitude, live in the cities and later on vote at election time. But if they do this, they lose their protected status.

Of course the liquor rule is abused, and sometimes the Indian agent is ill-educated or abuses his power. Usually you can rely on the Catholic or Anglican clergyman—almost all Reserves have either one or the other, or both—to defend the Indian in his

rights, and see that in the long run the Indian agent does justice. On the whole, probably the Indians are better off in Canada than in the United States, where they are now free citizens and where gradually they are dying out, or being bought out of their land by quicker-witted white men.

The Canadians criticize the Indian as being dirty and lazy. They should rather say the Indian is being forced to live in the white man's civilization, to wear his clothes, which he does not care about, and to live in his houses, the use of which he does not appreciate.

On the outskirts of Vancouver, on the waterfront, on most valuable property, I visited some of the Squamish Tribe. There, if anywhere, they live in a state of despondency. I never saw a more depressing sight, small rain-sodden houses, next to no furniture, thick grass with no paths worth mentioning, one Catholic church well kept up, and a Chief's house that was presentable. Otherwise they just seemed to exist. They build boats occasionally, and go fishing—that makes them happy, nothing else does. Sometimes the Agent comes and gives them a little money, "Treaty Money" it is called, and they go and spend most of it buying liquor no one is supposed to sell them. Their cemetery even seems overgrown, but in it is one interesting tomb to Capilano, the Indian chief who persuaded the Indians around Vancouver not to kill the white men and to let them land. As my guide, the Chief, remarked: "We do not think he was wise—it has done us no good."

We cannot really grumble at their laziness. In the old days the white man was just a hunter—how many hundreds of years did it take him to get civilized and to develop? The Indian was a hunter, and a fine one, until little more than a generation ago. We took away from him his livelihood from time immemorial, and we expect him to turn into a type that took us ourselves hundreds of years to develop, all in two generations. It is not possible. No wonder he is just lazy, as we call it, or as he looks on it, resigned to fate and unfitted for the new life. The Sarcee Indians, located near Calgary, Alberta, struck me as very much the same; untidy, and the women—the squaws—the worst of all. In, however, a few homes, there was cleanliness, a picture or two, a gramophone and some reasonable furniture. According to their customs, when the head of a family dies, all of the tribe rush in and grab what they can get, taking, in fact, everything the dead man possessed. This is distinctly tiresome when the Indian is perhaps more or less civilized, and has collected a lot of quite good furniture. It is the system of death duties carried to an extreme, but logical conclusion, and shows how gradually the English are getting back from civilization to the old tribal customs! The Canadians, however, do their best to stop this division of the dead man's possessions.

Further to the south in Alberta is the largest Reserve of one of the biggest tribes left in Canada, the Blood Tribe. They produce fine men, and the older generation only dislike one thing—education. I went with the chaplain to persuade more than one

parent to send his children to school, but always there was an excuse. They have over 350,000 acres of land, and live mostly in houses. The clergyman and his wife and family were essentially English and had that love of England so seldom expressed at home but which makes one remember real patriotism is well worth having. The clergyman told me how he had learned the tribal dialect in order to preach to these Indians, and how at first his throat had become sore, and then swollen owing to the harshness of the sounds in the Indian tongues. To hear the Indian speak any one of his numerous dialects is to realize what a rough, crude language they have evolved.

Another visit was off Vancouver Island to the Indians on Cooper Island. A priest met us in a motor launch and took us out to the Island. He confessed how lonely it was at times, just the two priests, nine nuns, one brother, five masters, all alone on the Island, the only white men, all the year round with forty-five boys and thirty-eight girls to teach. The school is usually large, and the only substantial building on a Reserve, and the centre round which the whole colony moves. Be it priest or Anglican clergyman, he soon gains the Indians' confidence, on the one condition that he never breaks his word or makes exceptions; if he does he is for ever after mistrusted. The men are usually tall and handsome until they get old and then their faces seem to shrink into unending wrinkles. The women when young are often fine-looking, but later they grow fat, untidy and lazy.

The worst havoc wrought amongst the Indians is from diseases, and of these the worst in tuberculosis. Right across Canada this effects the often under-nourished Indian. Slowly but surely at a great expenditure, doctors, hospitals, and nurses are being provided to take care of the Reserves. The results are encouraging, and for the last few years the mortality of the Indian has been overtaken by the birth rate. The Indians after a long decline are at last beginning to increase in numbers, and, one hopes, to repopulate the Reserves and develop them. Some of the tribes are nomadic still and live in tepees, but the majority are building small houses, farming a little and caring for livestock and horses, the latter of which, though they sell them now for as cheap as \$5 a horse, are still the Indians' favourite animals. Fishing, is, of course, the occupation of those along the coast, and they find a certain amount of employment in the Canneries.

They still complain the country belongs to them and that, especially in British Columbia, the Federal Government should pay them for taking over the whole Province, but on the whole the Government has treated them fairly, even if it is probably true that had it not been for the protection of the Indians by the Catholic and Anglican clergy, there would be no Indians to-day, except the half-breeds to be seen in every city. Of 104,894 registered Indians in Canada, 48,671 are Roman Catholics, the majority in British Columbia, 23,557 Anglicans, nearly 14,000 Methodists, and about 6,000 are classified as holding "Aboriginal Beliefs", the majority of these in Ontario.

One day the descendants of present-day Canadians will want to know what were the customs, the beliefs of these, the real native Sons of Canada, and if things go on as at present, nobody will be able to tell them. It is amazing how little interest the average Canadian takes in the only really romantic people in their midst—they think them dirty and lazy and leave it at that.

## CHAPTER XXII

### CANADIAN LIVING AND EDUCATION

THE peasant of Quebec, and of all French Settlements across Canada, leads a comfortable but frugal life. He is not accustomed to the luxuries of his British neighbours, and does not require them. He is able then to make a living more easily out of a difficult piece of country, similarly he is usually hardier and more able to bear the rigours of Canadian winters and do work in the northern parts of Ontario, Manitoba, etc., than the other Canadians, who find it difficult to live there. The standard of living of the French industrial labourers is also lower, and even when receiving lower salaries, these French-Canadians are always able to put by something, as are the French in Europe.

There are even parts of Canada which seem too difficult for the French-Canadian, in the Prairie Provinces, and these are fast being filled by Italians, Greeks, Ukrainians and Poles. These people are also saving money, at truck-gardening, and the other forms of earning a livelihood they undertake. Unlike the French-Canadian, however, they are apt to send such money back to Europe.

The British born farmer is not making much money, and after one generation usually drifts into

city life. His wife is usually too keen when anything has been saved to purchase a small car and motor down to California for the winter, and she usually strongly resents any suggestion that, as of old, she should stay at home and milk the cow. When we come to the Canadian middle class, we find ourselves face to face with a group of people on the whole living on ambitions and dreams for the future. Compared with England, they have practically no servants. They do their own housework. The kitchen is now so elaborate with all sorts of American machinery that that is no longer difficult, and with frigidaire installed in the kitchens, central heating to save the bother of laying fires, and electric light at a low cost, families can be easily self-contained. But all these things and others, such as your house, usually a flimsy wooden contraption not meant to last, your motor car, and your radio, they are all bought on the hire purchase system. You buy most of your food already half-prepared, and nearly all the vegetables, desserts, and many of the meats are bought in tins, all canned.

Living would seem to be not only more expensive than in England, but also than in America, because there the latter can turn out stuff wholesale cheaply for a large market, whereas in Canada, especially in the West, there is only a small market for goods protected by a high tariff and carried often long distances by freight.

The people live either in houses, only half paid for, or else in large apartment blocks, which now, however, are fast becoming vacated, especially in



Vancouver, in order to live in hotels, run cheaper by American syndicates. From all these places they insist on moving forth for holidays at expensive resorts and if possible to motor into the United States and down to California, or if on the east coast then they will go to different parts of Quebec and Ontario, where prices will run as high at some hotels as \$18 a day, including food per person, and at some of the hotels that will be the minimum.

It goes without saying that large numbers of people who insist on visiting these places cannot possibly afford it, but when some insist on doing it, then their neighbours must follow, and as a University Professor put it to me, "you know in a slump like the present we feel better, we have fixed incomes, and in a bull period we cannot possibly compete with the crazy extravagances, whereas now these people are in the depths of financial despair and will for a bit live more reasonably." Furthermore, when a slump like the present develops, prices are apt to fall, so that many people whose incomes remain the same are really better off, and they are frantically now making an effort to put by on this for the day when, if ever, the boom starts again, and they will have to compete all over again with their ambitious neighbours.

There are still many parts of Canada that have to be traversed by railway, there being as yet no roads, and on these trains you will see people who equally should not be able to afford it taking sleepers, one for the wife and one for the husband, and not upper berths either, but the more expensive lower ones,

whereas the same type of European, and even much richer types, would not dream of such a thing, and can be constantly seen sitting up all night, across England, across France, across Italy, and across Germany. These people seem to have no sense of saving, they would think it terrible to sit up all night on a Canadian train, and indeed it is not a cheerful prospect—the railway companies see to that. Moreover, now that the American railways have all got dining-cars, needs must also the Canadian railways, and they lug these huge cars backwards and forwards across the Rocky Mountains, at a cost to themselves that they can probably only barely meet by the absurdly expensive prices they charge for the food. It is almost impossible to eat enough to keep from being hungry without paying about \$5 a day, and all and sundry, rich and poor, willingly seem to do so. A few, and only a very few, get out at the railway stops and buy food on the platform. Hardly anybody dreams of bringing a luncheon-basket or some sandwiches with them on the train. As one man put it to me: "In Canada you can only make money by never saving—spend all you can so that more may come in." A constant process of advertisement and extravagance, without a thought for the inevitable rainy day.

With the middle classes, as well as, indeed, with the upper classes, and the poorer people in Canada, heavy drinking is very noticeable. This, however, more in private houses in cities and not on the farms, and perhaps the richer people are the worst at this. The drink is usually hard liquor, whisky, Scotch or

Bourbon Rhy, gin, and always beer, and plenty of cocktails. I thought they drank strongly in Toronto, when at night I could not sleep in the hotel for the riot that went on outside, and in other bedrooms, but it paled to insignificance compared with Western cities. I have been there with people who by eleven o'clock in the morning were so drunk that one was left asleep on a sofa with a biscuit half-bitten in his mouth, and I have been at a party where my host having taken me to another house, completely passed out, and yet on being helped into the fresh air, insisted on driving me home in his car, which he did very well, then took me to my room, lent me a book, talked pleasantly to his wife, who had been waiting up, went to bed, and next morning remembered nothing whatever about what had happened. I found it practically the custom in some cities that if you opened a bottle of whisky, even if there only were the two of you there, you had to finish it before you went to bed.

However, you do not see women drunk as you do in the United States, under, say, fifty years of age. But like almost everything else the Canadian takes his drink with a rush, and does everything just perhaps a little too much, and then has to have a complete reaction. If you are unlucky enough to be travelling through the country just after Christmas or any other big feast, you will find that almost all your hosts tell you they are on the water-wagon, which means they spent one glorious week just the week before, perhaps, drunk most of the time, and now they are not allowed to touch anything by their

wives and their doctors for some time. In that way, you are out of luck as you cannot very well drink alone in front of the pathetic faces of your hosts, and on one occasion this lasted for me through three different towns.

A different life from this, however, is that lived at the Universities of Canada. But here you have a group of professors and educators, scattered across the Continent, who are exceptionally intelligent, compared with the rest of Canadian semi-public men, and I think they resent very much that less use is made of them in civic and political life. At McGill University in Montreal you have some extraordinarily brilliant men, as also at Toronto University. Here the Massey family have founded in Hart House an organization worthy of Oxford or Cambridge. In view of the fact that so little room is allocated in the different colleges for students to live in college, they are gradually beginning to form themselves into clubs outside on the lines of the American Fraternity Houses, which seem to breed a certain money snobbishness, and to cut right across the atmosphere of college life and the distinctive influence that one college may have, differing entirely from another, and they tend to form a kind of secret society across the country. As an antidote to this a Hart House would seem an asset to every University. It is under the very wise guidance of Mr. Bickersteth, who keeps up a definite link with English University life, visiting England almost every year. Here you have a large dining-hall to seat hundreds of students, with some good pictures

of prominent University men, and a high table, in short everything similar to an Oxford University Hall, whereas in the Fraternity Houses, the members, usually about thirty in number, eat in their own dining-room having their own chef. You have also a fine reading-room, separate rooms for professors, a swimming pool, gymnasiums and an especially fine theatre. Here one suspects the influence of Mr. Raymond Massey himself, so good an actor, as the Hart House Players have become now well known throughout Canada. It is a centre for the Little Theatre movement and a centre for all art and music. In this building also, they keep a remarkably good collection of Canadian paintings, which shows a very distinctive and original school.

If I was to be asked when I was most struck by a spirit exclusively Canadian, I would unhesitatingly answer in Canadian paintings. The next most distinctive University to my mind after Toronto is the State University of Alberta. But in saying this, I must confess that I did not get a chance to visit the Laval Catholic University at Quebec, the buildings of which from outside are imposing, nor the Dalhousie University at Halifax, one of the oldest and perhaps the finest in Canada, but not very large, having an enrolment of less than nine hundred students.

At Edmonton, the Alberta University is under the control of President Wallace, considered perhaps the most outstanding of the younger leaders in University life. I was only able to see him for a short time, but this sandy-haired, quiet Scotsman gives you the impression of a clear and clever thinker.

For Alberta, and her mines and oilfields, he is particularly optimistic, prophesying a very big future, and his University is concentrating on all that may be useful towards helping along that development. Most interesting of his methods is the large travelling library, which his professors take round regularly to the different villages and outlying posts in far away parts of Alberta. They lecture here, bringing with them lantern slides, educational films, and even gramophone records with which to teach the foreigners English, and then they leave these books until they come back again, whole cases of them, perhaps for months. These travelling professors are experts on nearly everything, and will teach anything from poultry keeping to how to catch muskrats.

In the University itself all students are set during the summer a paper which they must write giving the pros and cons of argument on some subject of interest to Canadians or Albertans, including such subjects as foreign immigration, and the Japanese and Chinese in Canada. All these papers are duly filed, and can be examined by anybody. They give a good insight into what young Canada is thinking about such problems.

Yet another University of interest is the University of British Columbia. It has a site at Point Grey on the Pacific coast outside Vancouver, equalled by no other University, and is gradually being built up, partly by subscription from the students themselves.

All these Universities as far as possible have an

interchange of debating teams, and when the team from the University of Saskatchewan came to debate in the hotel at Vancouver, I was asked to be one of the judges. The debates are not marked in the same way as English ones, and it was not easy to judge, but the standard seemed to me quite high.

In the many visits I paid the University, I was struck by the number of professors who were either actually English or had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge and their keenness to keep all English traditions in education that seemed useful—an uphill job—against the “potted” version of education coming from across the border. This becomes even more difficult when you have to face the craze for education that is catching hold of all Canadians. The emigrant comes out, he and his wife first want to learn the language, and then get some education. Then all their children, almost invariably, instead of wanting to stay on the lonely farms their parents have been trying so hard to make pay, insist on working their way through college, which means doing any kind of work, from bell-boy at an hotel to driving taxis, in order to pay their college dues. In this way they tire themselves out, and have no time in the vacation to study properly, try hard though they do. Finally they demand rather pathetically, because they are themselves so very very earnest about it, to get as much knowledge as possible of everything in the time allotted. Potted education, then, becomes inevitable, and they leave either in a large percentage of cases without having passed the final examinations, or else with a determination that

they know an awful lot, when actually they know a little about a lot of things, but not enough about any one thing to be really useful. Of course, there are exceptions to all this, but the man who is really intelligent and is a success usually goes to the United States, eventually to earn his living, as the integrity of Canadians is considered there higher than their own, and they pay good salaries. The less intelligent remain in Canada and are too clever to go back to the farms, and would be discontented doing the vast amount of ordinary labourer's work still so badly required in such a new country, and they apply for the white collar jobs of which there are not nearly enough, or become travelling salesmen, or grow discontented or become one of Canada's major problems—the educated but starving unemployed man.

Education in Canada is organized by each Province, there is no Dominion-wide education system or minister, and each Province encourages its Universities and High Schools until to-day it is wholly unbelievable and quite uneconomic what is spent on education and the percentage of the population that continue learning when they should be working. Each year there are just under 300,000 people over the age of 16 being educated out of a population of 10,000,000 and over \$150,000,000 is spent by the Provinces on education, about one-fifth their total revenue. As a Japanese put it to a friend of mine: "Why should we not one day take British Columbia as we will Alaska—you took it away from the Indians because they did not develop it—you yourselves now



are too lazy to develop it, therefore we will take it."

From the more social point of view, the nearest approach to English life is to be found in Vancouver and Victoria, and after that Toronto. Montreal, which aims at being slightly cosmopolitan and a little like Paris, has been so hard hit that there was practically no entertaining whilst I was there. Toronto was very gay to celebrate the Horse Show then in progress, which perhaps inevitably gave it rather a hunting touch. Ottawa is a political centre, gradually developing a diplomatic touch, rather like Washington; Winnipeg, Edmonton and Calgary are quiet and do not go in for very elaborate parties, though week-ends on ranches near Calgary can be delightful.

None of this, however, applies to Vancouver or Victoria, in the former of which I spent nearly three months to live the life of a Canadian and get to understand it. I could have chosen no more delightful time. The bottle, it is true, flowed freely, but soon one got accustomed to that. There was a theatre with some good plays, a whole section of the town entirely Chinese, where you could eat Chinese meals and attend a Chinese play, lasting six hours at least with players specially visiting it from Nanking, and you could get Italian food in the Italian shops. Also, you could go up the mountain and spend the week-end in a chalet overlooking the city from over 2,000 feet and giving a memorable panorama, and get winter sports when it was spring in the city, or you could go yachting or you could go fishing, and in the summer you had polo—you

could do almost anything you liked at any time. The people were delightful and closely in touch with England, being either relations of or actually themselves English people and, at any rate, almost all having spent some considerable time there. Extremely amusing, they were constantly having cocktail parties and giving dinner parties, and it evidently was nothing very unusual to sit up after an ordinary dinner party playing *vingt-et-un* or some other game until about 6 a.m., when we went to have breakfast in the town or our hostess cooked us some bacon and eggs.

During the three months in the city I financed a small restaurant to help some unemployed English people; I don't think it helped them very much, and it probably did not help anybody else, but it did show me the number of bootleggers and others there were in Vancouver, and what money they make out of running drink into the United States. They often used to come in there to eat with revolvers pretty obviously in their pockets, and I used to watch them with interest. Their boats, with machine-guns attached, would often come into the harbour badly damaged after encounters with the U.S.A. coastguard patrols, and when I was recently in New Orleans, I was not amazed to read there of a round-up of nearly sixty men, bootleggers, who were all running their concerns under some Vancouver name, and presumably shipping it through the Panama Canal.

While in Vancouver I learnt much about Canadians that has been scattered through this book, and

much, too, of the sordid side of pioneer life, for almost all Westerners drift to Vancouver and the coast if they can for the winter. I also learnt that it is quite possible, if only there is enough intercourse between Canadians and the right type of English people, and if only enough of the right type of English people would only come out to and stay a time in those other parts of Canada, it is quite possible to lead a perfectly regular business and social life without constant complaints about England not doing this and England not doing that, which to the visitor in the end leaves a nasty taste in his mouth. In Vancouver, on the one hand there was none of that unnecessary boosting, and we were not told that 65 per cent. of the houses were actually owned by their inhabitants—why shouldn't they be?—nor on the other hand was the conversation always about the heavier side of English life, in fact one lived naturally, taking for granted the British connection, taking for granted its future strengthening, rather than loosening, and taking for granted the great future of the Province, as well as of the port.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### AMERICA IN CANADA

THE only country I can think of in the world that has no actual name is the United States. The title is "United States of America", but taken together as a group or a nation, they have no name. The English were the first to call them "America", and finally for want of something else they have accepted that name themselves. But this infuriates the man from Brazil, the Argentine, and other South American states, and to pacify him, the American will call himself then "a North American". Immediately he insults the Mexican and the Canadian, and writers in the United States tell me if they talk of "an American" they constantly get letters of protest from Canadians, yet it is very cumbersome always to have to refer to "citizens of the United States", and the term "yankee" will not suit the Southerner. It all becomes difficult, but for the purposes of this chapter by "America" or "American" I will mean the United States or its citizens or its money.

As you travel backwards and forwards across Canada, you begin to realize the difference between each Province, or group of Provinces, the difference in interests, productions, people, climate, and traditions of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario,

the Prairie Provinces, and British Columbia. And yet next to each of these groups, are parts of the United States with very much the same ideas for the future, the same interests and productions, often the same people and climate and only differences in traditions, laws and customs. Added to this, the same groups in the United States seem to have just the required article to sell, or easy centres from which to borrow capital, and were there less tariff walls, perhaps the required market without all that extra freight cost, so advantageous to the two Canadian railways and often so disastrous to the producer.

Below the Maritime Provinces and Quebec, you have the New England states, with Anglo-Saxon stock, and also with a very considerable French colony that originally migrated from Quebec. Below Ontario, you have the industrial centres of America, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and towards Chicago the beginning of the Middle West. Below the Prairie Provinces you have the Dakotas, Idaho, Utah, Kansas, Nevada and Iowa. In many of these States are the Mormons, the Mennonites, the Germans, Norwegians, and other races that are in the Prairie Provinces, and to Manitoba come many Americans to farm, who find American land too expensive. As in Kansas and Nevada cattle raising is not possible, the cattle of Alberta could be easily sold there and the market of the Pacific coast, for fruit and hoe crops would be a great boon to many mixed farmers of the Prairies and southern British Columbia. In this Province too, we find ourselves between Alaska

and its fast developing mines, and the whole wealth of the Pacific coast, which already is sparing its own timber, because it is its own, and buying up and recklessly cutting down the timber of British Columbia, because it is from a foreign land.

In looking for a future understanding between England and Canada, it simply must be understood by England, just what she has to compete with in the American influence on Canada, and just what she is asking Canada to do when she asks her to open her markets to British goods and give them a worth-while preference over those of America. We are probably all familiar now with the arguments in favour of this and its possibilities. I am purposely only stating the other side, which is not understood in England, and not being understood, may one day lead to the Englishman being sadly disillusioned about Canada, and following this up with a dangerous reaction that might lead to Canada, always extremely sensitive, breaking away just to show her independence.

Let us first look at what some of these Provinces do for a living; agriculture, manufacturing and mining are the main products of Nova Scotia: New Brunswick would add to this forestry and fisheries: Prince Edward Island adds fur farming. These, the Maritime Provinces, closest to the United States, have felt the depression least, and may be amongst the first to revive. They consider they have been much neglected in recent years by the Federal Government at Ottawa, due largely to the greater influence of Montreal as a port, and the desire of

the transportation companies to populate the West. They are a big tourist centre for the New England States, and from their ports, which are open all the year round, goes a continuous stream of tourist traffic to the West Indies ; however, the possibilities of the West Indies as a market are exaggerated, as rich though the islands are, their inhabitants are but few, and these mainly negroes.

Next comes Quebec, which lately made most money from manufactures, with forestry coming second. The increase in American capital invested in Quebec in recent years has been tremendous, and this has gone on not without considerable encouragement from the Liberal Government of Monsieur Taschereau. The population of Quebec Province, which includes Montreal, increases fairly rapidly, and it is now becoming the policy of the French-Canadian clergy to encourage migration of the youth to Western Canada, and to Northern Ontario, where most of the lumberjacks are French, rather than to the United States, where the French get absorbed in the masses. The Quebec Government is also advancing money to French-Canadians in the United States who wish to return to Canada permanently.

Up to the present, most people have thought that American money could be absorbed in Quebec without bringing in American influence. Others, however, have had serious misgivings, and it has been in Provincial politics a bone of contention for some time. The idea that the United States will one day absorb Canada, though not thought seriously

about in the United States, is, however, a prevalent idea in many parts of Canada. It is the cause of a certain nervous dislike of Americans as a whole that, oddly enough, is more noticeable wherever American concerns and American money are increasing to develop and improve the district.

It is hoped that the Beauharnois' Power Development from the St. Lawrence will bring many more factories and more prosperity to Quebec. It will bring equally more American money and goods. The power house is being built to house ten 50,000 h.p. generator units. It is hoped by October 1st, 1932, to produce 200,000 h.p., and within the next five years up to its initial capacity of 500,000 h.p. The ultimate potential capacity is 2,000,000 h.p., making it the largest water power in the world to be developed in a single power house. The h.p. is being sold at \$15 a horse power, and agents are busy selling it to companies coming from England and the United States and also as far afield as South Africa.

Ontario also stands to gain considerably from the St. Lawrence waterway and h.p. development, and many believe that Toronto, its capital, will become the business centre of Canada. At the moment, the Province gets most of its production from manufactures, with construction work, forestry and agriculture to help. Toronto is honeycombed with American business offices, and there is no doubt that this Province, more by far than Quebec, is influenced by, and makes its outside purchases from, the United States. It is a remarkable fact that



in Canada in 1930-1931, there were no less than 1,133 (one thousand one hundred and thirty-three) United States concerns, with their offices mostly in Toronto or Montreal, whereas there are only sixty-one British concerns, also practically all connected with Toronto or Montreal. That surely shows the uphill task for the Britisher, and makes one think when one hears people airily remark: "If we buy from Canada, she will buy from us." Will she? What have we got to offer that is so much better than the American, what will it be profitable for us to offer, and what an awful lot obviously we will have to buy from Canada, and what will it be worth our while to buy, without losing other and better customers.

What, besides buying their wheat, would the East like us to do? The Canadians first of all suggest that if they raise a tariff against a particular article, then English companies should start branch factories in Canada, or even go so far as to close down factories in England and transfer them to Canada. That, some think, would mean selling English goods in Canada. But how would it do aught else than increase unemployment in England? It might be of assistance if it meant increased immigration to Canada and the factory workers were allowed to be transferred. But the Canadian laws, unlikely to be changed in the near future, would only allow the entry of specialized workers those ones that could not be procured in Canada, and most of them can still find work at home.

Another suggestion is "Why not study the

Canadian market?" We do sometimes, and what do we find? That we are not good salesmen, that is perfectly true; we are nothing like wide enough awake and we take no risks with our goods, and show but little initiative in new ways of making our goods popular, but on the other side our sixty-one concerns have got to face 1,133 United States concerns and the mentality they have produced. It is no good saying "It ought never to have got to such a position." The position now is there, and for the future has to be faced. But is the Canadian market worth our while? The Canadian, scarcely realizing it, has developed an American mentality. He does not want to buy goods for permanency—goods that will last. The average Canadian wants mass production goods and wants change and variety within a few months. If we had at home, as have the Americans, a market of 120 million people, we, too, could produce goods as cheaply and as badly. If we do produce them, we will be producing for a country with a population of at most ten millions, scattered across a Continent with high freight charges for transportation.

Our own English market will not want that type of goods, they will want something lasting longer; no more will the Latin customer of South America, nor the European customer, nor the Oriental. On the other hand, the United States caters for just such a market of 120 millions and the extra addition of ten million people at her doorstep, with the same North American mentality, is a welcome asset.

There are a large number of people throughout Canada who prefer to purchase direct from England ; they may do so whatever happens, but they would be the first people to admit that they are not a large enough or concentrated enough market to justify special factories. Lastly we must realize that to advertise an article as having a large sale in London means less to many Canadians than that a similar article is selling well in New York.

It is then, perhaps, not without reason that many of our firms have been lukewarm about starting to develop a Canadian market. I know of more than one case where the representative of firms sent out for this very purpose have reported against attempting to enter the market. They do not consider it worth while. This naturally annoys the Canadian, who says that the Americans find it worth while, and that, I think, is answered by the last two paragraphs, and yet another proof can be seen in the difficulty the once all-powerful Hudson Bay Company now finds in making its vast Stores across the West pay at all. A further solution may be found in the following story a Government official told me in Victoria.

The British Columbia Government and others have done all in their power to foster the growth of a particular English company in British Columbia. The project was doing well. Suddenly the English company made an agreement with their United States rival to leave the whole market of Canada to the American company on condition that the American company withdrew all competition in India. We

must not forget that in India and the Colonies we have an infinitely vaster market than Canada or Australia is ever likely to become. We must just decide which is the most secure or permanent of such markets, and then go for it, and if we can come to an understanding with the United States that leaves us free in that market, then we are probably acting wisely. We must not forget that Canada is looking out for Canada first, and is quite open about it. We equally must not let politics and sentiment carry us too far off our feet. Lastly, we must remember that throughout Canada, English motor-cars cannot very easily compete. The reason is that nearly every Canadian wishes to take his car for trips into different parts of the United States—the annual traffic over the border especially going to California is enormous, and with the tariff round the United States, it is almost impossible to get spare parts to fit English made cars. If you cannot get spare parts, what use is the English motor to the Canadian? The same, of course, applies to aeroplanes and other machinery. For American goods you can always get spare parts from America in a few days, but to get them from England takes literally weeks, and often means a lengthy correspondence beforehand.

But if we cannot or will not capture the Canadian market that is no reason why it is a sign of national degeneracy. Because America has got a foothold in the market nearest her and most natural for her to penetrate, that does not mean that she has got every market. But for heaven's sake do not let us

sacrifice our chance in South America and in other parts of the world, in order to try and regain the Canadian market. It is a market we never will regain. It is a market that is very temporary, for the Canadian is perfectly open about it. He means to do all possible to build up every industry he possibly can in Canada and to put up tariffs against every competing country until he can make the goods himself. Even with chocolates and sweets, I noticed how much of these came from England, but now on a "Buy Canadian" basis, the Canadian chocolates are being bought in preference in many towns, though the English seemed to me to taste better and were, I think, actually made in a Canadian factory, a branch of the English company.

But Canada cannot complain. What besides defence, diplomatic and consular protection and other general services do we offer her already? Her high tariff walls would probably not attract so many American companies to put up their plants in Canada, such as General Motors, Ford, and others, were it not that Canada has a large number of mutual trade agreements with different parts of the Empire, and with outside nations, often obtained because she was a British Dominion, for which these firms become eligible. It opens to them a market from which otherwise as American firms they would be barred, and it can be arranged at a minimum cost. The branch is put up in Ontario, near the border, and if the original firm like Ford, is at Detroit, then the branch is put up at about fifteen minutes' distance, in Windsor, Ontario, just across the border.

Only the ordinary workpeople need be employed, the managers and more important officials can remain in Detroit or New York, as the case may be, and either by quick visits or usually by telephone, they can control the operations. There is, however, a danger here to Canada. America, now beginning to talk of lowering her tariff wall, might herself make agreements with some of these nations with which Canada to-day has Favoured Nation Treaties and then she could trade direct and put her Canadian branch on short time. This she might also do if her own production at home, too much for the home market, was ever likely to be sold in Canada through a reduction in the Canadian tariff. This tariff, Canada might be forced to reduce, if Russia becomes too successful, if Africa produces too much of the ores Canada produces, and if in Europe and the British Empire and China and Japan she finds her industries have not got the market she is beginning to search for.

No matter if Britain makes agreements with Canada that will prevent her giving to the American companies within her gates the same privileges, yet America will still for the present have advantages which she perhaps does not herself realize, in starting factories or assembling plants inside the Canadian border. So we may face the fact that the American will continue by hook or by crook to press his wares on Canada, and what about the influence on Canada of his money? I will take the figures of 1929, as they include a part of the slump and a part of the boom, and are more likely to be the figures when a

normal time comes back to the world than are figures of 1930-31.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics the amount of United States capital invested in Canada in 1929 was \$3,400,000,000, the amount of British capital \$2,210,000,000, and that from other countries only \$250,000,000. We must, however, always remember that Canadian capital itself controls over 60 per cent. of enterprises located in Canada.

In 1913 the United States had only \$650,000,000, Great Britain \$2,500,000,000. Great Britain in her investments has remained almost stationary, has in fact declined a little, whereas the United States has increased phenominally. But that covers the war period and English money, and indeed much Canadian money, was needed to fight the war.

The British tendency has been to invest in Canadian bonds, which gives it no control over Canadian industry, if the bond interest is met, whereas the United States not only largely invests first in Canadian bonds, but secondly, and to a great extent, in stock which does give them a very considerable say in the management of the particular companies in which they are interested. The British investment in Canadian Government Securities was \$545,118,000 in 1929, and that of the United States \$758,075,000, and the British investments in Canadian Railways \$870,523,000, that of the United States being \$638,384,000, which leaves only 36 per cent. of the British money invested to go to industries, and other public utilities than the railways, whereas it leaves

over 58 per cent. for the United States. Of this, England supplies for Public Utilities including traction, light, heat, power, telephone, etc., \$80,146,000 or 3.6 per cent. of her total investment, and the United States, who did not suffer much from the episode of the taking over by the Government of the Grand Trunk Railway, supplied \$326,710,000 or 9.6 per cent. of her total. In fact, since 1926 the English money invested in Public Utilities has decreased by almost half, whereas that of the United States has almost doubled. The Washington Department of Commerce reveals that the United States controls about thirty-eight Canadian electricity, gas, power, light and street railway properties, with an aggregate value of about \$192,000,000. These properties are controlled by large American systems which have acquired properties in Canada all the way from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to British Columbia. They have still nearly \$135,000,000 invested in other similar systems. This is significant when we remember that the future of Canada largely depends on its hydro-electric power.

The English have invested \$61,496,000 in pulp paper and lumber, and have in proportion increased their interest in recent years more than the United States which has, however, invested \$485,390,000. The English have \$109,137,000 invested in mining, the United States \$256,800,000, England only \$52,115,000 in the metal industries whilst the United States have \$259,612,000 and in Trading Establishments the English have \$69,131,000, against only \$39,403,000 in 1926, whilst the United States has



only increased from \$144,312,000 to \$157,552,000 in the same period. One last set of figures. The Canadians have invested abroad in Great Britain \$131,915,000, in the United States the much larger sum of \$874,622,000, and in other foreign countries \$572,533,000.

What do these figures show us ? First, that Canada believes strongly in herself, secondly that in investing money outside Canada she puts it mostly in the United States, her nearest neighbour, the country she knows best and the country in whose future, like her own, she believes implicitly. Thirdly, that England has to compete against the natural law of the greater-America attracting the lesser-Canada, and that she has to compete further against great geographic disadvantages. America, too, took advantage of the War period to invest her surplus moneys in Canada, and gained a lead which she has held. By investing in common stock she has a considerable say in the control of such businesses, and she is unlikely to allow her influence or her interests to be overlooked in any Empire agreement that may affect those interests. Further, those interests are largely connected with Public Utilities—Power—and Metal industries—all connected rather with the industrial development than the agricultural development of the country.

The main industries of England will not, then, so easily make a simple exchange for Canadian agriculture, as, for example, coal, when the Pennsylvanian coal is being used by Ontario firms in which Americans are interested, and it is likely to remain

so. Moreover, Imperial rationalization ceases to be so easy when many Empire firms are but subsidiaries of alien rival trusts and cartels.

If Canada wishes to build up such a system of industry by tariffs she has a perfect right to do so, it is only what we ourselves did once upon a time and are, I hope, going to do again now at home, but let us have no illusions, and let us not afterwards feel disappointed. There are plenty of small ways in which we can make mutual arrangements, there is much that can and will be done, but nothing like enough to let us jeopardize other markets, and it would be grimly fatal if to save political faces in England we started in Canada, perhaps even with the aid of some Canadians, a period of aggressive rivalry with the United States. Some, but not the better type of Canadians, might benefit by putting English money against American, and they as a result, bargaining and getting a good bargain, but England might have to sacrifice South American friendship, some valuable business prospects in the East, and in return would breed more resentment in the United States and lead them again to enter certain colonial markets where they could make things very awkward for us, and where at present we should be hoping for big developments.

For the British financier, however, there is a big future in the mining development of Northern Canada, and if he will put his money in, why then he is at liberty to get his machinery where he pleases, for "money talks" and just at present it is American money, a money which knows not Empire sentiment.

A major reason to my mind why Canada takes less and less from Britain, shown in the figures I have given, is that British financiers put their money in European risky bonds, but for Canada they will not take risks in common stock. If they did, and had a say in the control of the company's purchases, it might be a big step forward towards some trade increase.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### STRAWS IN THE WIND

**I**N this book I have tried to include everything possible about Canada, grouped under different chapter headings. There are, however, a few things that as yet can only be called straws that point the way the wind is blowing. There is not enough to say about them, at least for all a transient visitor would be able to see, to justify a chapter each, and, moreover, they are about subjects on which none but an expert should be competent to pass judgment. Yet not to have noticed them would have been to have seen an incomplete picture of Canada, and not to discuss them would be to leave the picture puzzle without a good many pieces. Let us look at some of them.

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

To be more precise, one should say the Roman Catholic Church, as High Anglicanism is also strong in Canada. The larger Catholic Church, however, is the most important religious body in Canada, and one that makes itself felt at every turn. Except, however, with regard to vital matters affecting Church doctrine, the Catholic Church in Canada is not a united body. Far and away the largest part

of the Church is the French part, and the French Catholics are the only Catholics having a real influence both in Quebec and at Ottawa. The English-speaking Catholics, mostly Irish, are scattered, and at present lacking in influence, and in some parts of the country taking practically no part whatever in public life. Probably, the leader amongst the English-speaking Catholics is the youthful Archbishop O'Leary of Edmonton. He is besides being extremely religious also an extremely able Church statesman, and he sees to it that the English-speaking Catholic shall not be completely overruled by the French-speaking Catholic. This becomes more important when one realizes how like the old French Gallicism is the Catholicism of the Quebec French, they are superlatively national and therefore inclined to be political.

Against, however, both these groups in the past have been working strenuously the Klu Klux Klan, now however more or less dormant, and a certain element amongst the Orange lodges of Northern Irish in Ontario. They work quite hard to proselytize the incoming Poles, Hungarians, Ruthenians, etc., who themselves are uncertain whether coming to a new country does not mean having to adopt a new religion. Working hard, however, to turn them into both good Canadians and good Catholics are a group of 100 women known as the Sisters of Service, whose missionary work in the snow-covered Prairies in winter time forms one of the most interesting chapters in modern colonization. There are over 3,500,000 Catholics in the country.

## GRAIN

In view of the constant statements that what Canada wants most from Great Britain is that the latter should buy more of her wheat, the opinions of grain statisticians in Winnipeg are interesting. They consider that probably England could not buy so very much more wheat from Canada if she wished. The English customs give the figures from which country the grain comes on the freight boats. Now most of the Canadian grain is not shipped from Montreal, because often there would be no boats and then the grain might have to be brought back to Buffalo.

Therefore, the major part always goes to Buffalo in the United States, and when shipped from there reaches England and is duly entered as U.S.A. grain, when really it is already Canadian grain that we are buying. On the other hand, in Canada the excise officials always require a statement, when grain is leaving the country, where it is destined for, and when to be sold. When, then, the grain goes out of Canada, and goes to Buffalo, this statement must be made, but nobody usually knows where it will eventually end up, because when it leaves Canada it has not yet been sold. It will not be sold until it reaches Buffalo, or even later. It is then the custom to give United Kingdom as the destination, and the same applies to United States grain in going to Montreal for shipment. What is the result?—the combined figures for Canada and the United States for shipment to the United

Kingdom are often greater than the total amount of grain received in one year in the United Kingdom from the whole world. This brings me to a further point, that the statisticians of Ottawa and the statisticians and other civil servants in London approach subjects from such different angles, that the Canadian experts found considerable difficulty in agreeing figures and making themselves understood at the recent Imperial Conference in London, which perhaps is one reason why Mr. Bennett was so keen to have the next Conference in Ottawa, where the methods of the Dominion Bureau could be studied at first-hand and better appreciated.

Other subjects on which Winnipeg statisticians were sceptical, included the early development of the Peace River district, which is now being merely used for political purposes, and is actually unlikely to be considerably developed for the next fifty years. There are quite enough farmlands under cultivation, and even if it is true that the tendency will be to develop large areas further north as in Alberta and Manitoba, yet the biggest future for Canada in the next fifty years is in the development of the mining areas of northern Manitoba, Ontario, and Quebec, which is called the Pre-Cambrian Belt. The statisticians also are sceptical about the advantages to be obtained from opening up the St. Lawrence waterway. It would seem unnecessary to Canada, as the big ships would not be able to carry as much freight as do the smaller ships now. Moreover, if the Hudson Bay route, with a port at Fort Churchill, is to be a success, what

is the need of both it and the St. Lawrence waterway, they are both only of use in the winter. And, lastly, if the Prairies are told that the main future for them lies in development of the Far East and Pacific market, then again why this expensive development towards Europe?

Would it be unfair to say that when Canadians criticize English politicians for being weak in promising more and more dole, as they have been doing, in order to gain more and more votes, and at the same time placing on their country an unbearable burden, English people could retaliate by saying Canadian politicians are being weak in promising more and more development, in order to gain more and more votes, when such development is unwarranted and premature and is saddling the country with a debt it may soon find too heavy?—both countries would perhaps be right.

### THE UNEMPLOYED

Up to 1930, there practically had been no unemployment question in Canada, and there was no machinery for coping with it. There always was the question of seasonal labour, however, and that has never been adequately faced any more than it has been in the United States. Even to-day the Canadian unemployment question is looked on as an entirely temporary question, with what justice time alone can tell. The Canadian government usually has the rather Spartan remedy of sending back to their own countries the many thousands



that have not yet had time to become Canadian citizens since they sold up everything and often borrowed money in addition in order to come out to a Canada that had told them nothing of such a possibility; only how, on the authority of the Canadian government, there was no doubt they could become prosperous and happy if they worked hard. But the Provincial and the City Governments are supposed to look after the rest of the people. In some cities, the younger business men have come forward in the finest possible manner, and in one city are running a hostel entirely on the lines of a military camp. These business men appear at 8 a.m. each day and sentence to fatigue duty all those men who the day before have done anything wrong. Everything in the hostel is given free, and the men rather like the voluntary discipline. Lots of them, as a result, are regaining their morale, but the other side of the picture may be shown in the following two paper cuttings, one from Vancouver, the second from Calgary, showing what each city feels about the other on this subject; both dates are in March, 1931:

#### THE DAILY PROVINCE

"TOURISTS" SPECIAL IS RAPIDLY SOLVING PROBLEM.  
SEVENTY-FIVE LEAVE FOR THE EAST ON SIDE-DOOR  
PULLMAN EVERY NIGHT.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Friday, March 13th, 1931.*

When civic authorities announced Monday that relief measures for single men would have to be discontinued, owing to the lack of funds, they unknowingly started a trek for eastern sections. Scores of single men are leaving

Vancouver nightly, via the "side-door pullman" route. They jump C.P.R. east-bound freight trains at the foot of Gore Avenue.

Every night at 10 o'clock a freight train, known in relief circles as the "Tourists' Special" pulls out. As early as 9 o'clock crowds of unemployed congregate at the common starting point, eager to find a "seat" on the train.

Thursday night approximately 150 men were gathered at the crossing. They comprised all nationalities and descriptions; most of them unshaven, with bundles of clothing strapped to their backs—ready for travel.

Some of them were youths; others appeared to be elderly men. Here and there one could see a man with a lunch box under his arm, probably filled by some city friend.

Despite their uncouth appearance, the men appeared to be in good spirits. Laughing and joking, they put in the hour most of them had to wait. Arguments as to which position on, or under, the train would be more suitable, took place here and there. Some elected to ride behind the coal tender; others preferred the inside of an empty box car.

UNIQUE SCENE AT FOOT OF GORE AVENUE AS  
MEN SEEK "SEATS" ON TRAIN.

Although they realized the weather is much colder in eastern cities and that they have no suitable clothing for low temperatures, their main object seemed to be to get out of Vancouver.

One fellow had on so much wearing apparel that one could barely make out his face from under his coat collar. Here, at least, was one prepared for cold weather.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the shrill whistle of a freight train was heard in the distance.

"There she comes," chorused the prospective travellers.

Immediately, those desirous of bidding Vancouver farewell strapped their bundles to their backs, shook hands with friends who came down to the "crossing" to see them off, and scattered up and down the tracks.

As the train puffed slowly past the crossing, the "tourists" chose their positions and climbed aboard. The tender was soon clustered with waving, laughing men. Those unable to obtain a place there ran up and down the long line of cars, searching for a snug spot in which to spend the night. Contrary to reports, the crew apparently did not attempt to stop the men boarding the train.

"Well, that's about seventy-five mouths the city will not have to feed," remarked one young fellow, as he stared after the train as it disappeared into the night.

## DAILY PROVINCE.

### SINGLE MEN RUSHING BACK TO CALGARY.

---

### SIXTY DROP OFF TRAINS IN ONE NIGHT— OFF VANCOUVER RELIEF.

*(Special to the Province).*

CALGARY, *March 13th.*

Forced out of Vancouver when civic authorities cut off relief measures on Monday, scores of single unemployed are making the long trek from the coast city to Calgary, and no less than sixty men dropped off two freight trains on Wednesday evening, according to those who saw the men disembark west of Mewata Park.

Four men, arrested by Canadian Pacific Railway officials, were turned loose by Magistrate G. E. Sanders when they came before him charged with trespassing on C.P.R. property.

Officials of the Salvation Army Hostel said on Thursday that the men are visiting the hostel in droves. They stated that the majority of the 1,500 men cut off relief in Vancouver will eventually find their way to Calgary.

"The men are dirty, some of them are verminous, and all of them tell the same story. They were obliged to leave Vancouver when relief was cut off, and decided to stop off at Calgary in the hope of getting food and clothing," Adjutant McCoy of the Salvation Army said.

When notified of the situation, Mayor Andy Davison stated that he intended to take the matter up with Premier J. E. Brownlee in Edmonton on Friday.

"I want to say emphatically right now that no relief will be extended to these men by the city of Calgary under any consideration," the mayor said. "We have more than enough to do to look after our own unemployed. Begging on the streets will not be tolerated, and every effort will be made to keep these men moving.

"There is nothing we can do to prevent them coming to Calgary, but no assistance of any kind will be granted to them by the city."

### SPORTS AND CLUBS

There is no doubt that Canada is pretty hardy, and not meant for delicate or lazy people. There is even a pioneer roughness about much of its sport. We have the ordinary football and cricket, we have baseball that is probably more popular, ice-hockey that is always fascinating, but now the sport that easily attracts the most regular audiences, at any rate indoors, is wrestling. There seem to be no particular rules about it. In some parts of the country you may go on wrestling for nearly an hour till you get a fall, that is pin your man down by both shoulders, in others there are ten-minute bouts. The men twist and butt each other, one will try to wrench off a leg or an arm, and as he pulls almost asunder the toes of his agonized opponent, I have heard him murmur for each toe, "this little pig went to market," etc., and then when his rival is on top and perhaps holds the other's arm with his hands and with his feet pressed against the latter's chest and pulls frantically, excited women will

be heard to scream : "twist it off, Bill, and take it home." It is all very exciting, perhaps a little primitive, but at the moment, both in Canada and the United States, easily outclassing boxing in popularity, and certainly it gives you more in excitement for your money's worth.

Next to games in popularity with the people come tests in various forms of endurance. They may vary from the preacher who preaches twenty-four hours on one cutlet for nourishment to the gentleman who sits on the top of high poles, with his food sent up every day until people have ceased to look at him. But the most popular form of endurance is the Walkathon, and this, which I witnessed in Vancouver, gives great opportunity for advertisement, dear to the heart of every good North American business man.

You hire a theatre, and here day and night without ceasing sometimes for forty or fifty days, couples will walk up and down the stage until all have dropped out, some only last ten or twenty days, some seem to go on indefinitely, and perhaps will end up in a lunatic asylum. During the day, the theatre is packed with sightseers, during the night it is empty. After the first few days, the performers more or less cease to need sleep. They are usually young men and women, and they walk arm in arm, holding each other up. There will be a certain amount of music and every now and then the stage scenery will be changed to give them another view. Every twenty minutes, the announcer tells how they are getting on, who they are, and what particular firm is "spon-

soring them", that is to say, paying their expenses, some wages, and sending them in food. They cannot sit down, but they are off the stage for seven minutes after every twenty minutes on, right through the day and night, that is all the sleep they get, seven minutes, and then twenty minutes' walking. Three times a day, the seven minutes is extended to eleven minutes, when they are given food.

I spent some time behind the scenes watching all that went on. There was a separate set of beds partitioned off for the girls, and others for the men. A nurse was in attendance, and two or three men to look after the men competitors. These were led from the stage to their beds, where they just flopped down, being immediately asleep. The attendants then occasionally took off their shoes and stockings and bathed their feet, and then dressed them up again. After six minutes frantic efforts would be made to revive the men, sometimes with the aid of cold water sponges, and then in a semi-comatose state, they would be pushed on to the stage for twenty more minutes and then back to sleep. A rather savage form of entertainment, it seemed, but it was quite the thing to do to drop in for an hour or so after dinner, just to see how your favourite couple were staggering around, and of course you had a bet or two on the side.

Healthier forms of sport, including drinking, go on at the country clubs adjacent to every big town. Here are held weekly or fortnightly dances, tennis tournaments, polo, etc., and a lot of people do all their entertaining at the country clubs.

Ordinary club life in the cities is very much as in London, though in Montreal the French-Canadians and the English-Canadians usually frequent different clubs. Throughout these clubs, mostly frequented by the elder men, you will find a much stronger pro-British feeling than anywhere else in Canada. Amongst the younger generation, the spirit is much more Canadian or national, without any certainty as to what they want, whilst with the older people you get the feeling of being not a little out of touch with the post-war spirit, as indeed you do in London as well.

#### THE LAW

The Law is one of the few professions seemingly untouched by American influence. It seems to have all the characteristics of British justice, prides itself on its superiority to its Southern neighbour, and in turn is very much respected by any United States citizens that come in touch with it. I was in Vancouver for the Assizes, and attended the final sitting when the judge passed sentence on all the condemned men. A crowded court, with the officers in correct uniform, giving it a slightly militaristic touch, and the barristers in wig and gown. There was an atmosphere far more conducive to the majesty of the law than I found in America. I was, however, struck by the great severity of the sentences, a great number of the offenders being ordered the lash as well as prison terms. This punishment in Canada is being rigorously

enforced, to put a stop to the fast increasing number of hold-ups and robbery with violence.

A large number of the young lawyers have been Rhodes Scholars at Oxford, but I find the majority of younger lawyers are not particularly keen on the preserving of the powers of the Privy Council over Canadians. They feel, like the Irish, that this is derogatory to their status as a free nation, and cite various cases when they have lost a case where ordinary British arbitration has done considerable harm to Canada. The Alaska Boundary question, the Oregon Boundary, and the Maine-New Brunswick Boundary, to name but a few.

### THEATRES

Canada lacks theatres, so much that you can practically say they are non-existent. There is one small company working nearly all the year round in Vancouver, but it lacks support. Occasionally, but now not often, a theatrical company comes out from England and tours the country and then the actors are lionized at suppers and parties. While I was there, one play came out, I think it was called *Sweet Lavender*. It dealt with Edinburgh in the time of Queen Victoria. It was of the "nice clean" variety, and in the cathedral at Victoria the preacher next Sunday preached a sermon on it, ending up with: "Thank God for *Sweet Lavender*."

The whole country is tired of American films. They are the only thing seen, and they are there all day and every day. There is nothing else to see.



The American companies have bought up chains of theatres, and will not allow plays to be acted except at prohibitive prices, and often also bar British films. The Canadian public is tired of American films, and asks for British ones, but when they come, the Canadian says they are no good—they lack “pep”, etc. Yet another sign of unknowingly being Americanized—they love the plays because they have no American ones with which to judge the English. Similarly, in the field of radio, almost every Canadian eventually listens in to the United States and gets duly influenced, especially the foreign born farmer, who has never been to England, knows nothing of England, and does not understand just exactly where or why England fits into the Canadian picture.

#### CANADIAN COMPANIES

You cannot understand Canada without realizing that not only has capital built it up, but very largely certain capital trusts, or to be more accurate, certain large companies. The most prominent of these is the Canadian Pacific Railway. The C.P.R. is rivalled by the old Grand Trunk Railway (now the Canadian National Railway) which is run by the Government at a deficit, competes with the C.P.R., and therefore forces the C.P.R. in paying taxes to the Government to help subsidize its rival, which seems unfair. The Canadian Pacific, besides owning one of the largest railway systems in the world, owns vast territories of land given it by the Government; usually alternate sections of land (320 acres)

with the Government land. They also own a fleet of ships, some of the finest hotels in the world, some very rich mines, as well as the majority of shares in a company running one of the world's biggest smelters, a large interest in air development and have innumerable other interests. Over 80 per cent. of their Preference shares are held in Great Britain. Their efficiency is amazing, and the comfort they offer you on journeys, as does also the C.N.R., their enterprise in showing you all of the country worth seeing, the amount of money they spend on what amounts to Empire propaganda, and their general steadiness is unsurpassed anywhere.

Almost equal praise can be given the other great company of Canada, the Hudson Bay Company, with its lands, its fur trade, its great stores and its other interests in the West. Yet there are those who wisely say, and especially referring to the C.P.R. and its railway lines, that Canada would to-day be better off if it were rid of these "too powerful servants". They have tended to develop the west of Canada before its time, they have done so not unnaturally because their line, extended to Vancouver, would not otherwise pay, and their shareholders must be considered. Such companies have often used an influence on Canadian governments, showing a power which nobody in any country should possess; the C.P.R. has developed itself with hotels and ships so much that the depression in luxury trades to-day tends to depress the stock very considerably, and in view of the fact

that in America and elsewhere the C.P.R. is often looked on as the barometer of Canadian progress, the credit of Canada in the eyes of many rises or falls with that of the C.P.R. An amazingly large percentage of the better-off Canadians have made their name and fortune with or through the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that the influence of the leaders of the country is often divided between pro-C.P.R. people and anti-C.P.R. people.

#### PUBLIC SPIRIT

Public spirit in Canada is in one way very great. In that it likes to have fine public buildings of which it may be proud, that it wants to see its hotels, its railways and its commercial air force inferior to none. But all this it likes to see done by Governments—by the State—it is not so inclined to help individually. Perhaps that is due to the fact that, contrary to British belief, there are not many Canadian rich men. The Canadians are not so keen on saving, they put all they have out in front, and there is little left for public work. The result is but very few settlements or signs of social work, remarkably little hospital endowments, only a few privately run orphanages, and practically no University Scholarship endowments—especially in the West. This does not mean that there are not splendid schools and universities and hospitals, but they are run by their cities or provinces.

Public spirit, however, follows an American lead by the meeting together frequently for lunch, of

business men singing songs and boosting their cities, such organizations as the Rotarians, Kiwanis, Lions, etc., being prevalent. And then they have an organization throughout the country called the Canadian Clubs, which exists to hear lectures from prominent lecturers, and to take an interest in the Empire, but above all to develop a Canadian spirit and Canadian mentality. I attended a few of their meetings, but on the whole found them less aggressively national than the Native Sons of Canada, who, if possible, will not let a non-Canadian take a job in Canada if any possible Canadian substitute can be found. These institutes have a big work in front of them to fight the American influence, and I do not see how they can succeed until they have something definitely Canadian to put in its place. They hope that by a system of give and take between the English-Canadians and the French-Canadians, some such spirit will evolve, and I believe their influence in the country is growing.

One of their biggest aids should be the schemes being put into practice by the Canadian National Railways amongst recently imported settlers—a sort of annual community-competition for villages. These villages try to show their public spirit, their knowledge of Canada, and things Canadian, their development as a community and their general assimilation possibilities. The winning village usually gets some assistance as a prize towards the building of some useful public building. But this year the prize went to a Mennonite village, and I cannot see that Mennonite ideals would ever be suitable for English-

or French-Canadians. Oddly enough, when the Canadian gets out of Canada and settles down elsewhere, he joins forces with other subjects of the Empire and becomes extremely British. I refer especially to California, where over 8 per cent. of the whole population of California is Canadian, about 450,000 Canadians living there permanently.

### THE PRESS

Undoubtedly the Canadian Press wields a big influence to-day in forming the Canadian, but a very large number of the European migrants have their own newspapers in their own language, and read nothing else. Otherwise, the bigger papers are nearly all owned by large capitalists, and it struck me very forcibly that where in England a Conservative leader might make a political attack on his opponents, which would in part be necessarily highly coloured, if not exaggerated, yet that speech invariably got the most prominence in the Canadian Press and gave the impression to anybody uncertain of real conditions that England was hopelessly doomed. Working on these lines, I have heard many a Canadian ask would it not be wiser then to throw in their lot with America, or at least break free, as they, the Canadians, did not wish to be tainted with the Socialist brush. The capitalists owning the Canadian Press have also realized that Socialism must be fatal to Canada, and so have not been willing to find anything of much good in the doings of a Socialist Government in Great Britain. Whatever

the goodness or the badness of that government—and after all my sympathies were all with the Conservative side, I could not help at times feeling enraged at the completely one-sided impressions being given by a large section of the Canadian Press. They were unfair, and in the end did a tremendous amount of harm to British prestige in the Dominion. I will only take one instance.

One Sunday I read in a Canadian Sunday newspaper a syndicated article from the pen of Mr. Lloyd George. It told pretty graphically how badly things were going in England, and ended up by leaving you with the impression that things there could not be worse.

Later in the day, having nothing better to do, I bought some more papers, and one was a United States paper from Seattle. In this also was Mr. Lloyd George's article, and it was a Hearst paper, proverbially anti-British. I read it again and was surprised to see some more paragraphs at the end of the article, in which Mr. Lloyd George explained how, bad though the position was, it was not only not hopeless, but was much better and had more cheerful signs than any in the United States or in Canada. All this part of the article had been left out of the Canadian newspaper.

Undoubtedly the vast majority of Canadian papers are strongly loyal to the British Empire but hostile to Socialism in England, which in a way is a pity, as an unbiassed attitude would help more cement good feelings especially if at some future date Socialists should again be ruling in England.

There are no outstanding Canadian newspaper owners, like Lord Beaverbrook, or Lord Rothermere in England, but there is a strong independent chain across the Continent owned by the Southam family, and a strong Liberal group with the Siftons in ownership. There are plenty of Conservative independent papers in Montreal and in Toronto, and a number of French Liberal papers in Quebec and Montreal. The leading Liberal editor in the West, a man with a great deal of influence, is Mr. Dafoe. During the last general election, he used all the weight of his influence to attack Mr. Bennett, however without much success.

Canada is to-day agitating against the inflow of American magazines, especially the weekly ones, as also American Sunday newspapers, as these not only indirectly influence Canadians, but they carry exclusively American advertisements to the detriment of otherwise protected Canadian goods. In spite now of a heavy duty against such papers, they still pour in in their hundreds of thousands, and against them English papers could not well compete because they would always be well behind hand in time.

The English papers that are most quoted are the *London Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*. The latter even more than *The Times*. Occasionally, when it is hitting something particularly hard, the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express* will be quoted, but unless there is given a collection of opinions on some subject, you do not often see quoted the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Morning Post*. The *Tatler* and the

*Sketch* can always be bought each week at the book-stalls, and usually the *Financial Times*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer*, and *Reynolds News*. In the better clubs you will also find the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic* and the *Sphere*, as well as *Country Life* and other sporting papers, *Punch*, and some of the monthly magazines and Reviews, but for magazines, the Americans are usually preferred. There is no exact counterpart of *The Times* in Canada, but one would be inclined to say the nearest approach to it from the point of view of Canadian influence as a whole would be either the *Montreal Star* or the *Toronto Globe*, whereas the *Manitoba Free Press*, with Mr. Dafoe in control, is to be compared with the *Manchester Guardian*. So far there is in Canada no equivalent of the *Daily Herald*.

•



## CHAPTER XXV

### CONCLUSION

ON July 4th I crossed the Canadian border into the United States.

My Canadian visit was finished.

Often in Canada I had spoken of the Frontier, and been laughed at for using such an European term. No war, it seems, is thinkable between Canada and the United States, and yet the former has a dislike for the latter, that could only be rivalled by some of the defeated European states for their more successful rivals. It is an odd dislike that goes beyond the bounds of reason. Canada gets a great deal that is good from the United States, the tourist trade and finance for necessary developments. If many of the Americans that visit Canada are crude, there are as many that are pleasant, and delightful people.

That day an American said to me: "Guess you must be lonely not being in England for Independence Day," and I replied that I did not see why, seeing that it was the day of America's successful rebellion from England; he added: "Say, I never thought of that, I thought every country celebrated Independence Day." That American, and secretly, no doubt, millions of other Americans, probably felt

the world ought to celebrate such an event. Yet probably England and also Canada are very uncertain as to just what advantage to the world that Independence has been. For Canada it would seem to have shown them the way to a Rake's Progress, the way to the careless, unplanned and wasteful development, without real Economic reason, of lands and natural resources, that if properly conserved could make of Canada almost the richest and most self-contained country yet developed. And England, which, after all, was more or less responsible for the first years of Canada and for guiding her on to whatever path she is taking, she, too, must be sorry if not actually anxious (for in the long run she could probably get on quite well without Canada), anxious to see this influence to the South gradually undermining one side of Canada, the side that originally came from Britain.

No one realizes better than I do how unpopular in any country is the stranger who comes in, has a quick look round, and then goes home to write a book on how that country should be run. But equally must one realize that Canada complains bitterly that she is not known and understood in England.

Lord Beaverbrook has done for England within the last few years a greater service than almost any living man. He has woken her up, and he has shown the working people that there is an Empire. At last awake to this fact, they look around to find out more about this great hidden gold mine at their door, but they are busy men, and the Empire is vast, not

only Canada, but one quarter of the world. Not only ten million people in Canada, but over 300 million in one other part alone, India, and they cannot be expected to find time to travel; they must read.

It is therefore because of this that I have attempted to put down just what I have seen. I have left nothing out that I can remember, pleasant or unpleasant, that would seem of any importance, and I have tried my best not to criticize or suggest, only just to look at Canada from a distance. Not to look at Canada as an Englishman, because I am not one, nor entirely as an Irishman, but as an Irishman who was born and has lived his childhood in Ireland, his youth at school in England, and since then his working time in politics in London and throughout England, and has seen something of Europe and America.

It is I hope then a picture from one who considers himself a real member of the British Empire, keen on that Empire, but not particularly keen which part should be the greatest. If all parts pull together, each part keeping its individuality and looking after its own interests without being too greedy, then there is nothing in this world that can stop that Empire being the greatest force for good in the world, and the greatest insurance for Peace. But to make that influence doubly sure we must also work closely with and understand the United States. Here would seem to me the great mission in the Empire for Canada, to interpret America to the Empire and the Empire to America, not as she seems

to be doing to-day to pit herself against America and drag the Empire in to back her up.

I want to look at this picture not with English sympathies, nor with Canadian, but with those of an Irish Southern loyalist. If I have offended in Canada with this book I apologize. I have not meant to do so. I have just tried to show things as I feel I really saw them, and I have never expressed an opinion about Canadian institutions, customs or dangers, that I have not got at least one or two leading Canadians to agree as being true. My opinions about the use of Canada to Great Britain are, of course, entirely my own, and are purposely pessimistic as I feel an increased Anglo-Canadian friendship brought about slowly and made firmer than was originally expected is something far preferable to a preliminary boosting of "hands-across-the-water" followed by inevitable disillusionment and resulting damage to links that at the moment are surely far too loose. The two countries should know what each one really feels, not what each one would like the other to think she feels.

Englishmen, both young and middle-aged, should make a point of visiting Canada. As I suggested in an earlier chapter, by regimental exchanges many poorer Canadians and poorer English could see the other country and learn to appreciate its people. It is not enough either that certain newspapers in England should arrange visits to Canada for Boy Scouts and others, it is almost more important that Canadian boys should be brought in greater numbers to see England. There is a steady loyalty to,

and interest in, Britain amongst the Canadian middle-aged and elderly, there is no such feeling that could ever approach their nationalist spirit, amongst the youth.

With them the British link seems even thinner than they themselves imagine. With the French-Canadian it is different, theirs is a loyalty that is bred from self-interest, whereas the immediate self-interest of the English-speaking Canadian is apt to point to independence or a link with America ; the French-Canadian has by law a fixed representation in the Federal Parliament for Quebec. This is now greatly outnumbered by the representation that has come in from the new provinces, non-existent when the British North America Act was passed. There is, however, another Act, which gives a new representative for each district that increases its population over a certain figure. The French-Canadian is then planning to spread out in the West sufficiently to get new Western representation that will be French, and will ally itself with the fixed Quebec quota. This will take many years, and until the predominance of French votes at Ottawa is assured, if ever, Quebec will wish to keep Canada within the Empire. What will happen after that is far too far away to prophesy. It would seem, therefore, that those who either wish to secede from the Empire altogether, or those who only wish to secede from the Dominion, must do it now or never, before French-Canada holds too much control. One of two things must happen—Canada, through the inevitable increase of the French, having families twice and three times the size of the

other races—must become French-Canadian in numbers and outlook, or else, through increased European immigration, become like the United States—Balkanized—the prey of racketeers and another League of Nations. And to-day the first eventuality is the most likely—Canada will be England's French Dominion and the steadying influence on the American Continent.

If, also, it can be shown to the English-speaking business men of Canada that they have an opportunity within the Empire of becoming perhaps the leaders amongst the Dominions, and forming a sort of smaller Empire within the Empire, then they, too, may be very willing to remain. This, I think, is what Mr. Bennett may have at the back of his mind, especially by getting the Imperial Conference to meet at Ottawa, which may be the first step.

It is all guesswork on my part, but does it not seem that the natural future for England seems to be to look after and develop her colonies in Africa, the West Indies, and all over the world, to develop there a wealth, as yet almost untouched, to develop there in fact her third Empire, and at the same time keep an eye on Europe, to which she naturally belongs, and on the markets of South America and the Far East. Is that all not a vast enough future and grandiose enough for any one country? In the meantime she can act as the link, and the interpreter between Europe and the other Dominions—Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. These have all themselves very much the same

problems, and the same feelings, many of which are difficult for England to appreciate sufficiently, and they in turn cannot well help her in her difficulties without hurting themselves.

May it not be possible that these Dominions may look to Ottawa and Canada as their leader and with Canada may form trade agreements and links, into which it would be difficult for Great Britain to fit. The Crown would always form the link that can bind the whole together, and they can all unite for matters of defence and in times of stress to come to each other's assistance.

I cannot see, with American competition so strong and with Canada always determined that in the long run she shall be self-supporting and not buying from England or America what she can make herself, that there is any very great market for our goods in the future, nor can I see that we need worry over this. If we can only buck up our salesmen and their methods, we could sell far more in other markets than we are selling to-day, and if we can have peace in India our market there can be immense, and if we concentrate a little more on helping our Colonies, then there, too, can we have a large outlet.

Nor can I see that there is so very much that we can do for Canada. It would seem it is only with regard to grain and livestock that we can help her much, and the grain question seems to have been much exaggerated. Canada must, and I think will, cease developing fresh agricultural lands in the near future and concentrate on developing the mining

possibilities of the pre-Cambrian Belt and the fisheries of the Hudson Bay. She will then, we hope, continue for this purpose to import migrants, suitable for a mining life, and who will be able to help eat her surplus grain. Such a population could suitably come from Great Britain, and we in turn could spare at least a couple of million people; the late Lord Birkenhead said as many as six million.

If again some of that English capital that in time of stress leaves England for America and the Continent and so causes much difficulty at home, could be, indeed almost compelled, but at any rate encouraged, to go partly to Canada and develop the Empire's mines there, as well as in South Africa then in return we could ask Canada to take suitable migrants, and we could organize a definite governmental national migration of hundreds of thousands, well regulated, and not as hitherto under the auspices of a hundred different interests.

Surely on these lines many agreements of mutual benefit could be made. In smaller ways, no doubt, there is much trade reciprocity that can be arranged by beneficial tariffs, in questions of fruits and the like, and also there must be as time goes on useful Empire links to develop, such as commercial airways, when to fly to and from Canada and England will be an everyday possibility and Empire newspapers, a chain of which to-day could do no harm.

But the belief that modern progress, transportation possibilities and publicity are to bring the



Empire closer together economically, and to make us all more understanding, seems to me to lack proof so far. Not only in the Empire, but throughout the world, improvement of communications merely seems to have accentuated nationalism, and to have made communities realize how different in actuality are the feelings and interest of those they supposed from a distance were like themselves.

Canada to-day is about 50 per cent. non-British in outlook, blood, and traditions, her economic interests are not ours, nor can they ever permanently coincide—they will always therefore be apt to cause friction. Let us forget this economic whole. Is it not far better that we have several Dominions bound together by common interests and definite trade links and England similarly bound to her colonies, and the whole held together by a loose, but quite definite bond, the bond of a common policy for World Peace, and World Improvement, for self defence against any outside danger, and also a bond largely of sentiment and all held together by the Crown? In fact is it impossible in these materialistic modern days to imagine two Empires as of old, two Empires representing stability in a world of uncertainty, as did of old the Empire of the East in Constantinople and the Empire of the West in Rome. So then to-morrow might we not find an Empire of the East with London for its centre, and Africa, India, and a hundred islands its orbit, and the Empire of the West with Canada its leader, and a French Ottawa or English Vancouver its economic centre.

A dream it may be, but countries go forward and grow up, and stand on their own, and parents sometimes lose their children, but they need not lose them altogether.

Why, then, may not this be the future of the British Empire ; this, as well as any other ?

THE END



# HUTCHINSON & CO.

*have pleasure in giving the following brief  
notices of many important new books and  
novels of interest for the*

## AUTUMN 1932

*The following, either as subjects of biography or  
as writers and novelists, are amongst the many  
here represented.*

Lord Oxford and Asquith

Sir Alfred Fripp

Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon

Lord Northcliffe

C. B. Cochran

Herbert Asquith

Sylvia Pankhurst

Edgar Wallace

Noel Coward

Philip Gibbs

Frank Swinnerton

Stephen McKenna

Cecil Roberts

*(Complete list overleaf)*

---

HUTCHINSON & CO. (PUBLISHERS), LTD.

34-36, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

*Autumn List No. 1.*

# *Index of personalities in this list*

	PAGE		
A. J. ALAN .. ..	25	THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN	26
LADY APSLEY .. ..	14	JUNE (LADY INVERCLYDE)	4
EDWARD C. ASH .. ..	13	ANN KNOX .. ..	22
CYRIL ASQUITH .. ..	3	MARCUS MAGILL .. ..	29
HERBERT ASQUITH .. ..	20	STEPHEN MCKENNA .. ..	19
LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH	3	ARTHUR MILLS .. ..	11
ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD		MABOTH MOSELEY .. ..	19
BACON .. ..	9	TALBOT MUNDY .. ..	27
BENJAMIN BENNETT .. ..	15	LORD NORTHCLIFFE .. ..	8
E. F. BENSON .. ..	17	SYLVIA PANKHURST .. ..	9
ETHEL BOILEAU .. ..	26	DIANA PATRICK .. ..	23
ROY BRIDGES .. ..	23	EDEN PHILLPOTTS .. ..	24
COLLIN BROOKS .. ..	29	DR. J. HOPE REFORO .. ..	12
E. O. BROWNE ....	27	CECIL ROBERTS .. ..	2
J. C. CANNELL .. ..	12	LADY DIANA SHEDDEN .. ..	14
ISABEL C. CLARKE .. ..	22	J. C. SILBER .. ..	5
HUGH CLEVELY .. ..	28	UNA L. SILBERRAD .. ..	18
C. B. COCHRAN .. ..	4	ANDREW SOUTAR .. ..	29
JOSÉ COLLINS .. ..	7	H. N. SOUTHERN .. ..	13
H. H. COTTERELL .. ..	16	J. A. SPENDER .. ..	3
NOEL COWARD .. ..	17	MARJORIE STEWART .. ..	24
DOROTHY CUNYNGHAME ..	20	MARIAN STORM .. ..	11
SIMON DARE .. ..	23	FRANK SWINNERTON .. ..	21
J. WENTWORTH DAY .. ..	6	WILLIAM TEELING .. ..	15
JOSEPH DELMONT .. ..	27	LOWELL THOMAS .. ..	17
HERBERT S. DICKEY .. ..	12	ARTHUR W. UPFIELD .. ..	24
KAYE DON .. ..	6	EDGAR WALLACE .. ..	5
HELEN M. FAIRLEY .. ..	21	DOUGLAS WALSHÉ .. ..	25
L'ESTRANGE FAWCETT .. ..	26	BARRETT WILLOUGHBY .. ..	25
F. W. FITZSIMONS .. ..	13	EDWARD WOODWARD .. ..	21
SIR ALFRED FRIPP .. ..	6	OLGA WORONOFF .. ..	8
PHILIP GIBBS .. ..	18	COMMANDER WORSLEY .. ..	10
BRUCE GRAEME .. ..	28		
SIR J. A. HAMMERTON .. ..	8		
RAYMOND HILL .. ..	14		
H. C. HOY .. ..	10		



## I Had Almost Forgotten . . .

Random Revelations by CHARLES B. COCHRAN

With an Introduction by A. P. HERBERT

FOR nearly forty years Mr. C. B. Cochran has been in "the show business". He can look back to the days when, a hard-up exile in New York, he started to earn a precarious living as small-actor, to the present time, when his name is internationally famous as the presenter of some of the most artistic and arresting productions that the theatre has ever known.

In this volume he talks with equal frankness about his successes and his failures, relishing a story against himself as hugely as one to his credit. And what a glittering procession of personalities passes in review! Royalties and peers, cabinet ministers and commoners, painters, singers, dancers and actors, producers and impresarios, box-office managers and stage-hands, prizefighters and cowboys, jugglers, acrobats, lion-tamers, favourites of the old music hall, stars of theatre-land in Paris or Madrid, Berlin or Vienna, the whole motley crowd of entertainers with their tantrums and their temperaments, their genius and their generosity, flash into Mr. Cochran's mirror.

"Into the night go one and all." A book like Mr. Cochran's preserves them from oblivion and shows them as they lived for our pleasure and delight. And behind them we see the smiling figure of the great showman as he marshals the procession and cries, "Walk-up!"

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.*

---

## The Whole Story

By "JUNE"

(Lady Inverclyde)

HERE is the remarkable story of one of the most romantic figures of the stage. Writing in a delightful manner, "June" tells of her childhood, the painful though happy period of learning the difficult art of toe-dancing; of her great teacher Anna Pavlova, who placed her baby feet on the ladder to fame. She relates how she became the youngest première danseuse at the Empire Theatre; followed by her musical-comedy years, starring in a succession of revues which drew all London. We see her as Lady Inverclyde; her entry into a new social world; and then the sudden crash when luck seemed to turn against her.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

## Edgar Wallace

by HIS WIFE

ONE of the most remarkable men of his time, Edgar Wallace at the zenith of his fame probably commanded a more world-wide and representative public than practically any other notability. His astonishing industry, his versatility and his inventiveness amazed a public which, whilst regarding him as an unfailing source of exciting entertainment, knew very little about him as a man. Little or nothing of Edgar Wallace the man is revealed in his own writings. His recently published *My Hollywood Diary* displayed intimate thoughts and feelings which came as a surprise to many; but it has been left for Mrs. Wallace to reveal fully and for the first time the true personality of a singularly interesting character.

For seventeen years, first as his secretary and later as his wife too, Mrs. Wallace was in close association with every mood of this astonishing man. She knew him as well as it is possible for one human being to know another, and in this volume she traces the romantic career of her husband till the time of his death in Hollywood.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

## Other Weapons

J. C. SILBER

With a Foreword by Major-General LORD EDWARD GLEICHEN

THIS is the almost incredible story of a German who spent all the years of the war in an English Censor's Office.

Going straight to the War Office at the outbreak of war, he offered his services as a translator or interpreter, and by October 1914 he was in the Post Censor Office, first at Mount Pleasant and later in Salisbury House. There he had ample opportunity for getting news of value to Germany, and this he forwarded in the most ingenious ways. Soon he was moved to Liverpool, and from there it was much more difficult for him to get letters through, but again his remarkable ingenuity came to his rescue.

This book, written with reserve and modesty, makes extraordinarily interesting and thrilling reading. In the recital of his experiences the writer plays a remarkable tribute to British organization and power. It is the amazing story of how a man, playing a lone hand, and as fairly as possible under the circumstances, carried on his self-imposed mission from motives of patriotism.

12s. 6d.



## Alfred Fripp

CECIL ROBERTS

*Author of "Half Way", "Spears Against Us" (7th impression), etc.*

A BIOGRAPHY of unusual attraction is the life of Sir Alfred Fripp, which Cecil Roberts has written at the request of Lady Fripp, who has placed all the papers and documents concerning the famous surgeon's life at his disposal.

Sir Alfred Fripp, from his youth onwards, commanded a great circle of friends in all walks of life.

One of the leading surgeons of his day, professionally or socially he knew every famous figure of his times, and Edwardian Society centred around Marlborough House is intimately reflected in the numerous and careful diaries that he kept. In the Great War he was Consulting Surgeon to the Navy and in his closing days he astonished the country by the energy he displayed in organizing the Frothblower Movement, for which he raised over £100,000 on behalf of charities.

Mr. Cecil Roberts has approached the man as a study of a personality that was a mixture of diffidence and courage, of introspection and high ambition, and who was, in all senses of the words, "the beloved physician".

*Illustrated, 15s.*

---

## Kaye Don: King of Speed

J. WENTWORTH DAY

*Author of "Speed: The Life of Sir Malcolm Campbell", etc.*

NO man alive can claim more records in the world of motor-cycling, motor-racing and motor-boating than Mr. Kaye Don, the only man who has travelled at two miles a minute on land, in the air, and on the water. Equally he is probably the only Englishman who possesses the unique but embarrassing distinction of having, in one night, bombed by mistake, not only our allies the Portuguese, but also British General Headquarters in France! Into the brief span of forty-one years he has crammed enough adventure and hairbreadth escapes to put to shame the most fantastic flights of fiction.

He has looked on death in many forms, faced disasters, suffered injury and countless disappointments, and to-day is one of the most modest and self-effacing of all that gallant band of men whose lives are lived dangerously in order that mechanical science may progress.

*Illustrated, 7s. 6d.*

## The Maid of the Mountains : Her Story

*The Reminiscences of*  
JOSÉ COLLINS

**F**EW actresses have had a more dramatic and spectacular career than the daughter of Lottie Collins of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" fame, and her story promises to make one of the most interesting theatrical books for several years past.

The inside story of the *Maid of the Mountains* is one of the most remarkable chapters of theatrical history, and Miss Collins reveals it all in her book for the first time. Royalty and celebrities of all sorts flicker through the pages of this absorbing life-story, and Miss Collins' marriage to Lord Robert Innes-Ker is one of the romances of the peerage, with a "lived happily ever after" sequel.

Miss Collins' life has been one of dramatic ups and downs. At the height of her success she was earning £800 a week. A year or two later the papers announced that she had lost her voice and all her money.

In this volume are many intensely interesting things of all sorts, and there can be little doubt that it will meet with unusual popularity.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

## Hell's Angels of the Deep

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM GUY CARR

*Author of "By Guess and By God" (13th impression)*

**L**IEUTENANT CARR's magnificent epic of the Submarine Service during the War, *By Guess and By God*, caught the imagination of the public to such an extent that the book is now in its thirteenth large impression. It was in deed, in matter, and in style a book thoroughly deserving of the enthusiastic praise it received.

*Hell's Angels of the Deep* is Lieutenant Carr's own exciting story from the day in 1911 when he ran away to sea, until the Armistice in 1918. Into those seven years Lieutenant Carr crammed an amazing variety of adventures. Serving in every kind of vessel, enduring every sort of condition at sea, meeting hundreds of interesting people, Lieutenant Carr, both before and during the War, in which he joined the Submarine Service, lived a life which should enthral every lover of adventure.

*Illustrated, 10s. 6d.*

## With Northcliffe in Fleet Street

J. A. HAMMERTON

*Author of "Barrie: the Story of a Genius"*

SIR JOHN A. HAMMERTON, whose name appears on an immense list of Harmsworth publications as their editor, had peculiar opportunities of appreciating the character and amazing activities of Lord Northcliffe over a period of seventeen years.

More than twenty years ago he was invited by Northcliffe himself to begin a proper record of his career, and why he should have allowed all this time to elapse without even making a start on what might have been the authorized biography, he explains in a lively and effective way.

Many impressions of Lord Northcliffe have appeared ; but there can be little doubt that this is the freshest, the fairest, and the least conventional of them all. Written in the frankest fashion and extremely outspoken about his faults and failings, it presents Northcliffe in new and attractive aspects and should be read by all interested in the literary and journalistic world of the last forty epoch-making years.

*With a frontispiece, 10s. 6d.*

---

## Upheaval

OLGA WORONOFF

With an Introduction by BOOTH TARKINGTON

MADAME WORONOFF is of the company who have seen all that once made their life swept ruthlessly away in the greatest upheaval the world has ever known. She has seen vast armies melt away like snow before the sun in that mysterious collapse of the valiant attempts to uphold the old order against the crimson tide of Bolshevism.

The scene opens on the pageant of old Russia, with its vast mediæval estates, the pomp and circumstance of society in Moscow, the sombre magnificence of Russian Imperialism. A close friend of the Grand Duchess Marie, Olga Woronoff became a lady-in-waiting to the Tzarina and the Dowager Empress, and later married Paul Woronoff, a young naval officer.

Then came the War, and the world, as she knew it, crashed about her. Simply and without malice or bitterness she recounts her almost incredible adventures : her husband's and her escapes from the Bolsheviks, her experiences whilst her husband joined the doomed White armies, and at last their flight from Russia.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

# History

## The Concise Story of the Dover Patrol

*Complete History of the Force*

ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD BACON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O.

With a Foreword by ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL  
JELlicoe, O.M., G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

WITH his standard book on the Dover Patrol, published in 1919, Sir Reginald Bacon created a profound impression. In the words of the *Daily Telegraph*, it was "a revelation not only of the Admiral's own initiative and resourcefulness, his daring and his caution, but also of the adaptability of thousands of men of varied professions hailing from all parts of the kingdom to the hardships and perils of the exacting and arduous work they were called upon to perform in 'The Narrows'".

Many years have passed; the Great War is history, and the events of those momentous years are slowly assuming their rightful proportions in their contribution to ultimate victory.

Thus Admiral Bacon's new volume is of the first importance, containing details and facts which will surprise and enthral the reader. It is the complete history of a singularly heroic force.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

## The Home Front

SYLVIA PANKHURST

THIS notable and important book is a graphic presentment of life at home during the Great War; its labours, humours, and sorrows, privations, and bereavements. The author, who threw herself unreservedly into the work of relief and assuagement, writes from a store of unrivalled experience of the calling up of the men, the panic closing of the factories, the food prices rising to famine height, of food queues and profiteering, the munition girls and their hard toil, and of all the weariness of those dreadful years followed by the inevitable and difficult reactions of peace. There are also piquant and poignant reminiscences of many of the leading people of the time.

*Illustrated, 18s.*

## HISTORY]

### The Romance of Lloyd's

*From Coffee House to Palace*

COMMANDER F. A. WORSLEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N.R.

In collaboration with CAPTAIN R. G. GRIFFITH

HERE is a romantic and thrilling story of insurance which, linking sea and land in a world-wide net, has grown under the name of Lloyd's to be a corporation of the first importance and magnitude. To the ordinary man Lloyd's is a synonym for efficiency, but the reader is here taken far afield and is shown the ramifications whereby from the humblest beginnings in a London coffee house Lloyd's has become a household word from John o' Groats to the Horn.

Commander Worsley is the well-known hero of the *Endurance* and *Quest* fame, both of which ships he commanded. He has twice engaged in South Polar exploration, and has, in addition, led an expedition to the Arctic and travelled extensively in North Russia. Captain Griffith, late of the Political Service in the Near East and Member of the Royal Central Asian Society, has also travelled extensively, and the wide experience of the joint authors has produced a book which, besides being eminently readable, brings us something of the glamour of the past and of achievements of which we may justifiably be proud.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

### 40 O.B., or How the War was Won

H. C. HOY

(Late Secretary to the Director of Naval Intelligence)

SECRETARY to the Director of Naval Intelligence, during the whole of the Great War Mr. Hoy was in the closest possible touch with the innermost councils of the "Silent Service". His book is the first to reveal to the general public the true story of Britain's amazing salvation of the Allied Cause from German efficiency, and tells of the romantic secret service department of the Admiralty known as Room 40 O.B.

Famous spies, counter-espionage agents, leading figures of the three Services and of the political and diplomatic world throng these pages, to which many intimate touches and personal and humorous anecdotes give life and freshness.

*Illustrated, 15s.*

# Travel

## From Piccadilly to Devil's Island

ARTHUR MILLS (The Novelist)

THIS is the story of a traveller, and thus in his own words he sets forth his purpose in writing the book.

"Most of the countries in the world have left their stamp on my passport: from China in the East to Devil's Island in the West. It talks, that passport—of the glitter and heartbreak of Hollywood, of the queer narrow streets of Canton, of the pampas of the Argentine, of the silver sands of the South Sea Islands, the golden temples of Cochin China, and the night clubs of Paris. And, believe me, to land at St. Laurent du Maroni, French Guiana (Devil's Island), without letter of introduction or any form of permit, gives one quite a thrill."

In this book Arthur Mills, whose novels must be known to a very wide public, tells of the adventures which have befallen him; of the strange things he has seen and heard, and of the glamour of distant lands.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

## Little-known Mexico

*The Story of a Search for a Place*

MARIAN STORM

THE Mexico of to-day—its little-known towns, its changeable landscapes, its manners and customs—become part of the reader's own experience in this vivid book. From the capital town down to the Guatemalan border, from the oilfields near Tampico to the Pacific port of Ma-Za-Tlán, the author wanders, and as you accompany her you feel almost that you *are* in Mexico—so brilliantly does she write.

With her you learn how charros differ from cowboys; why none but a Mexican can select the right symphony of peppers for wild turkey fricassee; which little rail lines are the "indigenous" ones; why the drama *Don Juan* is a rite; what ice wells look like; how to find real jungle; "what flower is that?" and finally discover the paradise of Michoacán.

*Little-known Mexico* is, above all things, different from the customary book of travel. It is original, stimulating, and exciting.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

## My Jungle Book

HERBERT S. DICKEY

DR. DICKEY, in the summer of 1931, crowned with success his fifth attempt to locate the source of the Orinoco, the last great river of the world to yield the mystery of its origin. *My Jungle Book* is not merely the story of these expeditions to remote parts of the countries watered by the Amazon and the Orinoco, but is as well the *credo* of an unconventional explorer. Full of verbal dynamite and written in a breezy, frank style, the book makes pungent remarks on Venezuelan politics, missionaries, Indians as compared to white men, and so forth. The opening chapter discusses amusingly, but with biting satire, scientific expeditions in general, most of which Dr. Dickey considers "falsely pretentious and insincere".

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

## For Winter Evenings

### The Hundred Best Tricks

J. C. CANNELL

(Vice-President Magicians' Club)

*Author of "The Secrets of Houdini" (5th impression)*

J. C. CANNELL here explains in non-technical language magic which can be easily performed by the average man. The book is divided into sections dealing with different types of tricks, ranging from a baffling thought-reading performance to a simple illusion with a piece of string.

*Illustrated, 2s. 6d.*

---

## Contract Bridge for Beginners

DR. J. HOPE REFOR

*Author of "Contract Up-to-Date", etc.*

THE author of *Contract Up-to-Date*, which was described by the *Sketch's* critic as "The best book on Contract I have ever read," here for the benefit of beginners describes simply and lucidly the fundamentals of the game.

*Approximately 1s.*

# Natural History

## Close-Ups of Birds

H. N. SOUTHERN

With a Foreword by SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

**K**EEEN observation of all the birds, beasts, and flowers creates an active interest, from which spring many splendid results. The insight into the details of bird behaviour, which is only possible from the hide of a bird photographer, is shown in the information amassed by Mr. Southern, who has interwoven his own impressions of the beauty and fascination of his subject. We go with him after the lordly heron in some quiet Midland park ; after sea birds on the wild Welsh coast ; and we shiver with him in the icy blast of a north-easter watching wild duck.

*Illustrated, 15s.*

---

## Snakes !

F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., F.R.M.S.

(Director of Port Elizabeth Museum and Snake Park)

**T**HE danger of snakes is well-known, but few realize that two-thirds of the world is snake-infested. Mr. FitzSimons is famous as the Director of the celebrated Museum and Snake Park at Port Elizabeth, South Africa ; and as the originator of the latter he is unquestionably one of the greatest authorities in the world on this interesting subject. Known as "the Fabre of South Africa", he has studied and written about snakes all his life, and in this new book he tells of the many enthralling adventures which have befallen him and others in his work, and reveals many astounding facts.

*Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

---

## The Practical Dog Book

EDWARD C. ASH

**I**T is claimed that this is the most wonderful and comprehensive dog book ever produced. It contains over 230,000 words and 500 illustrations. It has chapters on the Authentic History of all Varieties hitherto unpublished, and a Veterinary Guide and Dosage Section, and Information on Advertising and on Exporting to all Parts of the World.

"It should", says *The Times*, "be in the hands not only of breeders, but of everyone who is seriously interested in dogs."

*Illustrated, 21s.*



# Sport

## "To Whom the Goddess . . ."

*Hunting and Riding for Women*

LADY DIANA SHEDDEN AND LADY APSLEY

With an Introduction by the EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.

THE number of books on riding and hunting are legion ; and they are subjects which have been considered from almost every angle. But one side that seems to have been peculiarly neglected is the woman's point of view. Here, in "*To Whom the Goddess . . .*" we have a volume which more than fills that conspicuous gap.

Written by two women who have ridden and hunted all their lives, and whose knowledge of their subject is unquestionably profound, this book, though primarily intended for beginners, will appeal equally to those of experience. Based on the traditional aspect of hunting, it will be welcomed by all those who profess love for this fascinating subject, and it should find a place in every sporting library.

*Illustrated, 15s.*

---

## Wings and Hackle

*A Pot-pourri of Fly Fishing for Trout and Grayling and of Notes on Bird Life, chiefly in Hampshire, Devon, and Derbyshire*

RAYMOND HILL

PUBLISHED privately in the first instance many years ago, *Wings and Hackle* attained instant recognition as a book of exceptional charm and instruction. To the original book a number of beautiful photographs have now been added, and it should be welcomed, not only by fishermen, but by all who find interest in the life of the riverside.

*Illustrated, 7s. 6d.*

## Politics

### England's French Dominion ?

WILLIAM TEELING

**A** YOUNG and enthusiastic Conservative, Mr. Teeling contested the 1929 General Election for a London Dock seat. Beginning to feel qualms about his lack of personal knowledge of any part of the Empire, and also about actively encouraging migration to Canada, in 1930, he gave up nursing the constituency and set out to spend a year crossing and recrossing Canada, studying her problems first hand.

In this book he shows the growing influence of the French Canadian and the French Catholic, and what it means; the dangers to the Prairie Provinces of Central European immigrants; the life in British settlements in the west; the unhappy lot of the unemployed and the deportees; and, in short, all the varied sides of life that make up the Canadian picture.

Mr. Teeling writes frankly of the problems the Empire must face and his frequent interviews with the Prime Ministers of the different provinces: with Lord Willingdon, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Mackenzie King are of extreme interest at the present time.

*With a frontispiece and map, 7s. 6d.*

## Flight

### Down Africa's Skyways

BENJAMIN BENNETT

**Y**OUNG and old alike will find a thrill in this story, so graphically told, of the aerial route to Africa. Starting with the epic flight of Van Ryneveld and Brand, the author introduces us to air pioneers who have raced into drizzly dawns and ominous nights; battled with storm and wind; plunged through worlds of clouds into they knew not what; suffered a hundred hardships and toiled with failing engines; been numbed by cold at height and shrivelled by furnace heat in the tropics.

The author has met nearly all his characters; heard in their own modest words of the dangers they had encountered; learnt something of the horrors that assail even the iron-nerved when engines fail and catastrophe seems imminent.

The reader is able to visualize the blazing of a trail that has helped Imperial Airways to forge a giant aerial chain, linking London to Cape Town.

*Illustrated, 10s. 6d.*

## Fine Arts

### Pewter Down the Ages

HOWARD H. COTTERELL, F.R.Hist.Soc.

*Author of "Old Pewter: Its Makers and Marks", etc.*

With a foreword by F. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO, F.S.A.

IN this imposing work Mr. Cotterell, the acknowledged authority upon pewter, takes us over many centuries of the Craft of the Pewterer; displaying in chronological sequence, from early mediæval to present times, typical examples of the pewterer's art, in a fine series of illustrations.

Pewter as depicted in old pictures—a byway of the subject but seldom frequented up to now by English collectors—receives the author's special attention.

*Pewter Down the Ages* is the first serious effort in the English language at giving a comparative analysis of Continental pewter, side by side with contemporary English pieces, where possible, and by which it is hoped that a less parochial outlook may be attained. English collectors have been far too apt to scorn the products of the mainland, but the wonderful examples illustrated in the early part of this book may go far to remove so great an injustice.

The idea of including, with this book, a short list of well-known makers and their marks, which may be removed and carried in the coat-pocket, will make a very wide appeal, for it achieves a desideratum of long standing.

*Profusely illustrated, 21s.*

*If you are interested in the latest news of the  
latest books you should read:*

#### THE BOOKLOVER

*Each issue sent free on application to:*

THE EDITOR, THE BOOKLOVER,  
34-36 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

## Miscellaneous

### Spangled Unicorn

NOEL COWARD

*Author of "Collected Sketches and Lyrics", "Cavalcade", "Bitter Sweet", "Private Lives", "Hay Fever", etc.*

HERE is an anthology collected by Noel Coward ("Actuated", he writes, "solely by one dominant idea. That idea being, in a word, Progress") from the works of Albrecht Drausler, Serge Lliavanov, Janet Urdler, and others. Striking photographs of this august assembly of poets are reproduced and, with the biographical notes by Mr. Coward, should suffice to remind a forgetful public of their brilliant existence.

Mr. Coward, in his preface to the volume, writes: "In this slim volume I have gathered together from all parts of the world, fragments of thought, rich in beauty, the fruits of minds that are unafraid, clear, and incisive in sophistication, strong in awareness of the age in which they live . . ." and so on.

The intelligent reader may, from this announcement, presume what he likes. But he is advised that Noel Coward is here his wittiest and most satirical self.

*Illustrated, 6s.*

---

### More Spook Stories

E. F. BENSON

*Author of "Spook Stories", "Lucia", etc.*

Mr. Benson is a past-master in the art of story-telling and the stories contained herein are not only thrilling in the extreme, but are perfect examples of their kind.

*7s. 6d.*

---

### Tall Stories

*The Rise and Triumph of the Great Whopper*

LOWELL THOMAS

YOU tell them. We all tell them. And we all laugh our heads off when we hear them. Everyone knows a few tall stories; grand, fantastic, improbable, impossible lies. But there are very few who know how many of these ludicrous "whoppers" there really are, and how shameless and funny they can be. And by far the most infamous of the entire lot are in this unusual volume.

*Illustrated, 2s.*

*Page Seventeen*

## General Fiction

### The Anxious Days

PHILIP GIBBS

*Author of "The Golden Years" (5th impression), "The Middle of the Road" (105th thous.), etc.*

SIR PHILIP GIBBS' new novel portrays the two years which have just passed, when this country faced a financial and economic crisis of the utmost gravity. The story is full of human drama and character-study, and shows the pressure of world events upon the private lives of ordinary people, and the bewilderment of the modern mind in this time of uncertainty and disorder. The book is crowded with characters as we meet them in life, but it is dominated by the personality of one man, an old-fashioned Englishman, "axed" from the Navy, who starts a new adventure in English fields after exile abroad. In the simplicity of his heart he wants to help England and the people with whom he comes in contact. He has a rough time in his endeavour, but before the book is ended the reader will have seen into the soul of a very gallant gentleman, and into the lives of some very charming people.

7s. 6d

---

### The Will of James Mark Crane

UNA L. SILBERRAD

*Author of "The Romance of Peter Waine: Timber Merchant", etc.*

WHEN old James Crane died he was found to have left a peculiar will. To his niece, Joanna, he bequeathed one-third of his fortune with one stipulation: that she should succeed in selling back to the original owners four articles which were in his possession. Further, it had to be established that the motive of the repurchase in each case was one of sentiment. Many are the vicissitudes which Joanna experiences before attaining her object; and we learn in due course the reason for Crane's strange clause in his will and of the destination of the other two-thirds of his fortune.

With its setting principally in London, it is a delightful story which will undoubtedly achieve a great popularity.

7s. 6d

## Superstition

STEPHEN MCKENNA

*Author of "Sonia", "The Secret Victory", etc.*

As the author of a remarkable succession of memorable novels, Stephen McKenna is universally acknowledged as one of the finest writers of our day. A new novel from his pen is thus an event of real importance, and *Superstition* can hardly but become one of the most discussed novels of the autumn.

It is a powerful, and, in some ways, an almost awe-inspiring story of a man whose life was overshadowed by the "demoniacal love" of a woman. As tragedy after tragedy befell him there arises inevitably the question: coincidence or superstition? Did these things happen just by chance, or were they influenced by some hidden and uncontrollable force?

This, briefly, is the theme of a story more remarkable, more challenging and more poignant than anything Mr. McKenna has yet done.

7s. 6d.

---

## God Created Them Apart

MABOTH MOSELEY

*Author of "This Lady was a Gentleman", etc.*

*God Created Them Apart* is pure romance described in the modern manner.

In Greta Berkeley-Ammon, the beautiful, intelligent, but sublimely foolish, spoilt wife, who thought the world was made for her and found it was not, Miss Moseley has created a character of unusual interest to men and women alike.

The reader learns how a black pearl necklace changes hands and alters the lives of at least two people; how greyhounds are bred in a first-class establishment; how a man of position can vanish completely; how evidence is obtained for divorce; and a hundred other things which show the modern world as a vast, brilliant, ever-changing phantasmagoria.

Miss Moseley is witty, often malicious, and sometimes wise. No one can doubt that at all times her novel is entertaining. 7s. 6d.

## Mary Dallon

HERBERT ASQUITH

*Author of "Roon" (5th impression), "Young Orland" (15th impression), etc.*

SOME two years ago Mr. Asquith published the successor to his triumphantly successful novel, *Young Orland*, upon the publication of which the *Morning Post* wrote: "Mr. Asquith has surely arrived as one of the first English novelists—perhaps as the great novelist."

His new novel will arouse the liveliest interest and speculation. Mr. Asquith has taken for his central figure a young girl who tramps the roads of England with her sailor father. It is a story of love and adventure, containing a wide and various gallery of characters in different planes of modern life. 7s. 6d.

---

## The Uttermost Gift

DOROTHY CUNYNGHAME

*Author of "Summer's Lease"*

WITH her first novel, *Summer's Lease*, Dorothy Cunyngame achieved a well-deserved success. The novel showed a sense of style and a real gift for character-drawing which earned the praise of a wide Press.

*The Uttermost Gift* follows very worthily its brilliant predecessor, showing an interesting development of style, and an even deeper sympathy with character. It is, briefly, the story of Gerda Farady who, shut out from the love of an adored mother as a child, tries to find in nature a substitute for human affection. She longs to be a writer. Her mother, despising her cleverness, tries to destroy her ambition to further her own ends. The struggle between mother and daughter throws Gerda back into herself to such an extent that by the time she reaches womanhood she has become so self-centred that when love does come to her, her unawareness separates her from her lover.

How she is shocked into the realization of what life really is, and how she finally breaks down the barriers that she has built about herself, and at last gives the uttermost gift to her lover, makes a story of deep interest and real value. 7s. 6d.

*A Book Society Recommendation*

**The Georgian House**

FRANK SWINNERTON

*Author of "Sketch of a Sinner", "Nocturne" (5th thous.), etc.*

COMPTON MACKENZIE: "*The best novel of Mr. Swinnerton's I have read since 'Nocturne'.*"—DAILY MAIL.

L. A. G. STRONG: "... *rich in character and incident . . . the writing is excellent . . . one of the half-dozen best novels of the year.*"—SPECTATOR.

SIR MAX PEMBERTON: "*And when to this success of creation Mr. Swinnerton adds the prose of a master, then we are left with no alternative but to add the volume to our shelves, not as the book which 'was', but as one that 'is' and 'will be'.*"—EVENING NEWS. 7s. 6d.

---

**Blizzard**

EDWARD WOODWARD

*Author of "Winter Wheat" (2nd impression), etc.*

**A** BLIZZARD blew through the life of Gerald Layton. Not only did he lose his son and wife, but his reputation was smirched because he dared to judge the facts justly and refused to take the easy way out. . . .

Following the tragic death of his son John, Gerald attempted to turn what Society regards as a disgrace into an assuagement of grief. This championship of what he thought was right brought upon Gerald the acid enmity of his "in-laws" and landed him eventually in the dock on a charge of manslaughter. 7s. 6d.

---

**Bharosa**

HELEN M. FAIRLEY

*Author of "The Greater Freedom", "Kali's Jewels", etc.*

**I**n the course of a thrilling story we learn why an English officer is reduced to dwelling on the jungle border; how Diana scolds her arm to remove the stain of a kiss; and of the children's extraordinary attitude to their mother's death. Interwoven with jungle lore, murder, theft and mystery, and enhanced by the glamour of descriptive passages, a gripping romance is unveiled in a most striking manner. 7s. 6d.



## Decree Nisi

ISABEL C. CLARKE

*Author of "Sea Air", "By the Blue River" (46th thous.), etc.*

THE theme of Miss Clarke's new novel is of the marriage of an English diplomat with the daughter of an Italian Princess. Centring round Randolph Gerwin and his wife Marigold, the story tells of their lives and those of the rest of the Gerwin family. Marigold, young and very lovely, marries Randolph shortly after her mother's death. The author gives a delightfully vivid picture of their subsequent life in England, surrounded by the other members of the Gerwin family, and of their only child Sebastian, whose affliction first reveals the elements of tragedy in an otherwise happy marriage. We see the Catholic view of marriage, but we see also how much the woman has to lose and how little to gain by "easier" divorce.

Miss Clarke demonstrates once again her sympathetic insight into human problems and her ability to offer both a solution and a charming story.

7s. 6d.

---

## Sons and Daughters

ANN KNOX

*Author of "Flowerdown", "Vallejo Kitty"*

WITH her two previous novels, *Flowerdown* and *Vallejo Kitty*, Ann Knox achieved considerable success and attracted the serious attention of the critics. Writing of her in the *Observer*, Gerald Gould said: "Miss Knox has a high standard of artistic endeavour, a determination to write about life with thoroughness and honesty, and she can create beauty."

Great expectations, then, are centred upon *Sons and Daughters*; expectations which, we believe, will be fully realized. It is a vivid and convincing story of an erratic post-War family whose destinies are protected, and to some extent controlled, by the brain and devotion of a New York East Side Jew. He sees all too clearly that their foundations are set in the sands. Sustained through the years by a romantic love for Oonah, he serves every member of the family in turn, only to be disillusioned by the cynical use that each one makes of him.

7s. 6d.

## Cloud

ROY BRIDGES

*Author of "Negrohead", "Trinity", "And All that Beauty"*

**C**loud is a story of real and dramatic power, and traces the unexpected incidents which follow the summoning before Cloud, an indulgent magistrate, of a young man, Mark Gain, on a charge of striking another man. Following the magistrate's inquiry many facts are unearthed, and a situation of real poignancy eventually arises.

The novel is of interest, not merely on account of its story, but through the brilliant characterization of the personalities involved, and the depth of feeling which the author is able to command.

7s. 6d.

---

## Vain Pantomime

DIANA PATRICK

*Author of "First Your Penny", "The Time of Gold", etc.*

**I**N her new novel Diana Patrick tells of Carmine, a dancer who was orphaned by the death of her acrobat father in a stage accident. At a seaside town Carmine meets Julian and falls in love. Trusting to his promises she remains behind when her company moves on, but by a curious twist of fate the pair become parted, each concluding the other to be false.

7s. 6d.

---

## A New Novel

SIMON DARE

*Author of "The Cloth is Woven", "Where no Wind Comes", etc.*

**W**RITING in her usual delightful manner Simon Dare here tells a story which deals with a period of six months before a decree is made absolute. Sara Marsden divorces her husband, a charming man, and in order to have a great friend near her without the interference of the King's Proctor, she provides him with an official wife, her own secretary, and the three of them migrate to a cottage in Cornwall. Here many inevitable and exciting complications ensue.

7s. 6d.

GENERAL FICTION]

They Could Do No Other  
(A Volume of Stories)

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "*A Clue from the Stars*", "*Stormbury*", "*The Farmer's Wife*", etc.

MASTER in whatever field he chooses to indulge his pen, Mr. Phillpotts enjoys a reputation second to none. This volume of stories typifies the wide range of his skill, and provides unique entertainment for readers of every taste. 7s. 6d.

---

Gripped by Drought

ARTHUR W. UPFIELD

Author of "*The Sands of Windee*", "*A Royal Abduction*", etc.

**G***ripped by Drought* is a powerful story of a man's battle, not only with the elements of nature which threatened the ruin of his huge Australian sheep-farm, but also with a loveless and unhappy marriage. For Frank Mayne, master of a million-acre sheep station, life assumed its most dreary aspect. No rain for his farm, a wife who involved him in an orgy of spending and entertainment and with disaster just round the corner, there seemed little prospect of happiness. Yet, in the darkest hour of all, after many unexpected and sometimes thrilling situations, the darkest hour of the drought gave way to rain and Mayne's tribulations became of the past. 7s. 6d.

---

Adam Square

MARJORIE STEWART

(A pseudonym of a popular novelist)

**A***dam Square* is a brilliant novel dealing with life in a typical West of England city. There is the revolt of pathetic repressed womanhood in its late thirties against the domination of an overwhelming parent; of a henpecked husband against the nagging of an unsympathetic wife; the swift love affair of the dancer Lucille; and glimpses into the hidden tragedies, sorrows and joys of many humdrum homes. 7s. 6d.

## His Second Book

A. J. ALAN

*Author of "Good Evening, Everyone"*

INTRODUCTION to Mr. A. J. Alan is quite unnecessary. Suffice it that this volume contains those stories (or whatever you may like to call them) that Mr. Alan has recounted over the wireless since the publication of his *Good Evening, Everyone*. 7s. 6d

---

## Spawn of the North

BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

*Author of "The Trail Eater", etc.*

BARRETT WILLOUGHBY, already a brilliant figure in the literature of Alaska, has found new inspiration in the romantic salmon-packing industry of that country. *Spawn of the North* is a story of Alaska to-day.

Dian, north-born daughter of wealthy, hard-fisted Eagle Turlon, a self-made baron of the fisheries, has been educated in the States. Almost on the eve of her marriage to a rich Californian, she is drawn back to the land of her birth during the season of the salmon run to face the great crisis of her existence and to choose between the primitive life of the "salmon aristocracy" of the North and the luxurious idleness that awaits her in California. 7s. 6d.

---

## Duty Be Damned !

DOUGLAS WALSH

*Author of "Spider Girls", etc.*

"DUTY be damned !" said Bertha Martin. "And anyway, when duty points both ways and gives you a choice, why not do what you *want* to do ? That's only sense." But confronted with a situation when she had to choose between her lover and her family, what did Bertha do ?

*Duty Be Damned !* will tell you, with tenderness, pathos and humour. It is an exciting, emotional story with a spirited heroine, a poisonous young blighter of a brother, two heroes and a grandmother. 7s. 6d.

Turnip Tops  
ETHEL BOILEAU

Author of "*The Arches of the Years*" (4th thous.), "*Hippy Buchan*" (8th thous.), etc.

"ONE of the most exciting stories I have read since *Under Two Flags*," said Gilbert Frankau of Mrs. Boileau's fine novel, *The Arches of the Years*.

"A really worthwhile novel," was W. B. Maxwell's opinion, "finely conceived, firmly executed. Its author shows noble thought and high purpose."

It was, indeed, a novel of exceptional quality, and achieved immense popularity. This, her latest work, will be eagerly read by her countless admirers.

7s. 6d.

---

Interrupted Melody

L'ESTRANGE FAWCETT

L'ESTRANGE FAWCETT is a newcomer to the realms of novel writing for whom we feel there is a very definite future. A study of frustration, his first novel tells of a young man whose disillusionment with life is partly inherent in his own nature, and partly due to his incapacity to know himself. Superficially appearing quite normal, a strange and unaccountable inward force drives him to despair, making him commit deeds contrary to his real nature.

7s. 6d.

---

The Notorious Mr. Gateacre  
(And Other Stories)

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

Author of "*Pam*", "*Pam's Own Story*", etc.

THE Baroness von Hutten combines in an unusual degree the art of the novelist and the art of the short-story writer. Her novels, covering a wide range of subjects, are read by an immense public, who will find this collection of tales very much to their liking.

7s. 6d.

# Historical Fiction

## Fair Rosamund

E. O. BROWNE

*Author of "The Green Eagle", etc.*

HERE is the hurly-burly of Bristol Castle, and the order and disorder of lesser houses; Henry dancing in the camp of Free Companies in France; the comfortable family life of Jourdain FitzHarding and his wife Mary, Richard de Gifford's mother, and the profitable marriage they made for him; Alice the peasant who had a price to pay for her freedom, and Dinadan the mongrel, with his own part in the affairs of state. But, at the heart of all, Rosamund faithful to her knight till the Queen bursts through with thrust and poison, and Henry FitzEmpress sticking at nothing to gain his heritage, till England rose from the ruins of the Norman Conquest into new life and hope. E. O. Browne's stories of long ago are thrilling and colourful and to be enjoyed by all devotees to the art of historical narrative.

7s. 6d.

## Adventure

### The Lion of Petra

TALBOT MUNDY

*Author of "Jimgrim", "Rung Ho!" etc.*

HERE is another story of the inimitable Jimgrim, whose adventures, recorded in the book bearing his name as title, were read with remarkable avidity by Mr. Mundy's hosts of enthusiasts. *The Lion of Petra* is the exciting story of the deposition of an African chieftain who, soon after the Armistice, took advantage of the confused politics of the Near East to establish himself as a power in Petra, over Jordan.

6s.

---

## The Dead City

*The Adventures of Johnny Kilburn*

JOSEPH DELMONT

*Author of "In Chains" (7th impression), "Slander", etc.*

IN Joseph Delmont we have a prince of story-tellers—sure, un-resting, relentless—who carries his reader along on a veritable spate of narrative. The stories that complete the volume maintain a high level of picturesque adventure, and *God of the Beasts*, in which the author is among his beloved animals, will be found unusually impressive.

7s. 6d.

Page Twenty-seven

# Detective & Mystery

## The Imperfect Crime

BRUCE GRAEME

*Author of "Blackshirt", "Unsolved", etc.*

**H**ERE is mystery—as baffling and as complicated a mystery as ever any detective could wish to handle.

Bruce Graeme introduces for the second time that most fascinating of modern detectives, Inspector Pierre Allain, of the French *Sûreté Generale*, who appeared with such success in *A Murder of Some Importance*. A more complex character than Allain it would be difficult to imagine: temperamental, brilliant, ruthless, he is by turns France's finest detective and France's fiercest lover, more ardent than Casanova, more promiscuous than Don Juan. A likeable character if ever there was one. As usual the author's polished style places this story well above the average, rendering it something more than an ordinary thriller.

7s. 6d.

---

## Further Outlook Unsettled

HUGH CLEVELY

*Author of "Gang Law", "Hell to Pay", etc.*

**H**UGH CLEVELY has a happy knack of presenting attractive characters, and never has it been displayed to better advantage than in this light-hearted, quick-moving adventure story. Within a few hours of landing in England, David Kerr, the hero, finds himself engaged to a girl whom he has never met, suspected of murder, shadowed by Scotland Yard, and dogged by a band of crooks. He meets all these embarrassments smilingly, and his quick wit and ready invention will be a source of delight to every reader.

7s. 6d.

*Page Twenty-eight*

## Murder In Full Flight

MARCUS MAGILL

*Author of "Murder out of Tune", "Who Shall Hang", etc.*

WAS Nicholson's death accidental after all? Or was it murder? Who was the pilot of the green aeroplane? Is Eden's alibi really watertight and why does Miss Smith conceal the truth? These are some of the questions to be answered in Mr. Magill's new and diverting mystery. Mr. Magill shows once more that he can give new life to the murder story. His plot has an original twist and his thrills are relieved by frequent humour.

7s. 6d.

---

## Mr. Daddy—Detective

COLLIN BROOKS

*Author of "Mad-Doctor Merciful", "Three Yards of Cord", etc.*

NO more unlikely sleuth existed than little Mr. Daddy, merchant, whose placid life had been spent in Upper Thames Street and whose hobby was the history of the city. But when he found himself unexpectedly accused of complicity in a grim murder, little Mr. Daddy displayed remarkable powers and even more remarkable tenacity.

Mr. Collin Brooks brings to his novels an originality of mind and a freshness of execution that gives them zest and unusual qualities of entertainment.

7s. 6d.

---

## Secret Ways

ANDREW SOUTAR

*Author of "The Devil's Triangle", "Thirty Pieces of Silver", etc.*

*Secret Ways* is an even more fascinating thriller than Andrew Soutar's *The Devil's Triangle*, which, incidentally, has recently been made the subject of a film.

*Secret Ways* is a story that will thrill and mystify you, since you cannot be certain till the end which of the principal characters murdered Ambrose Merriman. And yet the crime itself is not so startling as the "motive" for it. Behind all the strange happenings in this house on the Sussex Downs was an intensely human secret.

7s. 6d.



# Announcing Important Cheap Editions

Gladys Cooper

by

GLADYS COOPER

"Miss Cooper's gaiety and wit, her common sense and her intelligence, are revealed on every page . . . should have a conspicuous success."—SUNDAY EXPRESS.

*Illustrated, 5s.*

---

## Secrets of Houdini

Authoritatively revealed for the first time by J. C. CANNELL  
"Keeps the reader gasping at every page . . . exhilaratingly uncanny."—SUNDAY TIMES.

*Illustrated, 3s. 6d.*

---

## Less than the Dust : The Autobiography of a Tramp

by

JOSEPH STAMPER

"There are pages with the quality of Maxim Gorki."—COMPTON MACKENZIE IN THE DAILY MAIL.

"A book worth all your best sellers . . . cuts right down to the bone of life."—DAILY HERALD.

*With a frontispiece, 3s. 6d.*

---

## How Animals Live

by

J. MOREWOOD DOWSETT

"Fascinating and spontaneous . . . drawn on by the spell of so much knowledge presented with so much zeal."—OBSERVER.

*Illustrated, 7s. 6d.*

*Page Thirty*

## Lauterbach of the China Sea

by

LOWELL THOMAS

"Irresistible to all lovers of romantic adventure."—NEWS-CHRONICLE.

"It is an amazing record."—SUNDAY TIMES. *Illustrated, 5s.*

---

## Twenty-nine Years : The Reign of King Alfonso XIII of Spain

by

MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

"For a student of Spanish affairs it is indispensable, and the ordinary reader will find it bristling with interest."—LEICESTER EVENING MAIL. *Illustrated, 5s.*

---

## A Yellow Sleuth

The autobiography of "NOR NALLA" (Detective-Sergeant, Federated Malay States Police)

"A more enthralling volume of secret service could not be desired."—OBSERVER. *Illustrated, 3s. 6d*

---

## Gamblers All

by

PHILIP SERGEANT

"An entertaining medley relating to gaming and gamblers in many countries and many ages."—MORNING POST.

*Illustrated, 3s. 6d.*

---

## Rooms of Mystery and Romance

by

ALAN FEA

"Not to be taken to bed if you are sleeping alone in a moated grange."—DAILY EXPRESS. *Illustrated, 5s.*

## Service Trials and Tragedies

by

LIEUT.-COL. F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G.

"... an admirable book. . . . He is master of his subject."—  
DAILY NEWS.

"I can conceive of few books more agreeable for an evening's  
reading."—DAILY EXPRESS. *Illustrated, 7s. 6d.*

---

## The Day after Tomorrow

What is going to happen to the world?

by

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

"The whole book is of absorbing interest and of the greatest  
importance."—DEAN INGE IN THE EVENING STANDARD.

"A book that everyone should read."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON  
NEWS.

"Thrillingly interesting . . . an amazing record."—TATLER.

---

5s.

## Two Lone Ships

by

GEORGE KOPP

"This first-hand account of life on the two German cruisers  
the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, is speedy and splendid . . . friends  
are lyrical in their praises. . . ."—ROGER PIPPETT IN DAILY  
HERALD.

"One of the most thrilling accounts of the War I have read."—  
RICHARD KING IN TATLER. *Illustrated, 6s.*

---

## Realities of War

by

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

"In this book I have written about some aspects of the War  
which, I believe, the world must know and remember, not only  
as a memorial of men's courage in tragic years, but as a warning  
of what will happen again—surely—if a heritage of evil and of  
folly is not cut out of the hearts of the peoples."—FROM THE  
PREFACE.

5s.

# *A Selection from Hutchinson's General List*

The Works of

The Late Right Honourable  
**THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD**  
P.C., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., LL.D., B.Litt.

---

## FAMOUS TRIALS OF HISTORY

"They are the very stuff of which tragedy is made . . . richer in plot than the most ingenious novel."—*Daily Mail*.

*11th impression, illustrated, 21s. net.*

---

## MORE FAMOUS TRIALS

"Unlike most sequels, the book is, on the whole, even better than its predecessor."—*Daily Mail*.

"The book, as a whole, supplies a remarkable series of psychological studies among every class of society and is full of living interest."—*Times*.

*3rd impression, illustrated, 21s. net.*

---

## TURNING POINTS IN HISTORY

Lord Birkenhead, with his vast experience in many spheres of life, and with a mind made astute through a triumphantly successful period at the bar, has here selected and discussed what were and are, in his opinion, the crucial turning points in history. Ranging from the Conversion of Saint Paul to the Problem of the Dantzic Corridor and from the Navigations of Columbus to the Coming of the Bolshevist, this volume contains material for endless debate and discussion.

*4th impression, illustrated 21s. net.*

# UNIFORM EDITION OF NOVELS BY PHILIP GIBBS

---

*"Sir Philip Gibbs is a typical and topical product of his age ; he is the apostle of youth and of idealism ; a reasoned and not a reckless optimist, disciplined rather than disillusioned".*

THE STREET OF  
ADVENTURE

THE MIDDLE OF THE  
ROAD

HEIRS APPARENT

YOUNG ANARCHY

THE CUSTODY OF THE  
CHILD

HELEN OF LANCASTER  
GATE

OLIVER'S KIND WOMEN

THE RECKLESS LADY

UNCHANGING QUEST  
BACK TO LIFE

A MASTER OF LIFE

LITTLE NOVELS OF  
NOWADAYS

VENETIAN LOVERS

OUT OF THE RUINS

THE AGE OF REASON

DARKENED ROOMS

INTELLECTUAL  
MANSIONS, S.W.

Other titles will be added from time to time.

**LEATHER.** *Red Lambskin, rounded back, gilt top, gold blocked side and back, facsimile autograph, special end papers, printed in choice and newly-set clear type on pure paper.* F'cap 8vo. 5s. net

**CLOTH.** *Blue Art Cambric, rounded back, gold blocked side and back, facsimile autograph, printed in choice and newly-set clear type on pure paper.*

F'cap 8vo. 3s. 6d. net

# UNIFORM EDITION OF THE FAMOUS RAFAEL SABATINI HISTORICAL ROMANCES

---

*The World is Rafael Sabatini's background and he ranges all history for his plots. France during the revolution, the Italy of the Renaissance, England under the Stuarts, America under the Georges—all come alike to this versatile author. In this uniform edition it is now possible to collect your favourite writer in a style which is at once beautiful and inexpensive.*

SCARAMOUCHE  
CAPTAIN BLOOD  
THE TRAMPLING OF  
THE LILIES  
THE SEA HAWK  
ANTHONY WILDING  
LOVE-AT-ARMS  
THE BANNER OF THE BULL  
THE SHAME OF MOTLEY  
THE CAROLINIAN  
FORTUNE'S FOOL  
ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER  
BELLARION

THE SNARE  
THE TAVERN KNIGHT  
HISTORICAL NIGHTS' EN-  
TERTAINMENT. Series I  
HISTORICAL NIGHTS' EN-  
TERTAINMENT. Series II  
THE GATES OF DOOM  
THE LION'S SKIN  
THE STROLLING SAINT  
BARDELYS THE  
MAGNIFICENT  
THE JUSTICE OF THE DUKE  
THE HOUNDS OF GOD

---

## THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

---

Other titles will be added from time to time.

*LEATHER. Brown Lambskin, rounded back, gilt top, gold blocked side and back, special end papers, printed in choice and newly-set clear type on pure paper.* 5s. net

*CLOTH. Blue Art Cambric, rounded back, gold blocked side and back, printed in choice and newly-set clear type on pure paper.* 3s. 6d. net

# From Hutchinson's General List

## Biography and Memoirs

- MY AMERICAN VISIT. (6/-) .. .. . By Lord Birkenhead  
 TWO YEARS OF CAPTIVITY IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA. (7/6)  
 .. .. . By Surgeon E. C. Holtom, R.N.  
 THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. (6/-) .. .. . By Claude Anet  
 A DOCTOR'S DIARY. (5/-) .. .. . By a Harley Street Doctor  
 H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK. (3/6) .. .. . By Lady Cynthia Asquith  
 WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA. (3/6) .. .. . By Lowell Thomas  
 THE BOY'S LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE. (3/6) .. .. . By Lowell Thomas  
 MATA HARI. (3/6) .. .. . By Major Thomas Coulson  
 RAFFLES IN REAL LIFE. (3/6) .. .. . By "Gentleman George"  
 THE MYSTERY OF JACK THE RIPPER. (3/6) .. .. . By Leonard Matters  
 INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS PAST AND PRESENT. (2/6)  
 .. .. . By Frederick Boutet  
 RECOLLECTIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN. (3/6)  
 .. .. . By Sir Hamilton P. Freer-Smith, C.S.I., R.N.  
 WELL! WELL! WELL (3/6) .. .. . By Leslie Henson  
 ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN' (3/6) .. .. . By Sir Harry Lauder  
 FLIXIN' THE STOOFF OOP (4/6) .. .. . By Billy Merson

## Naval, Military and Air

- THE DIARY OF A U-BOAT COMMANDER. (3/6) .. .. . By "Etienne"  
 MONS, ANZAC AND KUT. (3/6) .. .. . By Aubrey Herbert  
 MUD AND KHAKI. (3/6) .. .. . By H. S. Clapham  
 SO THIS WAS WAR. (3/6) .. .. . By "Bombadier X"  
 TEST OF SCARLET. (3/6) .. .. . By Coningsby Dawson  
 THE JUTLAND SCANDAL. (5/-) .. .. . By Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, K.C.B.  
 SLAVES OF THE WAR LORDS. (5/-) .. .. . By Henry Russell  
 TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FLYING. (5/-) .. .. . By Harry Harper  
 OUR FUTURE IN THE AIR. (1/6). By Brig.-Gen. P. R. C. Groves, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.  
 THE ERRAND OF MERCY. (3/6) .. .. . By M. Mostyn Bird  
 THE FAENZA REST CAMP. (6/-) .. .. . By Lt.-Col. H. S. Scot-Harden  
 CANNON FODDER. (3/6) .. .. . By A. D. Haslam  
 FIELD GUNS IN FRANCE. (3/6) .. .. . By Lt.-Col. N. Fraser Tytler, D.S.O.

*Politics and Economics*

THE NECESSITY OF CAPITALISM. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By Philip Voss
CONFESSIONS OF A CAPITALIST. (3/6)	..	..	..	..	By Sir E. J. P. Bann, Bart.
THE IRISH FREE STATE. (3/6)	..	..	..	..	By Albert C. White
CAPITAL LEVIES. (3/6)	..	..	..	..	By J. Michael Heys
EMPIRE FREE TRADE. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By the Rt. Hon. J. A. McCurdy
INDUSTRIAL ANARCHY. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By W. Walter Croitch
THE SOUL OF GERMANY. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By T. F. A. Smith
POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS. (1/-)	..	..	..	..	By Lord Beaverbrook
TRADES UNIONS AND TRADE UNIONISM. (6d.)	..	..	..	..	By Sir George B. Hunter and E. T. Good
THE SECOND YEAR OF THE LEAGUE. (6/-)	..	..	..	..	By Harold W. V. Temperley
THE PERSONAL RELATIONS IN INDUSTRY. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By John D. Rockefeller, Junr.
THE CAPITAL LEVY EXPOSED. (2/6 & 1/-)	..	..	..	..	By F. De Pennefather

*Nature*

A DOG BOOK. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By Katharine Tynan
THE DOG MIND. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By "Viva"
SPORTING TERRIERS. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By Pierce O'Connor
THE PUPPY BOOK. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By Robert S. Lemon
THE CRY OF THE WILD. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Joe Mills
BRITISH MOSQUITOES AND HOW TO ELIMINATE THEM. (3/6)	..	..	..	..	By A. Moore Hogarth
ADVENTURES AMONG BEES. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By Herbert Mace
A BOOK ABOUT THE BEE. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By Herbert Mace
SOME OTHER BEES. (2/6)	..	..	..	..	By Herbert Mace
BRITISH FRESH WATER FISHES. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.
BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Frank Finn, F.Z.S.
EGGS AND NESTS OF BRITISH BIRDS. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Frank Finn, F.Z.S.
OUR BRITISH TREES AND HOW TO GROW THEM. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Francis George Heath
TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Edward Step, F.L.S.
WILD FRUITS OF THE COUNTRY. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A.
BIRD BEHAVIOUR. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Frank Finn, F.Z.S.
COURTSHIP OF ANIMALS. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By W. R. Pyecraft, A.L.S., F.Z.S.
INSECT ARTISANS AND THEIR WORK. (5/-)	..	..	..	..	By Edward Step, F.L.S.

*Spiritualism and Religion*

A HERETIC IN HEAVEN. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By "Daddy"
THE KINGDOM OF GOD. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
MY LETTERS FROM HEAVEN. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By Winifred Graham
MORE LETTERS FROM HEAVEN. (4/6)	..	..	..	..	By Winifred Graham



## GENERAL LIST]

THE EVOLUTION OF SPIRITUALISM. (7/6)	..	..	..	Harvey Metcalfe
LETTERS OF THE LATE FATHER MATURIN. (4/6)	..	..	..	Edited by the Rev. Joseph M. Brampton
PROBLEMS WHICH PERPLEX. (4/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
FACTS ON FUTURE LIFE. (4/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
JESUS THE CHRIST. (1/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
PAGANISM IN OUR CHRISTIANITY. (3/6)	..	..	..	By Sir Arthur Weigal
HEALING THROUGH SPIRIT AGENCY. (3/6)	..	..	..	By Abduhl Latif
THE CASE FOR SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
SILHOUETTES OF SPIRIT LIFE. (2/-)	..	..	..	By "Amicus"
MY RELIGION. (2/-)	..	..	..	By Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, etc
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH. (1/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
HOW SPIRITS COMMUNICATE. (1/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
PRIESTHOOD OF THE LAITY. (1/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT. (1/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
KATHLEEN. (6/-)	..	..	..	By the Rev. John Lamond, D.D.
THE WITNESS. (6/-)	..	..	..	By Jessie Platts
BEAR WITNESS. (4/6)	..	..	..	By a King's Counsel
ON TOUR IN U.S.A. (4/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale-Owen
PAUL AND ALBERT. (4/6)	..	..	..	By the Rev. G. Vale Owen
BLUE ISLAND. (3/6)	..	..	..	Communicated by W. T. Stead
RACHEL COMFORTED. (6/-)	..	..	..	By Mrs. Fred Maturin
THE RETURN OF GEORGE R. SIMS. (2/6)	..	..	..	By R. H. Saunders (in collaboration with a friend of George R. Sims
NORTHCLIFFE'S RETURN (4/6)	..	..	..	By Hannen Swaffer

## Sport and Pastimes

THE ARTS OF HOCKEY. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Eric Green
A BOOK ON SWIMMING AND DIVING. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Sid G. Hedges
GORDON LOWE ON LAWN TENNIS. (2/6)	..	..	..	
PROGRESSIVE GOLF. (4/6)	..	..	..	By Harry Vardon
YACHTING ON A SMALL INCOME. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Maurice Griffiths
HOW TO BECOME A GOOD SWIMMER. (2/6)	..	..	..	By David Billington
SKIS AND SKI-ING. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Elon Jessup
HOCKEY FOR WOMEN. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Marjorie Pollard
COMBINED FIGURE AND ICE-WALTZING. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Col. H. Vaughan Kent, C.B.E.
AUCTION BRIDGE ESSENTIALS. (5/-)	..	..	..	By Cross-Ruff
CANNONS AND BIG GUNS. (5/-)	..	..	..	By Tom Reece
MIDWOOD ON BRIDGE. (1/6)	..	..	..	
BERGHOLT'S MODERN AUCTION: Its Bidding and Principles. (7/6)	..	..	..	By Ernest Bergholt
THE ANGLER'S GUIDE TO THE IRISH FISHERIES. (15/-)	..	..	..	By Joseph Adams

## Journalism

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF LITERATURE. (3/6)	..	..	..	By Michael Joseph
HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY. (3/6)	..	..	..	By Michael Joseph
FREE-LANCE FICTION. (2/6)	..	..	..	By Philip Harrison

## [GENERAL LIST

HOW TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS. (6/-)	..	..	By Constance E. Miller
HOW TO WRITE BUSINESS LETTERS. (6/-)	..	..	By C. Maxwell Tregartha
THE MAGAZINE STORY. (3/6)	..	..	.. By Michael Joseph
HOW TO WRITE SERIAL FICTION. (3/6)	..	..	.. By Michael Joseph
<i>By Michael Joseph and Marten Cumberland</i>			
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOURNALIST. (3/6)	..	..	Edited by Michael Joseph
FREE-LANCE FALLACIES. (2/6)	..	..	By Philip Harrison
HOW TO SUCCEED AS A WRITER. (2/6)	..	..	By Philip Beaufoy Barry
HOW TO SUCCEED AS A PLAYWRIGHT (4/6)	..	..	By Philip Beaufoy Barry

## Poetry and Drama

THE THOUSAND BEST POEMS. (6/-)	Edited by E. W. Cole and Ernest Hope
THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD. (6/-)	Edited by E. W. Cole
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARIE STUART. (6/-)	By Col. C. à Court Repington
NORTH SEA, AND OTHER POEMS. (3/6)	.. By H. de Vere Stacpoole
SMOKING CONCERT RECITER. (1/-)	.. Compiled by A. H. Miles
SHEAVES AND JAVELINS. (5/-)	.. By Frank Hudson
CHELSEA BUNS. (2/6)	.. By Hernia Whittlebot, edited by Noel Coward
POEMS. (5/-)	.. By Maria Corelli
POINTS OF VIEW. (4/6)	.. By Elizabeth Bibesco
THE PAINTED SWAN. (4/6)	.. By Elizabeth Bibesco
THE TYRANT. (4/6)	.. By Rafael Sabatini
SONGS OF LOVE AND LIFE. (6/-)	.. By Zora Cross
VERSES. (2/6 & 1/-)	.. By Ethel M. Dell

## Classics

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES (2 volumes). (1/6 each vol.)	.. By Henry Fielding
THE HISTORY OF AMELIA (2 volumes). (1/6 each vol.)	.. By Henry Fielding
THE ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND, COUNT FATHOM. (2/6)	By Tobias Smollett
THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE (2 volumes, 2/6)	By Tobias Smollett

## Miscellaneous

STAMPEDE. (3/6)	.. By Stella Court-Treat
THERE IS NO RETURN. (6/-)	.. By Elizabeth Bibesco
MY CAT PROSPERO. (5/-)	.. By Elizabeth Bruce Adams
PHARAOH'S DREAM BOOK. (4/6)	.. Compiled by Lady Threlkeld

## GENERAL LIST]

THE NEW CANADA. (4/6)	.. .. .	By J. E. Ray.
SLEEP AND SLEEPLESSNESS. (3/6)	.. .. .	
THE GHOST BOOK. (3/6)	.. .. .	Collected by Lady Cynthia Asquith
SPOOK STORIES. (3/6)	.. .. .	By E. F. Benson
ALLEN RAINE'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. (2/6)	.. .. .	
HOW TO LIVE LONG. (2/6)	A Series of Articles by the Most Eminent People of the Day	
WIRELESS POPULAR AND CONCISE. (1/6)	By Lt.-Col. C. G. Chetwode Crawley, R.M.A.	
HOW TO SUCCEED AS A PLAYWRIGHT. (4/6)	.. .. .	By Philip Beaufoy Barry
WOMEN AS LETTER WRITERS. (5/-)	.. .. .	By A. M. Ingpen
HOW TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS. (4/6)	.. .. .	By Constance E. Miller
CAREERS FOR GIRLS. (2/6)	.. .. .	Compiled by J. A. R. Cairns
CHARACTER AS REVEALED BY HANDWRITING. (2/6)	.. .. .	By Princess Marie Bariatinsky
HOW TO WRITE BUSINESS LETTERS. (6/-)	.. .. .	By C. Maxwell Tregurtha
MOTORING FOR THE MILLION. (1/6)	.. .. .	By Leonard Henslowe
THE CYNIC'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. (3/6)	.. .. .	By "Celt"
CANS AND CAN'TS. (3/6)	.. .. .	By Lady Cynthia Asquith
OLD JIM NASIUM. (3/6)	.. .. .	By Thomas Jay
MANY VOICES. (4/6)	.. .. .	By E. Nisbet
ROBERT FALCONER. (4/6)	.. .. .	By Dr. George Macdonald
HOW TO LISTEN TO AN ORCHESTRA. (5/-)	.. .. .	By Annie W. Patterson, B.A.

## Standard Biographies

SAMUEL JOHNSON*	.. .. .	By James Boswell
NAPOLEON	.. .. .	By F. de Bourrienne
MARIE ANTOINETTE	.. .. .	By Madame Campan
OLIVER CROMWELL	.. .. .	By Thomas Carlyle
NELL GWYN	.. .. .	By Peter Cunningham
WELLINGTON	.. .. .	By W. H. Maxwell
CLEOPATRA	.. .. .	By Philip W. Sergeant
THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE	.. .. .	By Philip W. Sergeant
QUEEN ELIZABETH	.. .. .	By Agnes Strickland
JOHN WESLEY	.. .. .	By Robert Southey
NELSON	.. .. .	By Robert Southey

Every volume attractively bound with three-colour pictorial wrapper beautifully printed on the best quality paper. Each biography contains approximately 384 pages of clear type and a frontispiece portrait and title page on art paper, an appendix, chronology, notes and a full index.

\*In cloth only.

Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

